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ROMANCES

OF

MANY LANDS;

WITH

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND MANNERS,

COMIC AND SERIOUS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
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1835.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

In these Volumes, the Editor offers to the Public a selection from a large mass of the romantic Legends of many foreign lands, and also Sketches illustrative of the notions, manners, and character, of the people of those countries, and of the state of society abroad as well as at home. Those who seek information on such topics will not, he trusts, be disappointed to receive it clothed in an amusing garb. From the diversified nature of the articles composing the Work, he flatters himself, therefore, that no one will rise from the perusal of it without having found something to gratify his peculiar taste, whether it leads him to prefer the gay or the grave, the lively or the severe.

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ROMANCES

OF

MANY LANDS, &c.

THE DEAD GUEST.

THUSNELDA.

One of my friends—his name is Waldrich—had left the High School scarcely two years, and resided in a provincial capital as supernumerary assessor, without salary, to the criminal court, or something of that kind, when the clarion of war rang through the land. It was the signal for a general effort to emancipate Germany from the yoke of the French conqueror. A patriotic enthusiasm was infused into the whole nation. Our liberty and country was the watchword alike in towns and villages.

Thousands and tens of thousands of young men flew to join the army. Waldrich, sharing their zeal and their hopes, bade adieu to the president of his court, and exchanged the pen for the sword.

He had not yet attained his majority, and therefore, his parents being dead, he wrote to his guardian, begging his permission to make the campaign for his country, and a remittance of one hundred dollars for travelling expences. This guardian was Mr. Bantes, a wealthy manufacturer in the small town of Herbesheim, on the Aa, who might be said to have brought him up, for he lived in his house while a boy, attending the High School.

Mr. Bantes was a very queer, old gentleman. His answer was to this effect: — "When you are a year older, my friend, you may dispose of yourself and the small remnant of your property as you please: till then, I beg you to defer your campaign for your country, and to mind your business, that you may get an appointment and bread and cheese, which you will have great need of. I know what I owe to my duty and to my old friend, your late father. 'Tis high time for you to give up all your vagaries, and to become a little steady. I shall, there-

fore, not send you a single kreutzer. Remaining yours, &c."

Fifteen louis-d'ors, wrapped in paper, and enclosed with this letter, stood in singular, but by no means disagreeable, contradiction to the concluding intimation. Long did Waldrich puzzle himself to account for it; and he would, perhaps, never have been able to solve the problem, had not his eye glanced upon the paper which had enveloped the gold, and which he had dropped upon the floor. He took it up, and found on it these lines:—"Be not deterred. Go forth in the sacred cause of our oppressed country. May the Almighty protect you! is the sincere wish of your former playmate, Frederica."

Now, this playmate, Frederica, was no other than the young daughter of Mr. Bantes. Heaven knows how she had contrived to get herself deputed to dispatch her father's letter. Waldrich felt quite inspired; he was much more delighted by the heroic sentiments of the girl than at the receipt of the money, which Frederica had probably added out of her own savings. He wrote immediately to a friend at Herbesheim, inclosing a few grateful lines to the little girl — forgetting, however, that the

little girl might have grown bigger in the space of four years — called her his German Thusnelda; and, proud as a second Herrmann, set out for the Rhine to join the army.

THE INCOGNITO.

It is foreign to my present purpose to enter into the details of Waldrich's achievements; suffice it to say, that he was never backward in the fight. Napoleon was hurled from his throne, and shipped off for Elba. Waldrich did not return like the other volunteers, but accepted a lieutenancy in a regiment of infantry of the line. He liked a military life better than poring over musty documents at a desk. His regiment was engaged in the second invasion of France, and, after the object was accomplished, returned in triumph to its native land.

Waldrich had been lucky enough to escape without a single wound. He flattered himself that, as one of the heroes of his country, he should be rewarded in preference with some civil appointment. In his regiment he was highly respected for his amiable disposition and manifold acquirements. The affair of the appointment, however, was not so speedily set-

tled as he had hoped. There were too many sons, and cousins, and nephews, of privy councillors and presidents, and so forth, to be provided for, who had been prudent enough to stay at home, to keep their hands in, and who had another advantage over him—that of birth; for Waldrich's parents were commoners.

Yielding, therefore, to circumstances, he remained a lieutenant, and that the more willingly, as Mr. Bantes, who had been his guardian, had duly transmitted the small balance of the sum left by his father; and it was long since expended. Cramped in his operations by the want of money, he severely felt, while in garrison, the intrusions of *ennui*. At length, on a new distribution of the troops, his company unexpectedly received orders to remove to Herbesheim.

At the head of his company — for the captain, an opulent baron, was absent on leave — he entered his native town as commanding officer. His feelings, at the sight of the two black, lofty church-towers, and of the ancient, gray, embattled gateway, may be more easily imagined than described. On reaching the town-house, the drum was silent. Two of the senators brought the billets for quarters. The

lieutenant, as a matter of course, was quartered in the best house in the town — that of Mr. Bantes. The whole worshipful senate could not have rendered him a more agreeable service.

The soldiers dispersed in high glee, for it was just the hour for dinner, and the townspeople, apprised of their coming, had prepared for the reception of their new guests. Waldrich, who well remembered the two senators from his boyish years, soon perceived that he had grown quite out of their recollection; for they treated him with extraordinary respect, and insisted on conducting him themselves — though he would fain have declined the escort — to his destined quarters. Here, Mr. Bantes received him as an entire stranger, and very politely led him to a handsome apartment.

"Commandant," said Mr. Bantes, "this and the adjoining rooms were occupied by your predecessor: they are at your service. Make yourself quite at home. We shall expect you to dinner, and so forth."

Waldrich was highly amused at his unexpected incognito; and he resolved to await a suitable opportunity for relinquishing it, in order to increase the surprise. He had just

time to change his clothes before he was summoned to dinner.

Here, besides Mr. Bantes and his wife, and some old clerks and overseers, all of whom he well recollected, he found a young female whom he did not know. They took their seats, talked of the weather, of the day's march of the company, and of the regret of all the town's-people that the former garrison, with which they were particularly well satisfied, had been removed to another town.

"I hope, nevertheless," said Waldrich, "that you will have no reason to be dissatisfied with me and my men, when we have once become familiar with one another."

In order to promote this familiarity, it was natural that the commandant, who was already wondering why his juvenile playmate, Frederica, was missing, should ask his host and hostess whether they had any children.

"A daughter," replied Mrs. Bantes, pointing to the young lady, who modestly cast her eyes down upon her plate. Waldrich's opened wider than usual with surprise. What a delightful creature little Rica is grown! Such was Waldrich's, if not audible, at least mental, exclamation, as he gazed upon her. He stam-

mered out something complimentary as well as he could in his first confusion, and was heartily glad when the old papa called out to him: — "A little gravy, commandant! your plate is quite dry."

Mrs. Bantes spoke of a son whom they had lost in early childhood, and in a tone of affectionate regret, which a mother's heart cannot help feeling.

"Don't murmur, mamma," said her husband; "who knows but he might have turned out to be just such another scapegrace as that George!"

It was now Waldrich's turn to look demure, for "that scapegrace George" meant no less a person than himself.

"But do you know for certain, papa, that George is really such a scapegrace as you imagine?" inquired Frederica. The question warmed the commandant much more than the glass of old Burgundy, which he had just swallowed to conceal his embarrassment. It involved traces of a juvenile friendship, which seemed to be not wholly forgotten. Such an interesting question, proceeding from such interesting lips, and uttered in so soft and so impressive a tone, operated like honey to

sweeten the bitter pills which Mr. Bantes now administered profusely to poor Waldrich.

To justify his censure, he began to relate to his guest, as though he was to be umpire, the history of his own life from his cradle to the period of his joining the army.—"Had the chap," said he, in concluding his narrative, "but learned something profitable at the university, he would not have gone among soldiers and the like. If he had not turned soldier, he would now be fixed somewhere or other as criminal councillor, military councillor, chancery councillor, aulic councillor, or the like; a good salary of course, and good prospects."

"I know not," rejoined the daughter, "whether he studied hard or not at the university; but so much I know that he went at least with a good heart to sacrifice himself for the sacred cause of his country."

"Don't prate eternally about your sacred cause and so forth!" cried Mr. Bantes. "Where is the sacred trumpery, I ask; where? The French are driven out. Granted. But the holy empire is gone to the dogs for all that. The old taxes are provisionally retained, and new ones are provisionally laid on. The confounded English are allowed to inundate us

with their manufactures, as they did before, and nobody cares a pinch of snuff if we holy Germans are made holy beggars by it or not. Look at the last fair—everything as flat as a pancake. The ministers and so forth cram and drink, and do just what they please, know nothing about trade, knock up the manufacturers, and 'tis of no use to complain. They just go on in the old way, and even worse than formerly. Let an honest fellow begin to pipe a different tune from the excellencies, with their ribands and their crosses, and away the poor wretch is hurried to a dungeon, and examined and re-examined, and blackened and defamed and branded as a demagogue, an agitator, and what not. I tell you, hold your tongue, girl—mind your own business, and never talk about things you don't understand."

Waldrich perceived from this conversation that old Bantes was still as susceptible, as vehement, and as eccentric, as ever; and yet, in spite of his peculiarities, it was impossible to be angry with him. As, however, he was expected to decide the dispute between the father and daughter, the commandant was prudent and polite enough to admit that Mr. Bantes was perfectly right, that is to say in so

far as the sacred cause was concerned. On the other hand, as he did not feel disposed exactly to condemn himself, he was forced to allow the justice of his fair advocate's assertion respecting the good heart with which George had sacrificed himself for the supposed sacred cause.

"Take notice," cried the old man, "our commandant is much shrewder than Master Paris of old, in the affair of the three silly dames of Troy, and so forth. He cuts the apple in halves, gives one to each, and says—'Much good may it do you!'"

"No, Mr. Bantes," rejoined the commandant, "your George erred, if he really did err, in the same manner as probably many thousands of his countrymen, and myself among the rest. I too left every thing, to take part in the campaign for the liberation of Germany. Our armies you know were cut up. It was absolutely necessary for the people to rise and fight their own battles, to stake life and property and the national honour, to save the thrones of our sovereigns. We have done so, and now await the beneficial results of our interference. With the best dispositions, our statesmen cannot by a sleight-of-hand trick

restore to us instantaneously the paradise that we have lost. At any rate, I for one have never repented the step that I then took."

"Every respect," said Mr. Bantes, with a profound inclination, "every respect, Mr. Commandant, for your exception to the rule. In this world the exceptions are always the best things about rules. Still it seems a good joke to me that we civilians, farmers, and tradesmen, and manufacturers, should be required to pay our money for twenty years together, to support in time of peace an army of some hundreds of thousands of lazy defenders of the throne, and to clothe them in silk and velvet and gold, and that, in the twenty-first year, when these defenders of the throne are cut in pieces, we should be obliged to put our shoulders to the wheel ourselves to shove it into the right track, and so forth.

Amidst such conversation, the parties became better acquainted during the first repast. Mr. Bantes himself gave the tone to it, for he was a man who, as he was fond of observing, would never put a padlock on his mouth. The commandant had more than one occasion to rejoice at his incognito, to which, however, he heartily wished to put an end.

THE DISCOVERY.

It was put an end to before he was aware of it. Mrs. Bantes, a woman of acute observation, who said little but thought much, the moment she heard Waldrich's voice, had recollected his boyish features, compared them with his manly countenance, and recognized her ward. His evident confusion at the mention of "that scapegrace George" only served to confirm her conjecture. She nevertheless said not a syllable about her discovery either to him or to her own family. This was always her way. No woman could be more unlike the generality of her sex, who may be said to carry their thoughts at their tongue's ends. She suffered people to do and to talk as they liked, while she observed, listened, compared, and drew her conclusions. Hence she always knew more than any one else in the house, and ruled all the affairs of the family without appearing to do so; even her fiery husband, who had no notion of submitting to her government, was nevertheless governed by her in every thing. It seemed rather a suspicious circumstance that Waldrich should not have revealed himself to her, and she resolved to

try in silence to discover his reason for this reserve.

Waldrich had, in fact, no reason whatever, but merely sought an occasion for surprising the family with his name. In the evening, when he was summoned to tea, he found nobody in the room but Frederica, who had just returned from paying a visit, and was taking off her shawl. Waldrich approached her. "Madam," said he, "I am much indebted to you for your defence of my friend Waldrich."

"Do you know him then, Mr. Commandant?"

"He thought of you very often, but certainly not so often as you deserve."

"He was brought up in our house; but I cannot help thinking him rather ungrateful, as he has never paid us a single visit since he left us. How has he conducted himself? does he bear a good character?"

"I have never heard any complaint against him. I dare say nobody has so much reason to find fault with him as yourself, madam."

"Then he must be a very good man; for I have nothing to allege against him."

"But I know that he is still your debtor."

"He owes me nothing."

"I have heard something about a sum of money, which he wanted for travelling expences, when he was going to the army, and which his guardian refused him."

"That was given, not lent."

"Is he on that account the less your debtor, Thusnelda?"

Frederica, on hearing his name, looked stedfastly at the commandant: a new light broke upon her; she recognized him and blushed.

"Is it possible!" cried she, in joyful surprise.

"It is, my dear Frederica, if I may still presume to call you so; your debtor, the sinner, stands before you. Will you forgive him? Had he before known what he now knows, instead of once he would have been twenty times at Herbesheim." He took her hand and pressed it to his lips.

At that moment Mrs. Bantes entered. Frederica ran to meet her. "Do you know our commandant's name, mamma?" said she.

A gentle flush overspread the pale face of Mrs. Bantes. With a smile she replied, "George Waldrich."

"What, mamma, you know and did not tell us?" cried Frederica, who had not yet recovered from her surprise, and now compared

the bold bearing and manly figure of the officer, in military attire, with the shy schoolboy of former years. "Yes, indeed, it is!" said she. "Where could I have had my eyes? And there is the scar over the left eye from a fall which he got when he had climbed the highest tree in the garden to fetch me a pear. Do you remember?"

"How much more do I not remember!" rejoined Waldrich, kissing the hand of his worthy foster-mother, and begging her pardon for not paying her an earlier visit. He assured her that it was really not out of ingratitude, for he had often thought of that house with grateful respect, and still less from levity or indifference; but, in fact, he knew not himself what it was that had made him dislike the thought of returning to Herbesheim.

"I dare say much the same kind of feeling," answered the mother, "as would render happy spirits averse to return to the caterpillar state of wretched mortality. You were an orphan at Herbesheim, without father or mother, and as such a stranger; we could never make you forget that. You were a boy, dependent and often in fault. Hence your early recollections of a town, which was rather the place of your education than of your birth, are not the most

agreeable. When you became free and grew up to manhood, you felt yourself happier any where than you could be with us."

A tear dimmed Waldrich's eye, as he looked at the speaker. "Ah!" he ejaculated — "the same dear, kind, wise mother as ever! You have hit it. But, indeed, I feel much happier at Herbesheim than I could have expected, and I confess that the contrast between my former and present circumstances may contribute not a little to this effect. Would that I had but come sooner! Restore to me the rights of a foster-son in your excellent heart."

Before Mrs. Bantes could reply, her husband hastily entered and seated himself at the tea-table. When Frederica informed him who was their guest, he stared, then extended his hand to the commandant and said: "Be heartily welcome, Mr. Waldrich. Such a little urchin once, and now grown, I declare, quite out of my recollection, Mr. Waldrich. Am I right, though? Perhaps Mr. *von* Waldrich. Are you ennobled?"

"No."

"And the bit of riband at your button-hole tells something, eh?"

"That I took an enemy's redoubt with my

company, and maintained it against four assaults."

"How many men did that cost?"

"Twelve killed, seventeen wounded."

"Say twenty-nine poor fellows for half a quarter of a yard of riband. Cursed dear goods, those that the king sells, and that you may, nevertheless, buy in any shop for two or three kreutzers. Come, Frederica, give us our tea. Made much booty, eh? How stand the finances?"

Waldrich shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "It was not for the sake of booty that we took the field, but for the sake of our country, and to prevent it from being the booty of the French."

"Good! good! I like such sentiments, and like the man who sticks to them, even with empty pockets. And the little capital left by your father? Placed in safe hands, I hope?"

Waldrich blushed. "Safe enough," said he, with a smile. "I am sure not to lose that."

THE DEAD GUEST.

No sooner was it known in the town who the commandant was, than all his former acquaintance collected round him. Waldrich

was invited to all parties in the first houses, and was found the best companion in all, intelligent, witty, accomplished, an agreeable story-teller, learned with the learned, an artist with friends of the arts; he drew well, was a superior performer on the piano and flute, danced delightfully, and was universally allowed by the fair matrons and maidens of Herbesheim to be a handsome, volatile, and, for that reason, extremely dangerous young man: but whether the danger of his society was increased or diminished by his modesty, not a soul of them ventured to decide.

Just at this moment, however, not one of them, whether handsome or plain, felt any particular desire either to make a conquest, or to be made a conquest of. On the contrary, they all guarded their hearts with extraordinary care. The cause of this reserve will not be guessed by any reader who has not resided at Herbesheim, and who is a stranger to the manuscript chronicles of the town, and it will scarcely be believed by those who are acquainted with those chronicles; but it is incontestably true, how improbable soever it may appear.

It so happened, namely, that in this year fell

the hundredth anniversary of the visit of the Dead Guest, as he was called, who was in particularly bad odour with all the fair ladies of Herbesheim that were on the eve of marriage. Nobody knew the precise history of this dreaded visiter. It was related, however, that he was a spectre who made his appearance at the expiration of every hundred years at Herbesheim, where he took up his abode from the first to the last Sunday in Advent, not harming even a child, but duly paying court to every bride, and ending by twisting her head round so as to leave her face behind her. In the morning they were found dead in their beds, with their heads screwed round in this frightful manner. But what distinguishes this goblin from all the other goblins in the world is, that he does not play his pranks only at the authorised hour, "when churchyards yawn, and graves give up their dead;" that is to say, at midnight: but he is reported to appear in broad daylight, in the real form of a man, fashionably attired like the other sons of earth, and to insinuate himself everywhere and into all companies. This visitant is reported to possess boundless wealth, and, what is worst of all, when he cannot find any bride affianced to another, he even as-

sumes the character of a suitor, in order to bewitch poor damsels, that, when he has somewhat turned their brains with his amorous professions, he may enjoy the pleasure of literally turning their heads also.

Nobody knew how this story originated. In the parish church-book were still to be seen the names of three spinsters, who died suddenly in the Advent of the year 1720, and by way of note were added these words: "With their faces behind them, as one hundred years ago. Peace be to their poor souls!" Though no rational person could admit this remark on the margin of the church-book as evidence of a fact, still it proved at least that the story was above a hundred years old, nay, that probably something of the same kind had happened two centuries back, as the church-book referred to that date. Unluckily the books for that period are no longer extant, having been destroyed by fire during the war of the Spanish succession.

Be this as it may, every body was acquainted with the tradition; every body insisted that it was an absurd old wife's legend; and yet almost every body looked forward with I may say a curious anxiety to the approaching sea-

relations of his childhood were re-established on the same footing, but in a more pleasing form, so that he called Mr. and Mrs. Bantes father and mother, as he had been used to do; that Mr. Bantes lectured him, as he called it, when he gave vent to his spleen or ill-humour; that Mrs. Bantes, whenever the commandant stepped out of the house, previously examined his dress, looked after his wardrobe, gave out such things as he wanted, as if he had still been her ward, even kept account of his pocket-money, and, though he at first objected to it, supplied his purse every now and then with small change for petty expenses. Waldrich commanded not only in the town but also in the house; he gave his opinion on all occasions, and assisted in deciding disputed points. Between Frederica and him, when they had gradually become familiar, and forgotten, as it were, that they had grown up, the tone of their juvenile years was unconsciously renewed. They lived together, as then, upon good terms, but, as then, too, they frequently fell out; and with the more formal *you* was often unintentionally mingled not only the endearing *thou* of affection, but also the morose *thou* of reproof.

It is true that the matrons and spinsters of Herbesheim, old and young, made significant remarks on Waldrich's situation: for the females of that town had a prejudice, which is by no means prevalent among the fair sex of other places, that, namely, a young man of twenty-eight and a fair damsel of twenty could not possibly live for a month under the same roof without falling over head and ears in love. The dames of Herbesheim, however, were in due time convinced that the present case was an exception to their rule; for not even a look, a gesture, a motion, an intonation of voice, or any other indication which their theory could attribute to love, ever betrayed aught save that purely brotherly and sisterly state of things, which had obtained in the years of boyhood and girlhood.

The acute perception of Mrs. Bantes would not have failed to detect a tender attachment, had any subsisted. In cases of this kind women possess a peculiar penetration, which men are not endowed with; but she detected nothing, and was quite easy. As for Mr. Bantes, the idea of such possibilities never occurred to his mind. He had never in all his life the least conception of what is called love, and would

just as soon have feared that his daughter would go mad, as that she should ever conceive a passion for a young man merely for his own sake. He knew that he had been engaged to Mrs. Bantes before they had ever set eyes on each other, and that he had given his consent to the match as soon as he knew that his intended was a young woman of excellent character, that her father was at the head of a solid house, and that she had a portion of thirty thousand dollars, with further expectations.

This mode of conducting matrimonial engagements, of the excellence of which his own experience furnished the most incontestable proof—for he was one of the happiest husbands and fathers—appeared of course to him to be the most rational. He might long since have disposed of his daughter; there had been no lack of suitors. But, on the one hand, he had no wish to part from Frederica, for he was more attached to her than he was himself aware of; and, on the other, he had started objections to some of the applicants, on the score of property. It was a maxim with him that the world subsisted solely by means of the equilibrium of its component parts, without which it would

have fallen to pieces thousands of years ago; and for this reason he set down the equilibrium of mutual property as an essential principle in a matrimonial connexion. In this sentiment both Mrs. Bantes and Frederica had hitherto entirely coincided.

Frederica was now approaching the completion of her twentieth year. Her father recollected that when he married his wife was much younger, and he began to think more seriously of finding a husband for his daughter. Mrs. Bantes had assented, and Frederica herself was not averse to the proposal. Mr. Bantes took his measures accordingly.

THE BIRTHDAY.

In the house of Mr. Bantes, it was customary to celebrate many family festivals: but it was only on the anniversary of the wedding-day of the master and mistress that strangers were invited. The old bookkeeper, the cashier, and the overseer, who enjoyed the honour of dining at the table of Mr. Bantes, were regarded as members of the family, and their birthdays were formally kept. No wonder then that the birthday of the commandant was to be celebrated with more than usual ceremony.

On an occasion of this kind, such was the law, not a creature in the house was to cross the person whose birthday it was, or to refuse him a reasonable request. Each individual was expected to make him a present, large or small. The dinner was more costly and profuse, and the person on whose account it was given sat in the place of honour, that is to say, the one usually occupied by the master of the house. The presents were always delivered before the party sat down to table; his health was drunk in a bumper, and, on rising from dinner, he was embraced and kissed by each of the individuals present. This practice, transmitted to him by his parents, Mr. Bantes had religiously retained.

All these ceremonies took place on Waldrich's birthday, according to the established and to him well known usage. When he entered the dining-room, he found the whole family already assembled there. Mr. Bantes first expressed his good wishes, and handed to him a slip of paper in an envelope. It was a bill drawn by Mr. Bantes, upon himself, payable at sight. Mrs. Bantes followed. She presented him with a complete captain's uniform and all its appendages. Frederica next approached, with a silver salver, upon which lay half a dozen fine cravats,

embroidered by her own hand, and a letter with the broad seal of the regiment addressed to *Captain* George Waldrich. The commandant was startled: he opened the letter, and found enclosed a captain's commission for himself. He had long expected promotion, but had not ventured to hope that he should obtain it so soon. He was appointed captain of his own company, in place of his predecessor, who was absent on leave, and who was advanced to a majority.

"With due humility," said Frederica, with her peculiarly fascinating smile, "I have to beg your pardon, Captain Waldrich, and trust you will not be angry, if I confess that the letter arrived a week ago during your absence, and that I kept it back to surprise you with it to-day. I can assure you that I have been sufficiently punished by the anxiety I have undergone, lest you should hear of your promotion through some other channel, and make inquiry concerning this letter?"

Waldrich was not at all in a humour to be angry; indeed, so much was he taken by surprise, that he could scarcely reply, or thank the others, who presented to him their good wishes and gifts.

Waldrich's glass with his own, he said: "Where there is a man, there ought by right to be one of the gentler sex: where there is a captain, still less ought a Mrs. Captain to be wanting. So here's to her health, prosperity, and so forth."

Waldrich could not forbear laughing.

"May she be kind-hearted, sweet-tempered, and a good housewife!" said Mrs. Bantes, touching his glass as her husband had done.

"Like you, mamma," replied the captain.

"And the most amiable creature under the sun!" said Frederica, hobnobbing in her turn.

"Like you, Frederica," answered he with a grateful inclination.

Frederica shook her head, half pouting and half smiling. "We must put up," said she, "with a great deal to-day from the prince of the feast, which at other times would not go unpunished."

Upon this extraordinary scene, the book-keeper, cashier, overseer, and clerk, could not help making their own innocent observations. First of all, the bold offer which Mr. Bantes had made to the captain to grant him whatever he should ask—an offer which Waldrich had evidently misunderstood: in the next place, his

having drunk to the health of the captain's future lady—indeed, the favourite of Fortune must have been blind as his patroness not to perceive what Father Bantes strove to render intelligible.

"And still," said the overseer, in a whisper to the cashier, as they rose from table, "I would lay a wager that the business is settled. They will be a pair. What say you?"

"I have my fears," replied the cashier, in the same low tone. "I have been thinking of the Dead Guest. I can't help it for the life of me."

The formality of the birthday salute now commenced. It came to the turn of Miss Bantes. Waldrich and Frederica approached without affectation, and gave the mutual kiss. This done, they looked at one another with singular earnestness, like two persons who have unexpectedly recognized each other as old friends. Both were silent, with eye intently fixed on eye: again their lips met, again a kiss was exchanged, as though the first had not been a genuine one. I know not whether any body observed this; but so much I know, that Mamma Bantes modestly cast down her eyes to the diamond ring on her finger. Waldrich now seemed absorbed in profound thought,

totally regardless of the conversation which was passing among the rest of the company. He appeared, in fact, as if he had lost his breath; as if his ample chest had suddenly become too narrow. Miss Bantes, too, walked to the window, looking as if something ailed her.

It was not long, however, before their former cheerfulness returned. Two chaises drew up to the door, and they availed themselves of the delightful autumnal afternoon to take a drive into the country.

ANOTHER BIRTHDAY.

Next day things were going on in the old track. The new captain had a good deal of business on his hands. He had received permission to visit his general. He had various accounts relative to the company to settle with his predecessor. These affairs were likely to detain him for some weeks. He felt as though he was leaving his paternal home; and his hosts dismissed him in the way they would have done had he been their son, with friendly admonition, good advice, and kind wishes, as one whose return they felt assured of, without sorrowing about the temporary separation. Wald-

admit that papa knows how to manage matters."

"Who is Mr. von Hahn?" asked Frederica, with a grave look.

"Who else but the son of my old partner, now the eminent banker. Could you expect to have any body else? The old gentleman has made a great deal more money by his business than I have with mine. He is now retiring, and his son, your intended, is to succeed him."

Mrs. Bantes, with a slight motion of the head to and fro, expressive of disapprobation, silently passed the letter to the commandant. It was as follows:—

"My dear Madam,

"One who is still unknown to you deeply regrets his inability to be present otherwise than in spirit at the celebration of your birthday, because his physician has forbidden the journey in such unfavourable weather. Alas! that I must say *unknown* — that, instead of sending these lines, I cannot fly in person to Herbesheim, to solicit your hand — and that I am prevented from completing the engagements contracted by our kind parents in the warmth of their old attachment! The moment the weather improves, though far from well, I

shall hasten to Herbesheim, to solicit your hand, not your heart, for that, I know full well, can only be spontaneously bestowed. Let me, at least, indulge the hope that I shall find means to deserve it; for, be assured, that I shall make it the duty of my life to cause you to bless our united lot. If you but knew how happy a single line from your hand would render me — how much more effectually it would contribute to my recovery than all the skill of the physician—you would not let me request it in vain. Permit me to subscribe myself, with the warmest respect and affection,

"Your betrothed,

"EDWARD VON HAHN."

The commandant looked grave: his eyes rested intently upon the letter. He had not the air of one reading, but rather musing—or, to speak more correctly, he appeared to be in a brown study. Meanwhile, Mr. Bantes was insisting that Frederica should divest herself of all maidenly affectation, and frankly and honestly confess that she was delighted.

"But how can I do that, papa? I have never in my life seen this Mr. von Hahn."

"Simpleton!—of course not. I understand you. On that point I can satisfy you com-

pletely. He is a tall, elegant, genteel young man, with a pale but handsome face. He was rather weakly at that time, probably from having grown so fast."

"When did you see him then, papa?"

"The last time I was in the capital. Let me see, it may be ten or twelve years ago. It was when I brought you that beautiful doll — almost as big as yourself.—What did you call her?—Babette, Rosette, Lisette, or something of that sort. Now you know. Young Hahn cannot be much more than twenty. A real milk-sop face, I tell you! Only wait and see him."

"Papa, I would rather have seen him before I had received a letter from him with such a proposal."

"'Tis silly, certainly, that he could not come himself to your birthday. We, old folks, managed matters better. When I was betrothed to mamma, I went myself. Well, mamma; and this has made you stare, I fancy. The secret almost burned my inside out. I should have been glad to tell it you at first; but I know the way of women — it would have been blabbed before the birthday, and the surprise gone — whew!"

"You have done right, papa," replied Mrs. Bantes, rather gravely, "not to consult me, as mother. The thing is now done. May Heaven bless your work!"

"But the choice, mamma! For his nobility, to be sure, I would not give a brass kreutzer; but, consider—the rich banker! Look you, mamma, we manufacturers are but trumpery in comparison: but a banker is at the top of the tree in the commercial world. If old Hahn merely points his finger to Vienna, the whole court there is instantly in motion, and the question is, 'What is Mr. von Hahn's pleasure?' If he nods his head towards Berlin, every body in that city is bowing down to the ground. The devil — nay, the English themselves — cannot harm such a man. That's what I mean, mamma — what say you?"

"As for the choice," said Mrs. Bantes, gravely, "I think it quite as good a one as you could have made."

Frederica sorrowfully cast a sidelong glance at her mother, sighing, "And you, too, mamma?"

During this conversation, the commandant continued to gaze intently on the letter.

"What the deuce, captain!" cried Mr.

Bantes—"will you never have done reading? Your soup is getting cold."

Waldrich was roused as from a dream: he looked once more at the letter, and then threw it hastily from him, as though it contained infection.

Papa Bantes was disappointed because Frederica was not overjoyed. He, at first, laid the blame on the sudden surprise which must have deprived the poor girl of the power of speech. He, nevertheless, continued his jokes, and even carried them further than lively old gentlemen, like himself, are accustomed to do on such occasions. But no one joined him; only the bookkeeper, cashier, and overseer, smiled occasionally at his sallies.

"Girl!" said he, at length, to Frederica, "tell me, plumply, have I pleased you or not? Have I done a wise or a silly trick?—Tell papa. You'll sing a different tune though, my pretty bird, when young Hahn comes."

"It may be so, dear papa," replied Frederica. "It is not possible that I can have the least doubt of your kind, affectionate intentions. Let this declaration suffice."

"Now, that is right, Rica. That is just as a reasonable girl ought to think. Mamma her-

self has confessed that she thought the very same in her time. So, fill your glasses. Here's health to the bride — not forgetting the bridegroom!" The toast was drunk, and good humour seemed to be returning.

"No end of silly tricks!" resumed Mr. Bantes. "Only think that young Hahn should not be here on such a day as this! A genteel, handsome man, I tell you—very agreeable, very sociable—has had a better education than his father. I'd lay a wager that when you have once seen him you'll not let him go again. How thankful will you be to papa!"

"It is possible, papa; but till I have seen him, I beg—and you know, dear papa, I have a right to prefer a reasonable request on my birthday—I beg that I may not hear another word about this *Great Unknown* till I have seen him."

Mr. Bantes puckered his brow, and at length said—"Begging your pardon, daughter, that was a very silly request;—however, you shall be indulged. Mamma did not make such requests in her time."

"My dear," said Mrs. Bantes mildly to her husband, "no scolding for Frederica. Don't forget that it is her birthday, and that nobody ought to vex her."

"Right, mamma," replied the old man. "He'll certainly be here soon. We shall shortly have a new moon, and then there will be a change of weather."

The conversation now took a different turn, though at first rather stiffly, and by and by the usual cheerfulness and good-humour prevailed. In spite, however, of all the jokes that were cracked, the captain still looked thoughtful. Mrs. Bantes seemed to observe this, and filled his glass several times, contrary to her custom. Frederica gazed at him, now and then, with a stedfast, scrutinizing look; and, when the eyes of both happened to meet, Waldrich's had an expression not unlike that of silent reproof; while Frederica felt as though she read in that look an agreeable answer.

The others chatted and amused themselves, and papa gave full scope to his hilarity. On rising from table, when dinner was over, and all were preparing to give the salute, as by law established, to the fair queen of the feast, it chanced that Waldrich and Frederica met just in front of her father.

"Hark you, Rica!" said the jovial Mr. Bantes.—"Now fancy that our George there is a certain somebody, whom I dare not name

for the life of me till he is here. Fancy that, and then his kiss will be quite a different thing from an ordinary one. Only try it, you little simpleton!"

Waldrich and Frederica stood face to face. He took her hand. Gazing with serious, nay, almost sorrowful look at each other, their heads inclined forward. The old man, with a comic gesture, sprang on one side to witness the kiss. It was given. Each, as they drew back, clasped the hand of the other the more firmly. Waldrich turned pale: a tear dimmed the eye of Frederica. Their lips again met, and both then seemed disposed to separate. Suddenly they again approached, and were again pressed together. Frederica, weeping aloud, instantly retired. Waldrich turned to the window, and began unconsciously to draw figures with his finger on a dewy pane.

The old man stood for a while as if petrified. At length, turning his head first one way, and then the other, "What the deuce is it all about?" cried he.—"What can ail the girl?"

Mrs. Bantes, in silence, cast down her eyes to the diamond-ring on her finger. She well knew what ailed Frederica. "Papa," said she, "spare the poor girl just now: let her have her cry out."

"But—but—but—" exclaimed the old man, hastily, and running up to Frederica—"what is the matter, child?—What are you crying for?"

Still weeping, she replied, that she could not tell.

"Ah, no evasions!" said the father. "Has somebody vexed you? Has mamma——?"

"No."

"Or the Captain said something to you?"

"No."

"Thunder! surely not I? Speak, child, have I? Is it on account of my joke?—has that made you cry?"

Mrs. Bantes took his hand, and gently drew him back from Frederica. "Papa," said she, "you have broken your promise, and offended her. In spite of her request, you well know you have again——"

"Reminded her of a certain person? True, I ought not to have done so. Overlook it this time, Rica; it shall not occur again. Don't be offended with papa about such trifles."

Frederica became more composed. Mrs. Bantes led her to the harp. Waldrich was requested to join her; and his flute was brought. They tried some of the new pieces; and Frede-

rica, with the accompaniment of Waldrich's flute, played delightfully. The evening passed off in the most agreeable manner.

CONSULTATIONS.

Papa Bantes kept his word: he never uttered a syllable in allusion to a certain person. Vain precaution! — every body in the house only thought so much the more about him.

Mr. Bantes went regularly, morning, noon, and evening, to the barometer, and tapped it to make the mercury rise, and to procure fine weather for travellers and invalids. Frederica tapped it too, when she was unobserved, to make the mercury fall. Waldrich and Mrs. Bantes also glanced much oftener than they used to do at the prophetic tube of Torricelli.

"The weather is evidently improving," said Mr. Bantes, one day, when he happened to be alone with mamma.—"The clouds are breaking: I dare say he is already on the road."

"Heaven forbid, papa! Upon the whole I think it would be better for you to write to Mr. von Hahn not to come to Herbesheim before Christmas; for, though I am far from believing the silly gossip, still one cannot help feeling a little anxiety."

"So, so, mamma; thinking of the Dead Guest, hey. Stuff and nonsense! I did not think you so weak."

"It is silly, I admit, my dear husband; but should any thing befal our child in the season of Advent, let it be what it might, people would still —— nay, the very idea of it, if Rica should chance to be indisposed, would aggravate the evil. And, though I am no believer in ghosts, and Frederica laughs at them, yet we should neither of us like to be shut up in a church all night. We cannot change our nature. Postpone the formal betrothal till after the fatal season. When Advent is over, the young people will have another hundred years to see one another, to be betrothed, and to marry. Why then be in such a hurry? What harm can be done by the delay of a few weeks?"

"Shame on you, mamma! Depend upon it I shall not give way to such follies. Precisely because the people are making such a hullabaloo about the Dead Guest, Frederica shall be betrothed immediately. 'Tis our duty and so forth to set an example. When the townspeople see that we don't care a pin about the Dead Guest—that, in spite of all their twaddle,

we are determined to make a bride of our daughter — that her head is not twisted the wrong way—we shall break the neck of the stupid notion for ever. Let the parson preach — Repent! be virtuous! be pious! — 'tis of no use — but if he would do any good, let him set the example."

"Admitted, papa; but your child is dear to you, is she not? Now you see that according to the church-book some catastrophe or other must have happened a century ago: perhaps there were then persons who disregarded the ancient tradition: well, we will do so, too. But if you insist that the betrothal shall take place in the unlucky Advent season — at least so it is reputed to be — of this hundredth year, and, which Heaven forbid! it shall happen that——"

"Surely you don't mean to say that Frederica should have her head twisted the wrong way? The infernal idea! I can't bear to think of it!"

"No; but for instance, Mr. von Hahn should come in these days, which bear such a bad character, to our house — recollect, he is already ailing, as he writes. Wintry weather, a long journey, bad roads, might make him worse. Suppose then we had a sick,

nay, perhaps at last a dead guest: I can't help shuddering at the idea. And then only consider how the superstition attached to the Advent of this year would be strengthened and confirmed by your obstinacy."

Mr. Bantes seemed to muse for a moment. "Mamma," he at length grumbled out, "I cannot comprehend where you are always picking up ideas that would never come into the head of any other human being. I see plainly that you are all possessed with the Advent goblin of the Herbesheimers—all of you, I say; you, Frederica; nay, even the captain, though he does pretend to be a soldier, cashier, bookkeeper, overseer, all, without exception, though none will admit it. O fie! fie!"

"If it were so, though I have strong doubts of that, still it would be the duty of a prudent master of a family to treat with indulgence a prejudice which does harm to nobody."

"Every kind of folly does harm. Therefore, no indulgence! war, open war! Ever since Frederica's birthday, every body in the house looks as shy and panic-struck as if doomsday was at hand. The devil himself must have invented that tale of the Dead Guest,

Things must remain as they are. I shall make no alteration, mamma. That's settled."

So saying, Mr. Bantes ran out of the room. With him, however, things did not remain exactly as they were. This conversation left behind it a thorn in his heart. He was sensible that it would be better, for the sake of domestic peace, to postpone the formal betrothal till after Christmas. He was extremely fond of his daughter, and this very affection gave rise to a vague apprehension, lest the devil might play some scurvy trick or other, and then it would be charged to the account of the Dead Guest. The nearer the first Sunday in Advent approached, the more anxiety did he feel on the subject, in spite of his efforts to dispel it. He wished that his future son-in-law might postpone his journey. His anxiety was heightened into alarm, when the weather completely cleared up, and the bright warm sun threw his rays over the world, as if to confer on advanced autumn an after-taste of summer. He continued to visit the barometer as diligently as ever, and tapped, but now it was to make the mercury fall.

He remarked to his surprise that mamma and Frederica recovered their former cheerfulness

with the fine weather, that the commandant also and the other members of the family regained the usual tone; but that was more than he could do all at once.

FINE WEATHER.

Mrs. Bantes had perceived that Frederica had many objections to make in her heart to the wealthy banker, and that the commandant of the town had become commandant in that heart also. It was not to favour the latter, fond as he was of him, but to prevent precipitation and the evils which might result from it, that she now strove to postpone the formal betrothal of the banker with her daughter. She wished that the young people should first have opportunity to become acquainted, and that Frederica might first familiarize herself with her destined lot. At the same time she was desirous to learn whether Mr. von Hahn's heart was worthy of Frederica's. Hence, though Mr. Bantes had concealed from her till the birthday the important arrangement for the disposal of her daughter, the affectionate mother had never opposed his choice or uttered one word of reproach. She knew Mr. Bantes too well for that: opposition would only have

made him pursue his plan with the greater obstinacy. For this reason she engaged him in the conversation detailed above, and planted the thorn in his conscience, and she rejoiced to perceive that it had produced the desired effect. For this reason, too, she had written on the very birthday itself to a friend in the capital, for information respecting the moral character of Mr. von Hahn. The answer arrived on the same day that the fineness of the weather threw Mr. Bantes into such alarm. Mr. von Hahn was described as one of the most honourable of men, who enjoyed universal respect, and who had hitherto been universally pitied, not only on account of his constant ill health, but also the state of almost servile dependence in which he had been kept by an old, morose, eccentric, and avaricious father. The latter, having a few weeks before resigned the entire management of the business to his son, was now retiring to his country-seat, to seek that repose which the infirmities of age required.

This agreeable intelligence brought fine weather for Mrs. Bantes. A different circumstance cleared it up for Frederica and the commandant on one and the same day.

Waldrich, namely, had gone to Frederica's

room with a message from Mrs. Bantes. She sat at the window with her forehead leaning against the new harp which stood before her.

"Mamma wishes to know if you would like to take a ride with us this fine day?"

Frederica made no reply, but turned her face a little more from him towards the window.

"Your ladyship is rude," said Waldrich, under the impression that she was shamming. "Did I not take a cup of chocolate more than I should have done, merely to please your ladyship? Did I not come punctually to the time from the parade to dinner? Did I not at table pay every respectful attention?"

Still he received no answer. Having stood awhile in silence, he stepped to the door, as though going away, but turned back, and said somewhat impatiently: "Come, Rica, the weather is delightful."

A faint "No" startled him. Its tone betrayed that it was pronounced in tears.

"What is the matter?" cried he, anxiously, and, taking the hand upon which her forehead rested from the harp, he obliged her to look up.

"Is it to meet him that mamma wants to take us out with her? Is he to arrive to-day? Has

she said anything?" asked Frederica, hastily drying her eyes inflamed with weeping.

A cloud darkened Waldrich's countenance. "O Frederica," said he, half reproachfully, "it is not right of you to ask such questions. Do you imagine that I should invite you if I suspected anything of the kind? Would to God he may not come till I am gone!"

"How *gone?*"

"To another garrison. I wrote on your birthday to the general, soliciting my removal, but have not yet had an answer."

Frederica rose. "George," said she, with a look of vexation, "don't be offended, but you have done a very silly thing."

"Much as I wish it, I dare not stay."

"Are you serious, Waldrich? I shall never forgive you."

"You must wish to kill me, if you force me to be your wedding guest."

"You shall never be invited to my wedding. Who told you that I have already given my consent?"

"You dare not withhold it."

"And yet Heaven knows I cannot give it!" sobbed Frederica, and covered her face. Waldrich, too, was overcome by his feelings. This

was the first time that they had touched upon the subject, though it had never been out of their thoughts. On the birthday, when both were alarmed by the certainty, or at least the possibility, that they could no longer continue to be what they had been to each other in the innocent prosecution of juvenile intercourse, they had first discovered the true nature of their mutual attachment. Since those three festive kisses, which betrayed the secret, they had regarded each other with totally different eyes. They understood one another; they knew that they loved, and were beloved, without needing the expression of words. In both, the tranquil, all-embellishing light of friendship had suddenly been transformed into the flame of love. Each strove to conceal this from the other, and thereby only augmented its secret power.

Waldrich again approached her. "Frederica," said he, in a cordial tone, "*dare* we continue on the same footing as hitherto?"

"*Can* we be on any other?"

"Can? Not I!—impossible! Ah! Rica, I knew not how fortunate I was! In losing you, I feel that I am myself lost."

"*Losing*, George? Say not so; you will

make me miserable. 'Tis a horrid word, that! Don't mention it any more."

"But when he comes!"

"There, George, take my hand: ten thousand times rather will I be affianced to the Dead Guest. But don't tell this to papa or mamma. They shall know it in due time. I give you my hand in pledge of this promise, and now be easy on my account."

He took her hand and covered it with burning kisses. "That promise is a reviver," said Waldrich. "I durst scarcely expect it. But remember, if you break it, you take my life."

"Away!" cried Frederica; "mamma must be waiting for you. Away, while I get ready to go with you!" With these words she pushed him to the door, but there she gave him a parting kiss. Like one intoxicated, he went to deliver Frederica's message to her mother. Absorbed by her emotions, Frederica sank upon a chair, and, resigning herself to the dream of happiness, forgot that the carriage was waiting. At length Mrs. Bantes went herself to fetch her daughter. She found her lost in deep reverie, her head bending over her bosom, her hands folded on her lap.

"What are you musing upon? or are you not well?" asked her mamma.

"Quite well, quite happy."

"Are you serious, Rica? You look as if you had been weeping."

"So I have: but now I am quite happy, mamma. I am coming: I have only my hat to put on."

She took up the hat and placed herself before the mirror, under which lay the pink riband that Waldrich had wreathed round his birthday present. She picked it up, and fastened it round her waist by way of sash.

Mrs. Bantes said nothing, but she determined not to send the commandant on any more errands to her daughter.

THE LEGEND OF THE DEAD GUEST.

On the following evening, the first of the usual winter-parties of Herbesheim was held at the house of Mr. Bantes. It was a custom, namely, with the principal families of that little town, to meet once a week during the winter months at each others' houses in turn, where they were entertained with tea and coffee, and enlivened the long evening with music, singing, conversation, mirth, and social games. Be it

[illegible] which is the ordinary amusem
of persons who know no other medium betw
slander and *ennui*.

At the party assembled this evening at
house of Mr. Bantes, music and singing, mi
and play, were quite out of the question.
was, as we have said, the first meeting of
kind for that winter. The members of
company had too much to say to each othe
and, as it only wanted three days to the fi
Sunday in Advent, it may easily be imagin
that the Dead Guest was the principal topic
conversation. The younger females turned
their noses, and affected to be somewhat incr
dulous. Many were glad that they had no af
anced lover, though probably they might n
have disdained one when the dreaded season w
over; while others felt their hearts sink with
them, when they thought of certain persons
whom those hearts belonged. The elder dam
after mature consideration, came almost

might come to put their courage to the test; while two or three elderly gentlemen shook their fingers with a warning gesture at the young braggarts.

"How odd it is!" cried Mr. Bantes; "go where I will, I am bored for ever with the Dead Guest. Is this a fit subject of amusement for my living guests? Away with it, I say! Let us find something more cheerful to talk about. No gossip in corners, no whispering about the dead!"

"I am of your opinion," said the receiver-general. Let us rather have the most common game of forfeits. If Herbesheim had as little to fear from living guests as from the centenary visit of the Dead Guest, we should be quite sure that the heads of your damsels would not be twisted out of their natural position."

"I should like to know how the absurd story originated," said a young councillor. "It is as meagre as a skeleton; not a circumstance connected with it is known, or it might afford a subject for a ballad, and be good for something at least."

"On the contrary," replied Waldrich, "the legend of the Dead Guest, formerly current,

and as once related to me when a child by an old gamekeeper, is so long that we should scarcely get through it the whole evening: people have, therefore, done quite right to forget it."

"What!" cried several voices together, "do you know the story still?"

"I have an obscure recollection of it," rejoined the commandant.

"Oh! you must tell it us!" exclaimed all the younger females, thronging round him; "Do, pray, tell it us!"

The gentlemen joined their solicitations to those of the ladies. Excuses were of no avail, Waldrich was forced to comply, whether he would or not, and to relate the legend as he had received it from the ancient gamekeeper. He merely introduced, here and there, a few embellishing touches to render the narrative more amusing.

It is now, he began, just two hundred years since the Thirty Years' war commenced, and Frederic, the Elector Palatine, placed on his head the crown of Bohemia. The Emperor and the Elector of Bavaria, at the head of the Catholics of Germany, raised an army

for the recovery of that crown. A decisive battle was fought on the White Hill, near Prague. Frederic lost the battle and the crown. The news flew like lightning through Germany. All the Catholic states and cities rejoiced at the downfall of the poor Elector, who had possessed his throne but a few months, and who was thence commonly called the Winter-King. It was known that he had fled from Prague, in disguise, with a small retinue.

These particulars were known also to our revered ancestors in Herbesheim two hundred years ago. They were just as fond of gossiping over the news, local and political, as we, their worthy descendants; but they were, at that time, I must not say more religious, but more fanatical. Their joy, therefore, at the defeat and flight of the Winter-King was as immoderate, nay, even more tumultuous, than our's a few years since, at the defeat and flight of the Emperor Napoleon.

Three young damsels, of exquisite beauty, were once sitting together, chatting about the Winter-King. They were intimate friends, and had all three a bridegroom, that is to say, each of them one to herself, otherwise

they would scarcely have been friends long. One was named Veronica, another Francisca, and the third Jacobea.

"The King of the Heretics ought not to be suffered to escape from Germany," said Veronica. "So long as he lives, that monster, Lutheranism, will live too, and never cease doing mischief."

"Yes," chimed in Francisca, "whoever dispatches him may expect a signal reward from the Emperor, the Elector of Bavaria, our holy Church, and the Pope: nay, he would be sure of Heaven."

"I wish," said Jacobea, "that he would come to our town. Oh! how I wish he would! He should die by the hand of my lover. My lover would have at least a county given him for his reward."

"It is a question," said Veronica, "whether your lover would make a Countess of you; for he has scarcely heart enough for such an exploit. Mine, were I but to nod my head, would gird on his sword and lay the Winter-King dead at his feet. And then the county would slip through your fingers."

"Don't talk so fast, you two!" said Francisca; "my lover is the bravest of all. Has

he not been a captain and served in the wars? Were I to order him to cut down the Grand Turk on his throne, he would go and do it. Don't feed yourselves up too much then with anticipations of the county!"

While the damsels were still discussing the question of the county, the loud tramp of horses galloping along the street from the town-gate was heard. All three were instantly at the window. The weather out of doors was terrible; the rain poured in torrents from all the spouts projecting from the house-tops, while the violence of the wind drove the descending shower against the walls and windows.

"Merciful powers!" exclaimed Jacobea. "Whoever is abroad in such weather cannot be travelling for pleasure."

"No, it must be from absolute necessity," said Veronica.

"Or an evil conscience," added Francisca.

Thirteen men on horseback drew up at the door of the Dragon Inn on the opposite side of the way, and instantly alighted. Twelve of them remained with their horses; the thirteenth, who was dressed in white, entered the inn. The landlord soon came to the door, with his people. The horses were conducted

to the stable and the gentlemen into the house. In spite of the deluge of rain, the populace collected in the street to gape at the strangers and their horses. The finest of these animals, a snow-white steed, magnificently caparisoned, belonged to the gentleman in white.

"May not this be the Winter-King?" cried the three damsels, the moment they turned away from the window, looking at each other in astonishment.

They heard the sound of feet coming up stairs, and who should enter but their three lovers. "Do you know," cried one of them, "that the fugitive Winter-King is at this moment within our walls?"

"There would be a prize to make!" said the second.

"And the tall meagre fellow in his white dress looks the picture of despair," observed the third.

A thrill of delight pervaded the damsels. Again they eyed one another with scrutinizing look. They seemed to guess each other's meaning. All at once, extending their hands to one another, they said, "It shall be so; yes, it shall be so. Be our fortunes undivided—

share and share alike!" Each of them then turned towards her lover.

Veronica said to her's: "If my lover suffers the Winter-King to leave our town alive, rather would I be the Winter-King's slave than my lover's lawful wife. This I swear by all the saints!"

Francisca said to her's: "If my lover suffers the Winter-King to live over this night, I would rather embrace Death than my lover, and never shall he be husband of mine. This I swear by all the saints!"

Jacobea said to her's: "Never shall my lover enter the bridal chamber, unless he brings to-morrow his sword dyed in the Winter-King's blood. This I swear by all the saints!"

The three lovers were astounded, but soon recovered their spirits, as they saw the fair damsels standing before them more fascinating than ever and awaiting their answer. Each was eager to attest the ardour of his passion by compliance with the wish of his mistress. Accordingly, they vowed that the Winter-King should not live to see the morning's sun.

They retired. Their mistresses now sat down to chat at their ease about the immortal glory of their lovers, their courage and their

affection, and lastly about the expected county, and how they would share it with one another. But the three young men agreed to repair forthwith to the Dragon Inn, where they called for liquor and entered into conversation with the strangers, inquiring who the king might be, where he slept, and whether he had a handsome chamber. All of them were well acquainted with every corner of the house. And so they continued drinking until late at night.

Before daybreak, twelve of the strangers rode hastily away from the Dragon in spite of the tempestuous weather. The thirteenth lay dead in bed, weltering in his blood. He had received three mortal wounds. Nobody could tell who he was, but the landlord asserted that he was not the king. And he was right enough; for the Winter-King escaped, as it is well known, to Holland, and survived many years. The dead guest was buried the same day; but his body was not deposited in the churchyard, in consecrated ground, among the remains of Catholic christians, but, as a reputed heretic, in the laystall, without service or ceremony.

Meanwhile the three brides anxiously awaited the arrival of their lovers, to confer on them

the sweet reward of their achievement. But they came not. They sent out in search of them in all the streets and houses; but not a creature had set eyes on them since the hour of midnight. Neither the host and his wife, nor their men and their maids, could tell which way they went or what had become of them.

The poor damsels were sorely grieved, and they wept night and day, and repented them of the cruel order which they had given to such devoted and comely young men. But none of them took the mishap so deeply to heart as the charming Jacobea, for it was she who had first proposed to her companions the perilous attempt on the life of the Winter-King. Two days had elapsed since the disastrous night, and the third was drawing to a close. Neither the brides, nor the distressed parents, had yet received any tidings of the fate of the lovers.

A knock was heard at Jacobea's door. A stranger, apparently a person of distinction, entered, and asked for the damsel, who sat weeping along with her father and mother. The stranger handed her a letter, that a young man whom he met with on his journey thither had committed to his care, and which he promised to deliver. Judge of the joyful sur-

most splendid rings from his finger, he placed it on the table before her; "nay, with all these rings, and each of them is worth a lordship!"

Jacobea blushed. She pushed back the superb ring. "Be not so cruel," said the Count, "for now that I have once beheld I never can forget you. Has your lover disdained you? disdain him in return. That is the best revenge. My heart and my county lie at your feet."

Though Jacobea declared that she could not listen to any proposal of the kind, still she could not help admitting in her heart that the Count was right in regard to revenge, and that she must try to forget her faithless lover. They continued to converse for a considerable time. The Count spoke in a very modest and prepossessing manner; but he was not so handsome as the suitor she had lost; and then his face was so pale, so earth-coloured! Still he spoke so agreeably that you soon began to overlook his complexion. And as there is time for all things, Jacobea ceased weeping, and before long she could not help smiling occasionally at the jokes of the Count.

The presence of so opulent a personage in Herbesheim was soon known throughout the

whole town, for he was attended by a suite of servants in showy apparel, and lived in an expensive style. It was generally known too that he had brought Jacobea a letter from her lover, who had so suddenly disappeared. As soon as Veronica and Francisca heard of this circumstance, they hastened to their friend, and begged her to inquire whether the illustrious Count could furnish any tidings of the other two.

Jacobea complied with their request; and, when the Count said that he would visit her sorrowing friends, that he might judge from their descriptions whether he had ever met with their lovers or not, the damsel expressed her warmest thanks. She began also to behave with more kindness to him, for during the night she had reflected much, and looked a great deal at the costly ring, and thought within herself, "It is plain that I need only stretch out my hand and take possession of the county, without having occasion to share it with Veronica and Francisca. Thus the desertion of the faithless one has paved the way for me to wealth and distinction." And she showed her parents the jewel, which the visiter had left upon the table, and acquainted them with his honourable

proposals, and with all that she knew concerning his extensive domains. Her parents were exceedingly astonished, and for a long time they would not believe what she said. But when the Count returned, and, with due attention to decorum, begged permission of her parents to present their fair daughter with a trifle for Sunday wear, and thereupon took from a valuable casket a diamond cross suspended from a sevenfold necklace of pearl, they were no longer incredulous. The father and mother then consulted together, and said, "This is a son-in-law of the right sort; we must secure him!"

They then talked over the matter with their daughter, left her much alone with the Count, and treated him with dainties and generous wines, frequently till late at night. But he accepted nothing without making due acknowledgment, and the parents were delighted with his handsome presents. Jacobea inwardly exulted at the idea, that as Countess of Graves she should excite the envy and admiration of the whole town, and she became more and more complaisant to her new lover.

The latter, however, was no better than he should be. For when he came to Veronica, he thought her more beautiful than the charming

Jacobea; and when he at length beheld the fair-haired Francisca, the other two appeared all but ugly in his eyes. He told each of them nearly the same story concerning her lover, saying that he had found the three young men at an inn upon the road, drinking and making himself merry with two young damsels of indifferent character. All of them purposed to go to the wars in Bohemia, and the girls to accompany them. When they learned from him in conversation that he should pass in his travels through the little town of Herbesheim, one of them wrote a letter to Jacobea, and requested him to take charge of it; but the others scoffed at him, and said: "We can amuse ourselves better in the company of these bonny lasses than in writing letters; but, if you will take the trouble, tell them we are going to Bohemia, because we have done an evil deed at their bidding; that we send them back the bridal ring instead of letter; and that they may console themselves with the man whose finger it fits better than our's."

In his first interview with Veronica, the Count declared that the ring fitted him admirably; but when he saw Francisca, he found that her's was as though expressly made for him.

And he persuaded each of them to take comfort, and asked whether a lover who could forsake his bride so abruptly, renounce heart and ring, and take up with another female, deserved her tears. And he acted his part as cleverly with the other two as he had done with Jacobea, and at length found means to ingratiate himself into their good graces. To each he made presents, to each he offered his heart and his county, and each soon became accustomed to his ash-gray complexion.

Meanwhile the three friends kept their intercourse with the Count and their intentions a profound secret from one another; each fearing that the others might throw out their nets to catch so rich a suitor. They ceased to visit each other as they used to do, and were each exceedingly angry when they learned by accident that the Count was acquainted with the others.

Nobody rejoiced more at this mutual jealousy than the libertine Count; for by means of it he shortly obtained greater and greater influence with the three fair ladies. To each he protested, by all that was sacred in heaven and on earth, that to him the others were disagreeable, nay, even ugly and odious; but that common courtesy obliged him to call now and then to

see them. At length this evasion would no longer avail him. When each of them required, as a proof of his love, that he should desist from visiting the other two, he affected to feel much hurt, and promised compliance on this condition — that the formal betrothal and exchange of rings should take place in the presence of the parents, and that he should afterwards be allowed the privilege of a bridegroom — an interview at night, when the lovers might talk undisturbed about the wedding, the journey, and the arrangements to be made in the Count's palace. To these conditions each of the damsels assented, and the promise was ratified with a kiss.

And so the Count was betrothed to each of them, and all on the same day. He then stole after dark to the chamber of each, all in the same night. Next morning, as the damsels lay much later than usual, their parents went up to waken them, when, behold, there lay each of them, cold as ice, in the bed, with her head twisted the wrong way.

At the cries of distress which issued from the three houses, all the townspeople collected in the utmost alarm. "Murder! murder!" was shouted, and, as suspicion fell upon the

Count of Graves, the men repaired in a body to the Dragon Inn, and the constable and his assistants entered the house. The landlord met them, bitterly complaining that his guest had disappeared with all his servants, and that nobody had seen them depart. All the baggage, of which there was such a profusion, had vanished, and yet nobody had carried it away; the superb horses too were gone out of the stable, though it had been securely locked; and yet not a creature in the streets, not a watchman at the gates, had seen or heard any thing of their departure.

The consternation was general, and every one who passed the houses of the three unfortunate brides made the sign of the cross and blessed himself. Within those houses all was mourning and lamentation; and a circumstance which staggered every body was that the costly presents, the splendid wedding dresses, which the Count had already given, the pearl necklaces, the valuable rings, and the diamond crosses, were nowhere to be found.

A very small train of mourners, covered with black cloaks, followed the coffins of the three damsels out the town-gate to the churchyard of St. Sebaldus. And when the coffins were set

down in the churchyard, and the burial service was about to commence, a tall man, who had not been previously observed, was seen to leave the company. And as they looked after him, every one was astonished, because his dress, which was before quite black, gradually turned white. And there appeared three red spots on the white doublet, and the blood visibly trickled down the skirts of the doublet. And the tall pale man took the way to the laystall.

"Jesu Maria!" cried the landlord of the Dragon, "that is the Dead Guest, who was buried there one-and-twenty years ago."

Horror seized all who were in the churchyard, and they ran off as fast as their legs would carry them. A tempestuous wind, with snow and rain, blew in vehement gusts behind them. For three days and three nights the coffins remained unburied beside the open graves.

When at length the magistrates issued orders for their interment, and the parents had by the offer of much money prevailed on courageous men to perform this last duty, these men were exceedingly astonished, when, on lifting up the coffins, they found them as light as if they were empty, and yet it was seen that the lids were strongly nailed down. One of them took cou-

rage, and fetched a chisel and mallet, while another went to call the parson and clerk. When the coffins were opened, they were actually quite empty, and neither pillow, nor shroud, nor a single straw, was to be found in them. So the empty coffins were lowered into the graves.

Here Waldrich paused. A deathlike silence pervaded the room. All the candles burned dim, and threw a dull light upon the circle of auditors. The gentlemen, some seated, some standing around, looked grave; the young ladies had unconsciously drawn their chairs closer and closer together; and the elder dames continued to listen, with folded hands and lengthened faces, long after the commandant had ceased speaking.

"The first thing you do, snuff the candles," cried Mr. Bantes; "and speak again, that we may hear living human voices, or I shall run away. That infernal stuff is enough to give one the horrors."

Mr. Bantes only spoke the general feelings of the company. They rose: the candles were snuffed, and refreshments handed round. They

now began to talk and laugh loudly, and to rally one another on the fear which some pretended to have observed in others, but which none would admit; and they pronounced the tradition of the Dead Guest the wildest tale ever hatched by a disordered imagination.

As soon as the commandant had rested from reciting, and the company from listening, he was assailed by entreaties for the second part of the tradition, or the history of the second appearance of the Dead Guest. They again formed a semicircle about the narrator, without inquiring whether he was disposed to proceed or not. When he at length resumed his seat, the eyes of all were fixed upon him with timid curiosity. The females drew their chairs close together. Profound silence ensued. Waldrich thus began:—

The estate near the town, now belonging to the family of Becker, was, you know, formerly the property of the baronial family of Roren, which had not resided upon it for a century. It was let to farmers till, about twenty years ago, it was purchased by the late Mr. Becker. The last baron, who occasionally lived there with his family, was a prodigious spendthrift. It is true that he only took up his abode at this

place for the purpose of recruiting his finances, exhausted by dissipation in Venice or in Paris; but even these economical periods of retirement at his magnificent country-seat were mostly mere continuations of his accustomed diversions on a more limited scale. We may still perceive traces of its former grandeur in the extensive ruins of the ancient mansion and offices, which were consumed by fire about seventy years ago, and near which now stands the neat, modest villa erected by the late proprietor. The land for a considerable distance around, which is now under the plough, was formerly the garden.

The last time the Baron visited this seat was at an unusual season, and with an unusually numerous company, that is to say, late in the autumn, and with from fifteen to twenty young gentlemen and their attendants. His daughter was then the affianced bride of the Vicomte de Vivienne, a wealthy and dissipated French nobleman, who had been making a tour of the German courts on a mission from Cardinal Dubois. Dubois, you know, was the all-powerful minister of the Duke of Orleans, then regent of France, and Vivienne was his especial favourite.

You may easily imagine that the Baron von Roren omitted nothing to render the abode in his rural palace as agreeable as possible to his guests. The pleasures of the table, the pleasures of the chase in the neighbouring forests, and the pleasures of gaming for large sums, were diversified with parties of pleasure, the performance of French plays, and the like. Count Altenkreutz, a rich young debauchee, the heir of one of the principal families on the Lower Rhine, acted as master of the ceremonies to this jovial party. He was a determined gambler, acquainted with the intrigues of all the courts of that day, and had learned the valuable art of beguiling time with every possible variety of diversions. In this respect his inventive genius had no rival. The Baron von Roren had made his acquaintance but very shortly before his return to Herbesheim, and brought him along with him as a real treasure, partly perhaps because Altenkreutz was fond of play and played high, but not always successfully. It is therefore probable that he hoped to make him contribute to the re-establishment of his dilapidated finances.

It was this young libertine, who, at the approach of winter, conceived the idea of giving

masked balls, proposing that each of the company should be at liberty to select a partner from the neighbourhood or from the town, without regard to birth or condition. The truth is, that there was a deficiency of females at their parties and *fêtes*, the young Baroness von Roren and a few of her friends being quite lost in so large a circle of gentlemen. "When we are in search of pleasure," said Altenkreutz, "we must not be particular about pedigree. Beauty raises the possessor to a level with any rank, royalty not excepted; for among *grisettes* you will find beauties that not a court in Christendom would disdain."

The proposal was generally applauded, though the young ladies did rather turn up their noses at it. Dressmakers and tailors were now set to work in the town to prepare the requisite habiliments. The Vicomte de Vivienne felt confident of distinguishing himself above all the rest by refined taste, while Altenkreutz determined on this occasion, as on every other, to eclipse the Frenchman. He made strict search in Herbesheim for the cleverest tailor, and looked out for the handsomest girl to be his partner at the ball. He found both under one and the same roof. Master Vogel instantly comprehended

the instructions of the Count, and his daughter Henrietta was in the prime of youthful beauty, which soon enchanted her father's noble customer more than it ought to have done.

The Count was almost constantly at the tailor's, watching the progress of the work, for fear of mistakes. He had always some direction or other to give to the industrious Henrietta in particular. He bespoke also two costly female dresses for the masked ball: for these the father was required to take measure of Henrietta, because the Count said that the young lady who was to be his partner at the ball was exactly of the same size and figure as his daughter; and it was Henrietta's task to put them together. It was impossible to refuse him any thing, for such was his liberality, that the presents which he made exceeded in value the total amount of the tailor's bill. It is natural to suppose that the choicest of these presents fell to Henrietta's share, and that the Count, whenever he found her alone, paid her many flattering compliments on her beauty; nay, at last he went even so far as to talk of love. Henrietta gave no encouragement to these demonstrations, for she was a virtuous girl; and, moreover, betrothed to one of her father's

journeymen: but she listened without displeasure to the sweet things whispered to her by so distinguished and so generous a customer; for a female can seldom be angry with a man who pays her attentions.

The dresses were already finished and delivered, when, a few days before that fixed for the ball, Altenkreutz repaired with long visage and dull look to Master Vogel's house. He begged to speak to the tailor in private. "Master," said he, "I have met with a cruel disappointment. You can extricate me from the dilemma, if you please; and, if you will oblige me in this particular, you shall gain more by it than if you were making ball-dresses for me the whole year round."

"I am at all times your lordship's most obedient servant," replied the tailor, with a low bow and smiling countenance.

"Only think, Master Vogel," resumed Altenkreutz, "the young lady who was to have been my partner has fallen ill and cannot come. All the other gentlemen are provided with partners, and, as you know, they are mostly daughters of tradesmen in the town. I might no doubt find a substitute in the families of the senators or merchants: but then, would

the dresses fit her? You see, master, I am absolutely forced to beg you to spare your daughter, to whose measure you know they were made. You must put in a good word for me with her."

The tailor was dumb-founded. So much honour he could not have expected. He bowed repeatedly, without being able to utter a word.

"Henrietta shall not repent it," continued Altenkreutz: "the dresses in which she dances shall be her property, and I will cheerfully procure her whatever else is necessary to a suitable appearance in a brilliant company."

"Your lordship is too generous," cried Master Vogel; "and, though I say it, the girl is an excellent dancer. You should only have seen her at my neighbour the tinman's wedding. Why there was not one that could hold the candle to her. If your lordship will be pleased to stay here, I will send her to you. Your lordship may then break the matter to her yourself, and may reckon upon all my influence."

"But, Master," rejoined Altenkreutz, "Henrietta's lover may perhaps be jealous, which would be very silly. You must say a good word to him."

"Oh!" cried Master Vogel, "as for that, the booby dare not wince."

He retired. In a short time Henrietta entered the room with a blush. The Count covered her hand with kisses. He communicated to her his disappointment and his wishes: he begged her to procure at his expence all that she deemed indispensable for a young lady in full dress. She blushed again and still deeper, when he whispered her that she would be the most beautiful woman of the party, and presented her with a pair of most magnificent ear-rings.

With a female like Henrietta, of weak character and vain disposition, these arguments were overpowering. She beheld herself in imagination the flower of the *fête*, "the observed of all observers," dressed and decorated from head to foot like the first lady in the land —— but she was at a loss for an answer, and stammered out something about her father, and her doubts whether he would give his permission.

Altenkreutz soon satisfied her on that point, and, as she no longer hesitated to accept the invitation, he clasped her in transport in his arms. "Henrietta," said he, "why should I

deny it? You, and no other, were from the first the object of my choice. I had already fixed upon you when I made your father take measure of your beautiful figure for the ball-dresses. At that time I had only selected you for my partner in the dance. Ah, Henrietta! fain would I make you still more: for I adore you. Those rare charms have not been conferred on you that you should be the wife of a poor, low, journeyman-tailor. You are destined for higher things. Do you — will you — understand me?"

She made no reply, withdrew herself from his arm, and then promised to be his partner, if her father had no objection. Both returned to the room where Master Vogel was. "She consents," said Altenkreutz to him in a whisper. "Take care to provide for her every thing she can require to appear to advantage. Here is money to defray the expence." So saying he put into his hand a rouleau of broad gold pieces and departed.

Stormy were the scenes that now took place in the house of the tailor; for Christian, the journeyman to whom Henrietta was betrothed, was quite furious when he learned what was going forward. Neither the thousand caresses

of the weeping damsel, nor the curses and imprecations of the father, could bring him back to reason. This state of things lasted the whole day. Henrietta could not sleep a wink all night. She was really fond of Christian; but still she could not consent to sacrifice to his whim, especially as he so peremptorily insisted upon it, the opportunity of being present for once at a masked ball, dressed and adorned in such a style as she had never been in her life, and commanding the admiration of all the great folks of the town and neighbourhood. Indeed, he required what was almost impossible. Nay, she could not help concluding that he felt no real love for her, since he could grudge her such an innocent gratification.

Next day Christian was rather calmer, that is to say he did not make such a tremendous uproar, but still he repeated every now and then in a half-threatening, half-warning tone, "You sha'n't go to the ball!" to which Henrietta generally replied as positively — "But I will go!" The father would then add: "And she shall go in spite of your teeth, I am determined." Dancing shoes, silk stockings, cambric handkerchiefs, and so forth, all of the very finest quality, were purchased for the occasion.

When the ball-day arrived, and Christian saw that Henrietta persisted in her intention, he packed up his things and entered the room. "If you go, I'll go too," said he, "and we shall part for ever." Henrietta turned pale. Her father, who had previously had a warm altercation with Christian, replied: "Begone as soon as you please. I'll show you which of us is master here. Henrietta can any day get a ten times better husband than you." Henrietta burst into tears. At this moment, a footman knocked at the door, and delivered a small box in the name of his master, Count Altenkreutz, adding that he was ordered to say that it contained a few trifles for the use of Miss Henrietta. These trifles consisted of a costly veil, rolls of the most expensive silk ribands, a handsome pearl necklace, and two diamond rings. Henrietta looked askance at these articles of finery, as her father took them out one after another; and the diamonds and the rings glistened the more brilliantly through her tears with all the colours of the rainbow. She wavered between vanity and love.

"You won't go!" said Christian.

"I will!" replied Henrietta, with proud resolution. "You are not worthy of the tears

that I shed on your account; you don't deserve that I should love you. For I now see clearly that you grudge me the pleasure and honour which wait me, and that, in short, you never had any real regard for me."

"Go then, if you will," said Christian; "you know not the heart that you are breaking." With these words he threw at her feet the ring which she had given him, took up his bundle, and quitted the house and the town for ever.

Henrietta sobbed aloud, and would have called him back, but was prevented by her father. Evening came. The important business of dressing and decorating herself for the ball soon diverted her thoughts from her runaway lover. A carriage drew up to the door. Altenkreutz came to fetch her, and away they went. "Ah, Henrietta!" said he, as he sat by her side, "you are infinitely more charming than I ever imagined. You were born to shine in the highest circles, not to remain in your lowly condition."

The ball was most brilliant. Altenkreutz and Henrietta were dressed that evening in black, in the old German costume. Both attracted all eyes by the splendour of their attire, surpassing even the Vicomte de Vivienne and the

the Vicomte. "I pay allegiance to the power *de facto*."

The Count endeavoured by signs to make him sensible that he ought to be more guarded, as the Baroness was within hearing; but his hints were thrown away. At length, assuming a more peremptory tone, he required the Vicomte to desist from any further comparisons offensive to the Baroness, who, meanwhile, had angrily removed to another part of the room. An altercation ensued. In vain did the Count strive to accommodate matters. The Vicomte, inflamed by love, wine, and rage, threw off by degrees all the restraints of decorum. The company collected round them. The Count sought by silence to put an end to the scene; but when the Vicomte said: "I should not have supposed, Count, that such an emaciated debauchee as you had strength enough left to be jealous; for it is nothing but impotent jealousy that your conduct bespeaks—" Altenkreutz could restrain himself no longer.

"I a debauchee!" cried he. "Who says that, Vicomte?"

"Your own lead-coloured visage," retorted the Vicomte, with a laugh of derision.

"If you are not a coward, Vicomte," said the

Count, "you will give me satisfaction to-morrow for the insult. One of us must quit this house."

Baron von Roren had found his daughter in tears in an adjoining room, and been informed by her of the rudeness of the Vicomte. He went in search of him, and came up in time to hear the last words of the Count. All present were indignant at the behaviour of Vivienne. The Baron, taking him angrily by the arm, drew him aside. "You have publicly insulted my daughter," said he: "have we deserved such treatment at your hands? I insist on receiving satisfaction this moment; I shall not wait till to-morrow." Both of them accordingly retired from the ball-room to a lonely apartment at the further end of the mansion. The Count followed close at their heels. He brought with him two swords, one of which he handed to the Vicomte, turning at the same time to the Baron, and saying: "Permit me, Baron, to avenge the honour of the divine Baroness and my own on this scoundrel."

"Come on, then, scarecrow!" cried the infuriated Vicomte, drawing his sword, throwing away the scabbard, and making a lunge at the Count. The latter defended himself with great

coolness. Before the conflict had lasted three minutes, the Vicomte's weapon was hurled from his hand with such force, that it was dashed against a large mirror, which it shivered into a thousand pieces.

"Wretch!" cried the Count, "your life is in my hands; but I will not stain them with your despicable blood. Away! begone out of this atmosphere, and let me not set eyes on you again!" So saying, he struck the Vicomte over the shoulders with the flat of his blade, and with a giant's strength thrust him out at the door. The very same night the Vicomte de Vivienne quitted the mansion with his attendants.

Deeply as the Baroness had been mortified by the rudeness of the Vicomte, she yet felt that the honour of having swords drawn on her account made her ample amends. She had never truly loved the Vicomte; now she hated him: the Count, on the other hand, whom she had previously thought anything but handsome, now seemed to her to possess many agreeable points. We must not be much surprised at this sudden change; everybody knows that love makes people blind; and the self-love of vanity is after all a species of love.

When she had been apprised of what had happened by her father, she sought the Count with an appearance of anxiety that, to be sure, was only affected: for she well knew that neither of the combatants had sustained any injury.

"My dear Count," cried she, "what have you been doing? I hope you are not wounded? What a fright you have given me!"

"And if I had even been wounded in the cause of your ladyship, how proud I should be! Be not alarmed; such an oaf as the Vicomte would not easily draw blood from me. If, however, you are disposed to take compassion on me, I may still beg you to do so, for I am wounded, in a dangerous part, too—in this heart—and by yourself. For such wounds, unfortunately, you have no pity."

"You are joking. Who ever yet saw you suffer from a wound of that sort?"

"I suffered in silence, and would gladly have been one of the many victims of your charms. I complained not, and felt happy to peril my life in avenging you on a ruffian. I will still be silent, and gladly will I die for you——"

"Hush! hush!" said the Baroness, smiling, and repaying his asseveration with a gentle

pressure of the hand. "Take me back to the ball-room instead."

They danced together. Both now became more familiar, as he had already pronounced, with becoming timidity, the hard confession—the hardest for every lover—and she had not rejected it. When she called him her "faithful knight and champion," he solicited the reward decreed by the laws of chivalry to valour and love. Though this consisted only in the permission to kiss her glowing cheek, it was denied him by the young Baroness; but she was not the less delighted with her new conquest.

Henrietta was still more intoxicated with pleasure. So many flattering things had never yet been said to her on the subject of her beauty as were addressed to her by the young gentlemen assembled at the ball. When it was over, the Count took her back in his carriage to her father's house, and expressed his hope that she would favour him with her company at the next ball, that was soon to take place at the Baron's. Her heart swelled with rapture. "You have spent an agreeable evening," said he. "Should you not like to pass all your days, your evenings, your nights, as agree-

ably? As Countess of Altenkreutz, your whole life shall be a series of gaieties and enjoyments."

She made no reply. He stole a kiss, at the same time pressing her to his bosom: she trembled, but spoke not, and made no resistance to a second.

Next day, the Count failed not to make due inquiries concerning the welfare of his fair partners, and to prosecute his addresses to them both. He made them costly presents, and tickled their vanity to such a degree, that both at length imagined that they really loved him. The fathers, the Baron as well as the tailor, were in like manner infatuated by him. The latter fancied that he should soon be rich enough to retire from business; and the Baron could not sufficiently laud and flatter the Count, who had, in fact, relieved him from the most pressing of his pecuniary embarrassments by the advance of considerable sums.

Altenkreutz had therefore an easy game to play, when, to bring matters to a crisis, he applied to the tailor for Henrietta's hand, and to the Baron for his daughter's. Each of them, unknown to the other, gave his consent: that of the two ambitious damsels he

had already contrived to extract from themselves. Nay, what was still worse, this universal suitor had pursued a similar course at the house of a civil officer in the town, whose daughter he had, by his artifices, parted from her lover, and then stepped into his place. He was formally affianced to each of the three.

The Baron celebrated his daughter's betrothal with an entertainment and a ball. Henrietta was invited to the latter, and Altenkreutz received permission from his bride to fetch the tailor's daughter. It was a tremendous night; a furious tempest raged abroad, accompanied by snow and rain, thunder and lightning, and showers of hail. The tiles fell clattering from the roofs, and many trees were snapped asunder or uprooted by the wind. The company in the ball-room were not aware of the violence of the storm: there the light of a hundred tapers produced the brightness and warmth of day; and love, wine, and play, reigned undisturbed by the war of the elements out of doors.

The young Baroness and Henrietta were intoxicated with delight. The Count, redoubling his attentions, devoted himself al-

most exclusively to the former, dancing but seldom with Henrietta, who, however, was indemnified by the homage which other gentlemen sought opportunities of paying her. The young Baroness, whose dress, consisting entirely of sumptuous presents from her lover, displayed absolutely royal magnificence, danced with more than ordinary glee, and feasted herself on the envious admiration of the other females. Many of the richest heiresses in the whole neighbourhood were this night unwilling witnesses of her splendour; and she made many of them keenly sensible that, as the bride of the wealthiest Count in Germany, she no longer wished for the acquaintance of such as they.

Having fatigued herself with dancing, she left the room before the ball was over. The enamoured Count led her out unobserved. In an ante-room she found one of her waiting-women, who prepared to follow her to her chamber. The young Baroness, hanging upon the arm of her lover, said, with a deep blush: "Stay and enjoy yourself; I must now bid you good night." She proceeded along the corridor and into her chamber, followed by the Count.

When he returned, the company was just breaking up. The carriages drove up. Altenkreutz conducted Henrietta to his, and accompanied her home. The tailor and his whole family were snug abed. She opened the door softly. The Count ordered the coachman to drive back; and, in spite of Henrietta's unwillingness to admit him, he followed her in.

Early next morning, there was circulated in the town a horrid report that the daughter of a civil officer had been found dead in bed, with her head turned the wrong way. The people thronged about the house; physicians and the police hastened thither also. The fearful wailings that burst from the house of mourning were heard to a great distance by the surrounding concourse. It was not long before this singular circumstance brought to the recollection of several the event which had happened at Herbesheim a hundred years before, and then also in the season of Advent. The tradition of the Dead Guest was revived. Consternation pervaded every family.

The tidings reached the ears of Master Vogel. He thought, with a thrill of horror, of his Henrietta; but he was not alarmed at her lying in bed longer than usual, as it was so late

when she returned from the ball. But, when he bethought himself of the Dead Guest, such as the tradition pictured him, and then of Count Altenkreutz, his tall, gaunt figure, his pale face, and the black dress which he constantly wore, his hair almost stood on end. He was, nevertheless, one of those who affected to disbelieve the tradition. Reproaching himself for his weakness, he went to the cupboard, to cheer his spirits with a glass of the Madeira which the Count had given him. To his astonishment the bottle was gone: he was still more astounded when, on further search, he discovered that every one of the presents which his daughter had received from the Count had vanished.

Master Vogel shook his head: he felt rather queer, and began to suspect foul play. He crept softly up stairs to Henrietta's chamber, and as softly opened the door. He advanced to the bed, but had not the courage to look up. At length, he glanced rapidly at the pillow, and there she lay, sure enough, with her beauteous face turned towards her back. He stood, as it were, thunderstruck. He was near swooning. Notwithstanding the suspension of his faculties, he laid hold of his daugh-

ter's head and placed it in the natural position. Unconscious what he did, he then ran to a physician, and informed him of his child's sudden death. The physician accompanied him home, examined the beautiful corpse, and shook his head. Master Vogel, who would not have had the truth known for all the world, gave it as his opinion that a cold caught on her return from the ball, owing to the inclemency of the weather, might have been the cause of her sudden death. So loudly did he give vent to his lamentations, that all the neighbours thronged to his house in the utmost alarm.

The fate of the two damsels was the general topic of conversation in the town, when a rumour of the sudden decease of the only daughter of Baron von Roren began to be circulated. The physicians, who returned to the town from the mansion of the Baron, indeed asserted that the Baroness was alive in the morning; nay, that she was still living; that apoplexy, induced by a cold taken in consequence of the ball, had put an end to her life: but who could believe them? Every body was thoroughly convinced that the Baroness had shared the fate of the other two,

and that her father must have bribed the doctors liberally to purchase their silence.

The Baron's mansion was suddenly transformed from the abode of tumultuous pleasures into a house of mourning. The unfortunate father was inconsolable. To increase his consternation, if that were possible, he discovered that all the bills of exchange and rouleaus of gold, all the necklaces, rings, and jewels, with which Count Altenkreutz had presented either the father or the daughter, had fled together with the life of the young Baroness. Nay, it was found that the Count himself, who was sought every where, had disappeared in the most unaccountable manner. His apartments were as empty, and in as perfect order, as though he had never occupied them. He was clean gone, with bag and baggage, servants, horses, carriages, and all, and not a track or trace of him was ever afterwards discovered.

And so the remains of the three unfortunate brides were buried on one and the same day. The coffins, with their several trains of mourners, arrived just at the same time at the churchyard, situated outside the town. The parson read one service for them all. Before it was over, one of the mourners, wrapped in his

black cloak, stepped aside, and scarcely had he gone a few paces, before his appearance totally changed, and he was seen habited in a singular, old-fashioned costume, as white as snow, with a white plume in his hat; and on his back, as also on his breast when he turned, were observed three dark red spots, and from these blood was distinctly seen trickling down his doublet and his lower garment. He walked towards the laystall, and no one ever set eyes on him again. While horror thrilled the mourners who looked after him, still greater horror seized the men who had borne the coffins, when they came to lift them for the purpose of letting them down into the graves: for they seemed to them as light as if they were quite empty. In their fright they hastily dropped them into the graves and heaped the mould upon them. Meanwhile the rain descended in torrents; a tempestuous wind swept over the country; and all present hurried back to the town, overwhelmed with consternation.

A few days afterwards, the Baron von Roren set out from his mansion, in the most dismal weather. None of his family ever returned thither. The gardens were suffered to run wild. The house remained uninhabited and

deserted, till it fell, Heaven knows how, a prey to the flames.

MUTUAL EXPLANATIONS.

Thus did Waldrich conclude his narrative. It was evident that the attentive auditors of both sexes this time left their places with feelings less strongly excited than before; and they again intermingled with unaffected cheerfulness. The second part of the story seemed nevertheless to have left an impression, for it was the topic of conversation during the whole evening, and some even maintained the possibility of such *diablerie*. But none railed so unmercifully at the tale as old Mr. Bantes: yet very few relished his jokes and witticisms, for he had the reputation of being a kind of Freethinker, and it was well known that the late parson always had him in his eye whenever he made mention in his sermon of Arians, Naturalists, Deists, Atheists, and Socinians.

How powerfully Waldrich's story awakened general interest was evident from its being narrated again and again in the succeeding days all over the town, and of course each time with various additions and exaggerations. At any other season it would scarcely have

sufficed to fill up the evening of a party fond of the wild and wonderful; but now that scarcely any thing else was talked of but the periodical return of the Dead Guest, it certainly did set the most incredulous and the most indifferent about inquiring what the state of the case in reference to that dreaded visitant really was.

Waldrich was obliged to leave Herbesheim for a few weeks upon regimental business, so that it was not till some time afterwards that he was apprised of the extraordinary effects produced by his narrative. Gladly would he have declined the journey; not only on account of the disagreeable wintry weather which threatened to set in soon, but also for Frederica's, or rather his own sake. Now that peril menaced his love, it had suddenly grown into a passion. He had no doubt, indeed, of the constancy of her heart, and still less of her courage to refuse her acquiescence in the plan of marriage projected in so truly mercantile a spirit by her father; but still he was tormented by the thoughts of a hundred thousand possibilities. And, had these not tortured him, yet the parting from her, to whom he was secretly affianced, her, whom his glowing passion represented to him as nothing

less than an angel, would have wrung his heart But he had received the order, and the duty of a soldier forbade remonstrance.

"Frederica," said he, the evening before his departure, when he happened to be left alone with her in the dusk, "Frederica, never have I left Herbesheim and you with so heavy a heart, as on this occasion. And, though it is but for a few weeks, it seems as if we were parting for ever. I feel as if some unknown misfortune was hanging over me. I should not be so low-spirited, if I knew for certain that I was going to die."

Frederica was alarmed at this address. She caught his hand. "Are you uneasy," said she, "on Mr. von Hahn's account, and lest he should arrive during your absence? Or are you under apprehensions for my constancy? Fear nothing, I beseech you. Be not concerned about me, but take care of yourself, your health, your life, in this unwholesome season. For, I must confess, that at none of our former partings have I either been so low-spirited as on this occasion. I cannot tell why, but I am afraid you will not return."

Both continued thus to express their anxiety and apprehensions, and they took this oppor-

tunity of doing what they could not do before witnesses — they bade each other adieu amidst tears, kisses, and embraces, and both with a sorrowful presentiment that it was for the last time. A servant entered with lighted candles. Waldrich hastily quitted the room and the house, to conceal his tears and to vent his grief alone. Frederica retired to her room, and alleged head-ache as a pretext for going to bed, that she might pass the whole evening undisturbed.

The captain set out in the night. At parting, Mr. Bantes insisted on his sharing with him a bowl of excellent warm punch. But the punch did not cheer the spirits of the traveller, though he strove in the presence of Mr. Bantes to assume a gaiety which he was far from feeling. Mrs. Bantes observed this; and next morning, when she went up to Frederica's chamber and inquired: "How have you slept? Are you better?" — she saw that the poor girl looked unusually pale, and that her eyes were inflamed with weeping.

"My dear," said she, "I plainly perceive you are not well. Why do you conceal your sufferings from me? Am I no longer your mother? Do I love you less than I used to

most exclusively to the former, dancing but seldom with Henrietta, who, however, was indemnified by the homage which other gentlemen sought opportunities of paying her. The young Baroness, whose dress, consisting entirely of sumptuous presents from her lover, displayed absolutely royal magnificence, danced with more than ordinary glee, and feasted herself on the envious admiration of the other females. Many of the richest heiresses in the whole neighbourhood were this night unwilling witnesses of her splendour; and she made many of them keenly sensible that, as the bride of the wealthiest Count in Germany, she no longer wished for the acquaintance of such as they.

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prevented what has happened. But be easy. Hope and pray; Providence will dispose matters for the best. George is worthy of you, though he neither is nor has what your father has destined for you. I shall acquaint him with your sentiments for each other."

"Not yet, mother; for Heaven's sake, not yet!"

"Yes, Frederica, immediately. Better it had been done earlier. It is my duty to disclose all to him, for I am his wife. As such, I neither will nor dare keep any matter of importance a secret from my husband; and I recommend to you never in your life to withhold any such from the man whom you marry. The first secret which either the husband or the wife keeps from the other, harmonious as their union may have previously been, undermines their happiness by introducing distrust and discord. Whether we act right or wrong, frankness in every thing is beneficial; it shuts the door against much that is evil, and renders even guilt less guilty."

"But what shall I do?" asked Frederica.

"You? what should you do? Don't you know? Turn in silent prayer to your God. The converse with him who governs alike the

sun above us and the atoms which float here below in his beams, will compose, elevate, sanctify you. You will think and act more discreetly, more nobly; and then you will never do amiss. And if you do what is right, and say what is right, depend upon it, things cannot go wrong with you."

So saying, Mrs. Bantes retired, and joined her husband at the breakfast table.

"Well, what ails the girl?" he inquired.

"She wants confidence in you and me, out of too great affection for her parents."

"Fudge! I perceive, mamma, that you have something behind the curtain again.—Last night she had the head-ache, and this morning she has no confidence!"

"She is afraid of grieving you and me, and so she is fretting herself ill."

"Nonsense, mamma!"

"She is afraid that you will force her to accept Mr. von Hahn, even against her inclination."

"Why, the hussy has not seen him yet!"

"She had rather not see him at all. Her heart has already decided. Waldrich and she are mutually attached to one another. You might have observed that long ago."

"So, so!" cried Mr. Bantes, setting down the coffee-cup. He appeared thoughtful for a few moments, then took up his cup again, and said, "What more?"

"What more? Why, you should proceed cautiously, and not be in a hurry with the betrothal, if you would not do needless mischief. It is possible that Frederica may by degrees conceive a liking for Mr. von Hahn, when she knows that he is not to be forced upon her. It is possible that the commandant may be removed to another garrison, that separation and time may weaken the first attachment; and then ——"

"Quite right! I think just the same myself. I will write to the general. He must be off to another garrison. What the deuce! — Surely Frederica cannot have a fancy to be a captain's wife! I'll write the very next post-day. 'Tis infernally provoking, though."

Mrs. Bantes had now broken ground. A tolerably warm conversation ensued. Father Bantes stormed a little in his peculiar vein, and pronounced his will and pleasure in terms sufficiently decided; but he admitted that it was right to proceed with caution, that none but a fool would build a dam across a running

stream, or attempt to crush a passion by force; that Waldrich must be removed by fair means from Herbesheim; that Frederica's inclination must not be openly opposed, and so they must steer insensibly towards the object in view.

"And after all 'tis a stupid business!" exclaimed Mr. Bantes, peevishly. He said so again, when he had come to an explanation with Frederica by herself. "Look you," said he to her, "you are a sensible girl, and ought not to throw yourself away like a giddy goose. But, as I have told you, I have nothing to say against it: love one another if you please — but never think of marriage. 'Twill never do. You are too young. No hurry! See and study other men. Every one has his good qualities. Consider which will be most suitable for you. Make the acquaintance of Mr. von Hahn. If you don't like him — away with him to the right about! I shall not force you to any thing, but then don't force me."

Thus the domestic peace of the family was restored, and, through the prudent guidance of Mrs. Bantes, a threatening storm was converted into a gentle shower. The former cheerfulness returned by degrees, and every thing resumed its wonted course. Frederica,

perfectly satisfied, thanked Heaven that matters had turned out so well, and looked forward to the future with confidence for something still better. Mr. Bantes, too, looked forward with confidence for a further change for the better. He rejoiced to see Frederica recover her former spirits, and meanwhile set about the letter to the general. Mrs. Bantes, who cherished her husband and daughter in her heart with equal tenderness, hoped little, and feared little; she left the decision to Providence. She loved Waldrich as an adopted son; but she could not help esteeming Mr. von Hahn, as well on account of the excellent character she had received of him, as the preference shown him by her husband. She only wished the happiness of her daughter, no matter by whose hand it might be conferred.

THE SURPRISE.

"Ah, poor Waldrich!" said Frederica, on Sunday, when, after returning from church with her mother, she looked down from the window of the warm room into the forsaken streets, which were flooded with heavy rain. "I hope he is not on the road just now. The weather till his departure was as fine as possi-

ble for travelling, and, now he is gone, it could not be more unfavourable."

"A soldier should be able to endure any thing," replied Mrs. Bantes. "And, if you are resolved to be a soldier's wife, familiarize yourself early with the idea that your husband belongs to the king more than to you, to honour more than to love, to the camp more than to his home, and that, while a single death awaits other men, a hundred deaths lie in ambush for the soldier. For this reason I should not have liked to be a soldier's wife."

"But only see, mamma, how it pours! how heavy the sky looks! and what pelting hailstones along with the rain!"

Mrs. Bantes smiled, for a thought popped into her head, which she was for a moment doubtful whether to express or not. Recollect, Frederica," she then said, "that to-day is the first Sunday in Advent, when the reign of the Dead Guest is said to begin. The wild prince, it seems, is sure to be ushered in by rough weather."

"I dare say, mamma, this soaking rain will strike a panic into our good townsfolk. I should not wonder if some of them were already barricading their doors to keep out the tall gaunt figure."

At this moment Mr. Bantes entered the room, with hasty step, and a loud but somewhat singular laugh — singular, because it was impossible to tell whether it was voluntary or involuntary.

"Away with you to the kitchen, mamma!" cried Mr. Bantes, "and put your cook and your maids to rights, or your dinner won't be fit to set before the dogs!"

"What's the matter, then?" asked Mrs. Bantes, in astonishment.

"Why, have you not heard? It is talked all over the town that the Dead Guest is arrived. Two of my men came running into the counting-house, breathless and dripping wet, to tell me what they had been told in half-a-score different places. Would not listen to their balderdash, and, passing the kitchen-door, heard a terrible uproar among the maids. I just peeped in to see what was the matter, and, at sight of my black wig, the stupid wenches screeched aloud, and began to run off in all directions, fancying that I was the Dead Guest. 'Have ye all lost your wits?' said I. 'Oh dear! oh dear!' cried Kate, 'I must confess, sir, I am horribly afeard.—I can't hold a joint of me still. — What, if I have promised to

marry Max, the barber's man, I need not be ashamed of that, as I know of. — But, since it is as it is, I wish to goodness I'd never set eyes on Max in all my life.' Such was the lamentation of Kate; and, while she was drying her tears, down she drops the pan with the eggs that she was frying. Susan was sitting in the corner, with her apron to her face, crying ready to break her heart. Old Lena herself seemed to be quite out of sorts, and made a pretty gash in her finger with the carving-knife, which she was wiping."

"Did I not say so, mamma?" cried Frederica, laughing heartily.

"Do go, mamma, and put matters to rights in the kitchen," continued Mr. Bantes; "or, one of the first pranks of the Dead Guest at Herbesheim may be to chouse us out of our Sunday's dinner."

"He shall not play us such a scurvy trick as that, though," said Frederica, laughing; and away she tripped to the kitchen.

"There," said Mr. Bantes, "there are some of the blessed fruits of superstition, of ignorance. And yet it is the fashion with a certain class of persons — priests and professors, privy councillors, and privy lickspittles — to rail at

education, and to assert that it produces insubordination, irreligion, revolution: these asses would shut the door to knowledge against the people if they could. While they grudge one brass kreutzer for the improvement of schools, they throw away millions on soldiers and luxuries: they gag the mouths of sensible men; but whoever praises folly, and servility, and slaughter, him they adorn with orders, and titles, and lace. That's the root of the evil — superstition from the highest to the lowest. The first Sunday in Advent — winterly weather — and behold! the stupid creatures creep into corners, and cross and bless themselves, under the silly notion that the Dead Guest is the cause of the rain, and so forth!"

Mrs. Bantes smiled. "Be not so warm, papa," said she; "it is not worth while to be angry about such trifles."

"Not worth while, eh? Why, mamma, your faith, too, has a pretty wide swallow. But, pray, don't defend superstition — don't defend absurdity. When I die, I will leave a legacy of ten thousand guilders to found a professorship of common sense at our High School. Whoever can tolerate such insane notions of

spectres, and devils, and apparitions, and dead guests, would not care if the whole world were one vast madhouse, and every country a receptacle of slaves, in which one half of the people are forced to do suit and service to their lords, and the other half are employed to keep them in subjection with muskets and cannon."

"But, my dear, whither are you wandering?"

"Accursed be superstition, I say! But I see clearly, people are fond of it. Well, then, let them have it — that's just the thing for the English. The more stupid the nations, the easier it is for them to drain us of our last dollar. Nor are things likely to be any better till another Master Bonaparte comes with a rod of iron, and teaches the simpletons a different lesson."

While Mr. Bantes continued thundering away thus in right good earnest, at the same time hastily pacing the room to and fro, the bookkeeper softly entered.

"It is true enough, sir," said he.

"What is true?"

"He is really arrived. He puts up at the Black Cross."

"Who puts up at the Black Cross?"

"The Dead Guest."

"What! are you gone crazy, too! A sensible man like you, to believe all that old women tell you!"

"But my eyes are not old women. I went out of curiosity to the Black Cross. Our cashier bore me company, as I may say. We called for a glass of beer, only for an excuse, as I may say. There he sat, sure enough!"

"Who? what?"

"I knew him instantly. The landlord seems to know him, too; for, as he was going out of the room, he looked towards us, stretching his eyes, and arching his brows, as much as to say, 'He who sits there brings us no good.'"

"Fudge!"

"The toll-taker, who knew him the moment he came up to the gate, set off immediately to inform the lieutenant of police. The man told us so himself, as we were coming out of the Black Cross."

"The toll-man is a superstitious blockhead. He ought to be ashamed to the bottom of his soul."

"Well, at any rate, if it is not the Dead Guest, it may be his twin-brother. Face, pale as ashes; in black from top to toe; seven feet high, I'll be bound; a triple gold chain

over the breast to his watch; sparkling diamond rings on every finger; splendid equipage; extra-post."

Long and intently did Mr. Bantes eye the bookkeeper, with a look in which incredulity and astonishment seemed to struggle for the mastery. At length, he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. "Surely," said he, "the devil himself must be playing his cursed pranks with us, to bring him to our town precisely to day!"

"Ay, and just as church was over!" rejoined the bookkeper; "just as the people were coming out into the street, and the wind and rain were raging most furiously, as I may say."

"What is the stranger's name?" asked Mr. Bantes.

"I don't know," answered the bookkeeper; "but he takes any name he pleases. At one time, he is a Count of Graves, at another, a Count of Altenkreutz. It is rather ominous, as I may say, that he should have chosen the Black Cross to put up at. The name seems to have attracted him."

For some time did Mr. Bantes stand as if absorbed in serious meditation. At length he

passed his hand rapidly over his face. "A mere accident!" said he—"a singular sport of chance! Think no more about the Dead Guest, and so forth. All nonsense! After all, however, it is a curious coincidence. Precisely on Advent Sunday, in the most execrable weather, very tall, very pale, all in black, the rings, the equipage—the deuce take me if I would believe a word of it, my dear fellow, unless I knew you to be a sensible man. But don't be offended—you heard the story of the Dead Guest, and saw a stranger dressed in black: you let your graceless imagination bamboozle you, and that has palmed upon you all the rest."

Such was the conclusion at which Mr. Bantes arrived, and he would not admit of any other.

THE APPARITION.

The Dead Guest was of course the theme of conversation at the dinner-table. It was the turn of the burgomaster to entertain that evening the grandees of Herbesheim; and Mr. Bantes and his family rejoiced in the anticipation that they should receive authentic intelligence, if not from the official organ of the

chief magistrate of the town, yet from his better half, who, without the aid of any secret police, kept an uninterrupted chronicle of all events that occurred there, either by night or by day. As soon as the afternoon service was over, the ladies posted away to the burgomaster's. Mr. Bantes, having some directions to give to his men, who generally attended him every Sunday afternoon for that purpose, promised to follow them at dusk.

He was just about to dismiss the last of his people, and to set out for the party, when the piercing shriek of a female rang in his ear. Mr. Bantes and the man were both startled. Profound silence succeeded.

"Just step and see what is the matter, Paul," said Mr. Bantes to the workman.

The man accordingly went, and returned in a few moments, with a look of consternation. He could scarcely stammer forth, in a low tone and with a tremulous voice: "Some one — wishes — to see you, sir."

"Show him in!" said Mr. Bantes, pettishly.

Paul opened the door, and a stranger very deliberately entered. He was a remarkably tall, slender figure, dressed in black, of a very

pale complexion, but with pleasing, delicate features. By the thick black handkerchief about his neck his paleness was heightened and rendered truly corpse-like. The quality of his apparel, the extreme fineness of his linen, the snowy whiteness of which contrasted with the black silk waistcoat, the costly rings which sparkled on his fingers, in short, his whole external appearance, proclaimed the stranger a person of the higher class.

Mr. Bantes stared at the tall Unknown. The Dead Guest stood bodily before him. Collecting himself, however, as well as he could, and bowing with a politeness not a little damped by terror, he said to his man: "Stop here, Paul, I have something more to say to you presently."

"I am extremely happy, Mr. Bantes, to make your acquaintance," said the stranger, mildly and deliberately. "I would have waited on you in the morning, had I not needed rest after my journey, and been afraid that I might intrude unseasonably on you and your family so soon after my arrival."

"You do me great honour," replied Mr. Bantes, with some embarrassment. "But—" An involuntary horror came over him. He

could scarcely believe his eyes. He placed a chair for his visiter, at the same time wishing him a hundred miles off.

The stranger bowed, seated himself, and said: "You don't know me; but, no doubt, you guess who I am."

Every hair on the head of Mr. Bantes seemed to stiffen beneath his wig. He shook his head with no little anxiety, and with forced civility replied: "I have not the honour of knowing you."

"I am the son of your old friend, Hahn," rejoined the Dead Guest, in a hollow voice, looking at the old man with a smile which chilled his very heart.

"Have you any letter for me, from my old friend," asked Mr. Bantes. The stranger opened an elegant pocket-book, from which he took a letter, and handed it to the old gentleman. It contained only a few lines, by way of recommendation, and a request that he would do what lay in his power to facilitate to the bearer the conquest of his daughter's heart. The writing certainly had a great resemblance to that of the old banker, but still it had a very strange look with it.

Mr. Bantes leisurely read the letter, and he

re-read it merely to gain time for consideration. His reason and the impressions of his senses were at mortal strife. In spite of his involuntary terror, he could not, as an enlightened man, believe that it was the notorious Dead Guest whom he had before him; neither could he deny, on the other hand, that the son of his old friend was in person, and manner, and external appearance, the exact counterpart to the well known picture of that dreaded personage drawn by tradition. In this case any illusion either of the imagination or of chance was out of the question. He rose abruptly, apologized for being obliged to fetch his spectacles, as his eyes were rather weak, and left the room merely for the purpose of recovering his self-possession. As soon as Mr. Bantes was gone, Paul laid hold of the handle of the lock to the door. The stranger slowly turned his pale face towards him, and the man, trembling in every limb, bounded out of the room, and ran all the way to his own home.

Mr. Bantes, after a hasty consideration of the matter, had adopted a desperate resolution. Uncertain of the real character of his visiter, he determined at any rate not to throw Frederica into the arms of so suspicious a personage.

He re-entered the room, not without a throbbing heart. "I assure you, my dear Mr. von Hahn," said he, with a look of deep concern, "that I feel the utmost esteem for you. But circumstances, most provoking circumstances, that I could not foresee, have taken place here. I wish you had done us the honour to come earlier. The truth is, that an attachment has since sprung up between my daughter and the commandant of our garrison — they have even gone so far as to give mutual promises and what not, which I learned only a few days ago. The captain is my foster-son; he was once my ward. What could I do? — nilly-willy I was forced to consent. It was my intention to write to-morrow to your father, to acquaint him with this disappointment, and to beg him to apologize to you. It grieves me exceedingly. What will my old friend think of me?"

Mr. Bantes could say no more, for horror checked his utterance. His visiter had not only, contrary to all expectation, listened with the utmost coolness and composure, but his countenance, previously serious and even sad, had visibly brightened up at the words "attachment," and "promises," as though he

was delighted to meet with a female whose heart and hand were already bestowed on another. Neither did it escape the notice of Mr. Bantes, that his pallid countenance instantly sought to recover its former gravity, as if fearful of betraying itself.

"Give yourself no uneasiness about that," said Mr. von Hahn, "either on my father's account or on mine."

"I understand your meaning," said Mr. Bantes to himself. But now he felt doubly solicitous to keep aloof for ever from Frederica a dæmon, whose influence he knew from the tradition to be so destructive.

"I ought, by right," said he, "not to leave you at an inn, but to beg you to take up your quarters here. But the affair with the commandant and my daughter, and so forth — you may judge what a situation — a second bridegroom in the absence of the other — and then, you must be aware, the people in a small town, like our's, would directly talk a great deal more than they know. My daughter, too ——"

"Pray make no apologies!" said the banker. "I am comfortable enough at my inn. I understand you. But perhaps you will permit me to pay my respects to Miss Bantes."

"But, you——"

"For, I should never forgive myself, if I had come to Herbesheim and gone away again without seeing the lady who was destined for my bride."

"Certainly, you are——"

"I ought to envy the commandant. All that I have heard of the extraordinary beauty and amiable disposition of the young lady——"

"You are too flattering."

"I should certainly have deemed it the highest honour to be admitted into your worthy family, and to be called the son of a gentleman of whom my father can never speak but with tender emotion. May I request to be introduced at least to the lady?"

"I am sorry, truly sorry. She is gone out this evening with my wife to a party — and it is a rule there that no stranger shall be introduced upon any pretext whatever. Therefore——"

"Well, I am not particular about this evening, for I have not yet quite recovered from my fatigue; and still less do I wish to see her in company, where one is always under too much observation and constraint. I should like to see her at home."

Mr. Bantes bowed in silence.

"I would much rather — and I reckon upon the favour of your permission — have a private interview with the young lady, that I may communicate to her in confidence some circumstances which ——"

Mr. Bantes stood aghast. "The cat is out of the bag, sure enough," thought he within himself. "My gentleman marches straightforward to his object." He trembled. The stranger paused, as if expecting that Mr. Bantes would speak, but, as the latter kept silence, he thus resumed: "I hope to be able to satisfy her on various points regarding myself, and perhaps to engage her esteem, which, under present circumstances, is far from being a matter of indifference to me."

Mr. Bantes strove with might and main to ward off the private interview and its dreaded consequences. In his anxiety he talked a great deal, but confusedly, and, for fear of offending, obscurely. The Dead Guest, however, did not or would not comprehend him, and grew more and more urgent. So much the more painful became the situation of Mr. Bantes, who already beheld his lovely daughter inveigled by the treacherous dæmon, and finally falling a victim to his cruel wiles.

During this conversation, which lasted a considerable time, it had grown dusk. As his visiter showed no disposition to retire, Mr. Bantes suddenly rose, and declared that he was extremely sorry to be obliged to leave him, as he was called away by business which admitted not of delay. With a rather gloomy look, the stranger took his leave, and begged permission to call again.

Mr. Bantes hastened to the burgomaster's, but was unusually silent and thoughtful. The company talked of nothing but the Dead Guest. It was asserted that he had brought with him a huge chest full of gold; that he already knew all the brides at Herbesheim; that he was a very agreeable man, but yet there was somewhat of a corpse-like smell about him. All that was here said agreed but too precisely with what Mr. Bantes had remarked in the stranger, who had just passed himself off to him as the wealthy banker.

As soon as Mr. Bantes was at home again with his wife and daughter, he informed them of the visit of the Dead Guest, and expressed his hopes that he should see no more of him. The ladies at first appeared astonished, or rather alarmed: presently, both of them smiled

at the mention of the banker's name; but when they were told that the father had formally declared that Frederica was betrothed to the commandant, they burst into a loud laugh.

"O papa, dear papa!" cried Frederica, throwing her arms about his neck, "pray keep your word!"

"Deuce take it!" cried the old gentleman, "I shall be obliged to keep it."

"Even supposing that the Dead Guest should turn out to be Mr. von Hahn?"

"Would you persuade me I have no eyes? It is not he, I tell you—'tis no creature of warm flesh and blood. How should young Hahn hit upon the infernal idea of sporting his figure in the disguise of the Dead Guest, of whom he most likely never heard a syllable in his life?"

The story was, indeed, rather incomprehensible to the ladies; but they were more disposed to believe that it had received some additions from papa's easily excited imagination, or that it was one of those droll pranks which chance sometimes plays, than to doubt the identity of Mr. von Hahn. This very obstinacy, with which both mother and daughter shut their minds against conviction,

served to aggravate the apprehensions of Mr. Bantes.

"Provoking that it should just happen so!" peevishly ejaculated Mr. Bantes. "At any rate," added he, in a desponding tone, "I can't help it. He has bewitched you—he has nearly got you both into his clutches already. By my troth, I am not superstitious at any time, nor have I now pinned my faith to the sleeve of any doting old woman; but what I have seen with these eyes, I have seen. The devil himself must have contrived it. 'Tis enough to drive one stark mad. It baffles reason: to be sure there may be many things which reason cannot account for. If I don't keep you both out of the way of this infernal goblin, even though I should be obliged to lock you up in the cellar, may I ——"

"Dearest papa," said Frederica, "I will spare you that trouble. Let the Dead Guest be Mr. von Hahn or not, I solemnly promise you that I will not love him, that I will never forget Waldrich. But give me your word that you will not separate Waldrich from me, let the stranger be the Dead Guest, or Mr. von Hahn, or whoever he may."

"By my faith, darling, I'd rather give you

man would scarcely have chosen the character of the dæmon to act the part of a suitor in, and he could not be supposed to have assumed it from the love of mischief, or for the sake of fun, because it was very certain he had never heard a syllable of that fearful visitant.

The burgomaster doubtingly shook his head. He knew not what to think of the matter, but assured Mr. Bantes that he would cause strict inquiry to be made, for the whole town was thrown into confusion by the appearance of the mysterious stranger.

Mr. Bantes, on leaving the burgomaster's, called on the lieutenant of police and some other friends to talk over the affair. On his return home, after an absence of some hours, his eye happened to glance at the window of a room on the ground-floor of his house. It was the apartment that Waldrich usually occupied. Mr. Bantes could scarcely believe his senses. There he beheld the Dead Guest, in earnest, nay, apparently impassioned conversation with Frederica. The girl smiled kindly at him, and seemed not to have the least objection in the world to his taking her hand and pressing it fervently to his lips.

The old man's brain turned giddy. His

first thought was to go straight to the commandant's room, to put an end to the familiar converse, and to bundle the irresistible seducer out of his house; but he reflected that this might be attended with unpleasant consequences either for himself or Frederica. He recollected the duel which had taken place between Count Altenkreutz and the Vicomte a hundred years before. He hurried, pale as death, to his wife's apartment. She was not a little alarmed at his look.

When she had learned the cause of his emotion, she strove to pacify him. She assured him that the supposed spectre was in reality the looked-for bridegroom, and that he was a modest, amiable man, with whom she and Frederica had had a long conversation.

"I have not the least doubt, mamma, that he can be modest enough with a woman of your years. But only go and see how intimate he appears with Frederica, as, seated beside her, he whispers soft nonsense in her ear."

"Impossible!"

"Tell me, then, I must not believe my own eyes. He has won her; she is lost! Why are they alone? Your understanding, too, must

be strangely darkened, or else you would not have left them by themselves."

"Dear husband, he requested permission to explain himself in private to Frederica. Don't let your imagination run away with you at such a rate! How is it possible that an enlightened man, like you, who scoff at every thing, can be so befooled as to become all on a sudden one of the most superstitious of mortals?"

"What! I superstitious! — No, no, only prudent and cautious, and so forth, against an infernal delusion. But, be it what it will, nobody shall make a fool of me. I love the girl too dearly. I therefore insist, once for all, that you break off all intercourse with your so-called Mr. von Hahn."

"What will his father say?"

"Oh! the old man will say nothing, I warrant. How should he? And, what care I?— let him say what he likes. Now go, I beseech you, and get rid of that mysterious being."

Mrs. Bantes was perplexed. She stepped mildly up to him, laid her hand familiarly on his shoulder, and said in a gentle tone: "Consider, my dear husband, what you are doing, out of a silly apprehension. A stranger,

though he may have a pale face and a black coat, is not on that account a ghost. If you persist in your command, and its fulfilment contributes to your peace of mind, I will obey you. But only consider — Frederica and I have already invited him to dinner."

"The devil you have!" cried Mr. Bantes. "I shall certainly go distracted. Why, he must surely have a charm or something of that sort in his breath to bewitch you, as the African serpent charms the little birds, which are forced to hop into his open jaws, whether they will or not. Away! away! away! Let me neither hear nor see any more of him!"

At that moment, Frederica entered with a cheerful countenance. "Where is Mr. von Hahn?" asked her mother dejectedly.

"Only gone to his inn for a moment. He will be back again directly. He is a truly excellent, noble-minded young man."

"There it is!" cried Mr. Bantes. "In a few minutes' conversation, she has found out that he is an excellent, noble-minded man. What! and you pretend to love Waldrich! Would to Heaven that Waldrich were here! If he —— But, to cut the matter short, send him an excuse. Tell him a lie, an inno-

cent lie — say I have been suddenly taken ill, and we regret it exceedingly that we cannot entertain him to-day, and so forth."

Frederica was alarmed at the vehemence of her father. "Only listen to me, papa," said she: "you shall know all that he has said to me. He is assuredly an excellent man, and you will ———"

"Hush!" exclaimed Mr. Bantes. "I'll hear nothing, I've heard too much already. Look you, girl, I will have my way in this. Call it folly, call it absurdity, call it what you please; but hearken to me. Whether the Dead Guest is like Mr. von Hahn, or Mr. von Hahn is like the Dead Guest, the devil himself is at the bottom of it. I'll take special care he shall not come near me. If you can persuade your kind, excellent, noble-minded man, and so forth, to leave Herbesheim this very day, and to leave it for good, I give you my word of honour you shall have Waldrich, even though the son of my old friend should come in reality to claim you. I promise you to write immediately to his father, to set aside all the arrangements entered into with him, as soon as I know that this black fiend is gone. There is my hand upon it!

Now, tell me; will you try to persuade him to pack and be off forthwith?"

"I will!" cried Frederica, in a glow of joy; "but he already intends to go. Let me first speak to him alone for a few moments."

"I see how it is! No, not a moment. Write him a line. No dinner! Off with him!"

All remonstrance was unavailing: but the prize offered to Frederica was too precious not to be secured. She wrote, therefore, to the banker, who so soon won her esteem, apologized for being obliged by her father's sudden illness to recall the invitation to dinner; and even intreated him, if he had any regard or friendship for her, to leave the town as speedily as possible, for on his departure depended her happiness and the peace of her family. She promised to write to him by the next post, to explain the strange causes of this singular, uncivil, but most earnest request.

CONVERSATIONS WITH THE DEAD GUEST.

A man servant was dispatched with Frederica's letter to the Inn. The fellow was pleased with the errand, hoping to obtain a distant glimpse of the Dead Guest, whom he had lately heard so much talk of. He was di-

rected to the room occupied by the banker. On opening the door, he started back; and, when he saw the tall, pale-faced gentleman in black advancing towards him, and heard him ask in a hollow tone — "What is your business?" — the figure appeared to him much taller, much blacker, and much paler, than his imagination had depicted it.

"Beg your honour's pardon," said the affrighted messenger, with a face in which mortal terror was legibly written: "'tis not you I want, but Mr. von Hahn, the banker."

"I am the person."

"You yourself?" said the poor man trembling violently, for he felt as though his feet were rivetted to the floor. "For Heaven's sake, let me go!"

"I don't hold you. Who has sent you?"

"Miss Bantes."

"For what purpose?"

"This letter — you —" With these incoherent words, as the banker approached a step nearer, he threw down the letter on the table, and ran off as fast as his heels would carry him.

"Surely," ejaculated the banker aloud, "all the people here must be crazy." He read

Frederica's note, frowned, nodded his head, and paced the room to and fro, whistling to himself.

He was interrupted by a gentle rap at the door. The landlord timidly entered, cap in hand, with many obsequious obeisances.

"You are come just at the right time, landlord: is dinner ready?" said the gentleman in black.

"Our dinner will hardly be good enough for your honour."

"I shall not complain of it, I warrant?"

"You would find much better entertainment at the Angel."

"I want to have nothing to do with the Angel. I shall stick to the Cross. Upon my word, I never saw such a modest landlord as you. Lay the cloth as soon as you can."

Mine host of the Cross twirled the cap on his hand, and seemed puzzled how to bring out something that lay heavy upon his heart. The gentleman in black, without noticing this, kept walking backward and forward, absorbed in thought. The landlord, whenever he came too near him, receded two or three paces.

"Have you anything more to say, landlord?" at length inquired the banker.

"Why, yes; but I hope your honour will not take it amiss."

"Not in the least. Out with it!" replied the Dead Guest, extending his arm for the purpose of patting him good-humouredly on the shoulder. Mine host, however, misconstrued the movement, and imagined the worst. He probably fancied that his guest was going to make the same experiment on his head and neck, as he had done, one and two hundred years before, upon several females of Herbesheim. Suddenly ducking, to avoid the threatened twist, he turned around, at one spring reached the door, and darted out of the room.

Strange as this behaviour appeared to Mr. von Hahn, he could not suppress a smile. He had remarked the same extraordinary shiness in all the inmates of the house; and was particularly struck with it since the morning. "What can they take me for?" said he to himself—"the Devil or Dr. Faustus?"

Again there was a rap at the door; it was half opened, and a martial-looking head, with prodigious mustaches, intruded itself with the

question: "Am I right? is this Mr. von Hahn's room?"

"Quite right."

A tall robust fellow, in the police uniform, entered the apartment. "The worshipful the burgomaster requests your honour to step to him for a few moments."

"Where does this worshipful burgomaster live?"

"At the end of the street, in the large corner house with the balcony. I shall have the honour to conduct you to him."

"That would be quite unnecessary, my friend. I am not fond either of military or police escorts."

"His worship has given orders to that effect."

"So! and you obey them implicitly. You have been a soldier, if I am not mistaken?

"In the third regiment of hussars."

"In what battle did you get that fine scar on your forehead?"

"Why, your honour, in a battle with a comrade about a pretty girl."

"Then your wife won't like to see it, I should think, unless she is the pretty girl in question."

"I have no wife."

"No matter—your intended. For whoever has such an honourable mark to show cannot be

insensible to the charms of the sex. Don't you suppose that your sweetheart, when she knows all about it, will be rather cross-grained?"

The policeman wrinkled his brow. The interrogator was amused on discovering in the looks of the hero a kind of confirmation of his conjecture, and he thus continued: "Never mind—don't be downhearted. That very scar is the best proof you can give your sweetheart of what you would dare to do for a single glance of her large black eyes, and a single lock of her brown hair."

The man coloured, and stared in amazement. "What, your honour," stammered he, "have you found out the girl already?"

"Why not? Is she not the prettiest girl in the whole town?"—rejoined Mr. von Hahn laughing, for he was tickled at having so soon discovered the policeman's secret by his accidental questions. The man, however, was any thing but tickled by those questions; and in the arch laugh of the pale deathlike face he fancied there was something ghastly, something infernally malicious.

"How is it possible that your honour can be acquainted with her already? You arrived here but yesterday. I have never had my

eyes off the dressmaker's door, and when I was not there, another watched it for me. Could you have gone in unseen?"

"My good friend, a pretty girl is easily found out, and houses, you know, have back doors."

"The be-mustached lover was dumb-founded, probably because he recollected that there was a back door. Mr. von Hahn, amused by the evident embarrassment of the policeman, resolved to try to make him jealous. "So," said he, "she now affects indifference to your advances. I thought as much. That mischievous scar!"

"No, your honour, not the scar. No offence, you, yourself."

"What, I! How can you dream of such a thing? Fie! fie! Surely you are not jealous already! Let us be good friends—you understand me——"

"Yes, I understand you well enough. But it won't do. Heaven forbid!"

"You shall take me to your young dressmaker, and I will reconcile her with your scar."

At this proposal the policeman fairly shuddered. Presently, assuming a dry official look, he invited Mr. von Hahn to accompany him to the burgomaster.

"I will come, but I have no need of your attendance through the town."

"I have orders to that effect."

"And I order the contrary. Go and tell the burgomaster so. If you make the least scruple about it, you may give up all thoughts of your sweetheart."

"Your honour shall be obeyed," said the honest fellow, in the utmost consternation; "but, for Heaven's sake, spare the life of the innocent girl!"

"Surely you don't imagine that I shall devour your girl out of sheer love?"

"Give me your word of honour that you will spare the poor thing, and then I'll do whatever you command, should you even require my own death."

"Be easy. I give you my word of honour not to harm the girl. But, tell me, what makes you suspect me of an intention to commit such a deed?"

"You have passed your word, your honour, and I am content. The devil himself must keep his word. And what better would you be for twisting poor Kitty's head the wrong way? I shall go, and leave you to come by yourself."

With these words the messenger retired. As he left the house, he heard the Dead Guest laughing aloud. The sound made his ears tingle again, for it seemed to him like a scornful laugh of the arch-fiend himself. He ran to the burgomaster, and related the whole affair, to the no small amazement of the worshipful magistrate.

THE EXAMINATION.

Mr. von Hahn soon followed. He could not help chuckling, as he walked along, at the terrors of the policeman, whose jealousy he appeared to have awakened.

He soon perceived, as he passed along the street, that he was in a small town, where a stranger is stared at like some outlandish animal. Every one he met, pulling off hat or cap while yet at a considerable distance, turned politely out of his way, with a profound obeisance. Greater respect could not have been paid to a king or an emperor. At the windows of the houses, on both sides of the street, he saw a multitude of heads watching his motions with inquisitive looks.

But this was nothing to what befel him on his nearer approach to the corner house with the balcony, in the open place before which

there was a fountain, that discharged water through seven pipes into a large stone basin. A number of maid-servants, collected about this fountain with pails and tubs, were in full chat. Some were scraping fish, others washing greens and salad, some catching water in their pails, and others carrying them off filled upon their heads. Mr. von Hahn, in order to make quite sure about the burgomaster's house, stepped aside to inquire of one of these industrious damsels, who were so deeply engaged in talking as not to perceive his approach. But the moment he opened his lips, and all eyes were turned towards him—gracious Heaven!—what shrieks! what confusion! One dropped her fish into the basin of the fountain, another threw out the vegetables she had been washing upon the ground, a third let the bucket fall from her head, and drenched herself with its contents; and all, pale and breathless with affright, betook themselves to their heels, with one exception. This was an old woman, who was not quite so nimble as her younger companions. Clapping her back against the tall pillar of the fountain, she stood with open mouth, distended eyes, and bristling hair, gazing at the awful apparition.

Vexed at the silly behaviour of the people, Mr. von Hahn went straight up to the house with the balcony. He was right. The burgomaster, a clever little man, received him very politely.

"You have summoned me before you," said Mr. von Hahn, "and indeed I am glad you have, for I hope to be enabled by you to solve a mystery that has puzzled me not a little. It was but yesterday that I arrived in your town, and I must confess that I have met with more adventures here already than in all the journeys I ever made before."

"I believe you," said the burgomaster, laughing; "I have heard of them. You are Mr. von Hahn, son of the banker of that name in the capital: you are in correspondence with the house of Bantes in this town, and came because Miss Bantes——"

"Just so. Shall I identify myself, sir?" At these words, Mr. von Hahn took some papers from his pocket-book. The burgomaster had no objection to glance rapidly over them, and immediately returned them with the assurance that he was perfectly satisfied.

"Having now given you all the information you can require respecting myself, Mr. Burgo

master, I have now to request of you some explanation of the extraordinary behaviour of your townspeople. Herbesheim is not so widely separated from the rest of the world as not to be occasionally visited by strangers; how happens it then that——"

"I know what you would say, Mr. von Hahn. Have the goodness to answer a question or two, and all shall be explained."

"Most certainly."

"Though you may at first be disposed to class my questions among the vagaries of Herbesheim, you will presently perceive the drift of them—Do you generally dress in black?"

"I am in mourning for one of my aunts."

"Have you ever been at Herbesheim before?"

"Never."

"Were you ever acquainted with persons belonging to the town, or have you ever heard or read any of the old popular tales or traditions of Herbesheim?"

"I was never personally acquainted with any one belonging to the town, and knew nothing more about it than that Mr. Bantes lived here, and had a very lovely daughter, a fact of which I have now had ocular demonstration."

"Have you never read the story of the Dead

Guest, current in Herbesheim, or heard of it, perhaps?"

"I again assure you, Mr. Burgomaster, that the history of Herbesheim, and especially its ancient history—to my shame be it spoken—is as strange to me as the history of Siam or Pegu."

"And yet, Mr. von Hahn, your adventures among us, which I rather surmise than know, originate entirely in this ancient tradition of our town."

"How can I be connected with your ancient traditions? Never did I meet with any thing of the kind before! Have the goodness to explain yourself."

The burgomaster smiled, and replied—"Our townsfolk take you for the Dead Guest, for the goblin of one of our popular tales; and, absurd as this notion may be, still I cannot help feeling surprise myself, at your extraordinary resemblance to the terrible hero of our tradition. Presuming that you are not carrying on a hoax with me, and are an entire stranger to the story of the Dead Guest, I will relate it to you as I have received it from several persons."

Mr. von Hahn replied in terms expressive of intense curiosity. "'Tis the first time, I'll be

bound," said the burgomaster, laughing, "that an old wife's tale has been officially related." He then began the story of the Dead Guest. When he had finished, "Now," said Mr. von Hahn, "it is all clear enough. The pretty damsels of Herbesheim are afraid for their necks."

"Joking apart, Mr. von Hahn, there are various circumstances which are yet obscure to me. We sometimes hear, it is true, of wonderful sports of Chance, but in this case the pranks of the capricious Deity appear so marvellous that I cannot, indeed, help entertaining some slight suspicion of you."

"Surely, Mr. Burgomaster, you cannot suspect me of being the hero of your fable, who visits Herbesheim every hundred years, merely to twist the necks of its pretty turtle-doves?"

"Certainly not. But you may, perchance, have heard something of our ghost story, and taken advantage of your figure to divert yourself with the terror of our credulous damsels. Why, for example, did you chuse precisely the first Sunday in Advent for the day of your arrival, and just the moment of the most violent tempest and rain, if you never knew any thing of our fable?"

"The coincidence, Mr. Burgomaster, is striking, I admit — nay, I am surprised at it myself. At the same time, I can assure you, that I am so unread in the calendar, as not to know till this moment that yesterday was the first day of Advent. Furthermore, I can affirm upon oath that the rain was not bespoken by me; on the contrary, I would gladly have prevented it, as that kind of weather is most disagreeable to me."

"But, Mr. von Hahn, how do you explain the grip which you made so roguishly at the neck of your landlord, if you had never heard of our Guest and his celebrated grip!"

Mr. von Hahn burst into a hearty laugh. "Aha!" he exclaimed, "then that was the reason why the poor devil ducked so deep and scampered off so fast! The innocent movement of my hand — I meant merely to pat him on the shoulder — alarmed him, it seems."

"One more question, Mr. von Hahn. Do you know Miss Vogel?"

"I know a great many Vogels, but no Miss of that name."

"It is, nevertheless, asserted that you have a knowledge not only of her but even of the back door—"

"Miss Vogel's back-door!—Oh, I understand! From the mention of the back-door I recognise the idol of your policeman. Now I begin to see the drift of that man's compliance and intercessions!"

"You will perceive, Mr. von Hahn, that I am informed of all your movements, and that the secret police of Herbesheim is not outdone by that of Paris, even in the days of those masters of *espionage*, Fouché and Savary. Though I can now account in a perfectly natural way for all the circumstances to which I have thus far adverted, without suspecting you of a design to frighten our good folks by wilfully assuming the character of the Dead Guest, still I must beg leave to ask one more question. If you really did not mean to play that part, tell me—and this question I address to you not so much on my own behalf as on that of another—how is it possible that, in the course of a few minutes, in a single quarter of an hour, you could become so familiarly acquainted with Miss Bantes, whom you had never before seen, as to—I scarcely know how to express it—to fascinate that young lady to such a degree, that——"

"And this, too, you have heard already?" ex-

claimed Mr. von Hahn, in amazement; and a flush which overspread his pale but animated face did not escape the keen observation of the burgomaster.

"I beg you once more to pardon my curiosity," resumed the burgomaster; "but you know that police magistrates, like physicians, have a licence to ask indiscreet questions. You know, too, that the Dead Guest is reputed to possess the faculty of fascinating females in a moment—a faculty, in which you, too, though not dead, are I dare say not deficient."

Mr. von Hahn paused awhile: at length he said: "Mr. Burgomaster, I really begin to be more afraid of you than your worthy townspeople can possibly be of my black coat. Your walls must certainly have ears and tongues, for I was this morning but a very short time alone with Miss Bantes, if it is to what then passed that you allude by the words *familiarly acquainted.* On this particular point, however, you must permit me to be silent. Either your walls have betrayed to you the subject of our conversation, and you already know it, or they have not: in this case it would ill become me to lift the veil, if Miss Bantes will not do it with her own hand."

The burgomaster signified with a gentle inclination of the head that he would urge him no further, and turned the conversation. "Shall you make a long stay with us, Mr. von Hahn?"

"I shall return to-morrow morning. My business here is finished, and, to tell the truth, I feel no especial gratification in having to perform the part of a goblin. Never did Chance play poor mortal a more scurvy trick than in selecting precisely me for a living personification of the Dead Guest of your town-chronicle."

The prospect of so speedy a departure was most agreeable to the burgomaster. After some further conversation on indifferent subjects with his visiter, the latter rose and took his leave.

The burgomaster was completely puzzled. For, according to the ordinary course of things, it seemed scarcely possible that a mere accidental coincidence of circumstances should have so fully identified the person who gave himself out for Mr. von Hahn with the Dead Guest. On the other hand, he could discover no reason whatever for doubting the stranger's veracity. While thus weighing the pros and the cons of this perplexing question, the burgomaster was standing

at a window overlooking the street. He had stepped to this window as soon as his visiter had left the room, to amuse himself with watching the effect of the appearance of the Dead Guest on the townspeople. To his great astonishment, however, he could see nothing of him; he was sure that he could not have left the house. He watched a considerable time; almost a quarter of an hour had elapsed, and still he watched in vain. He pulled the bell: a man servant came, and, in reply to the questions of the burgomaster, he solemnly protested that he had been standing for above an hour in the front of the house under the balcony, but had not set eyes on any gentleman in black.

The man was dismissed. "This does indeed look a little ghostlike!" muttered the burgomaster with a dubious smile, and again turning to the window. After some time, a female servant entered, and said that the lady's maid was sitting in the kitchen and as pale as death, crying bitterly, and lamenting that the Dead Guest was with her young mistress, the daughter of the burgomaster; that the lady appeared quite familiar with the horrid spectre; that he had handed to her a splendid pair of bracelets, at the same time whispering something to Miss

Wilhelmina. The lady's maid had seen all that passed, though she could not hear what was said, till her mistress sent her out of the room.

The burgomaster's first movement was a hearty laugh: but, when he thought of the bracelets, the whispering together, and the dismissal of the maid, he felt no inclination to laugh. He peevishly ordered the bearer of these unwelcome tidings to retire. "Bracelets? Whispering with my Mina? How came he to know her? Jesu Maria! What could make the girl so familiar with the man all of a sudden! To a certainty he must lay himself out to enact the Dead Guest!" Such was his soliloquy. Presently he paced with rapid step to the door of the room, and opened it for the purpose of going and surprising his daughter and the stranger; but, ashamed of his rising superstition, he endeavoured to repress his anxiety. In this struggle another quarter of an hour passed away. Unable to wait any longer, he hurried to his daughter's room. She was seated near the window, alone, looking at the beautiful bracelets.

"What have you there, Mina?" he inquired, with a faltering voice.

"A present for Miss Bantes from Mr. von

Hahn," replied Mina, with the utmost unconcern. "He starts early to-morrow morning, and has his reasons for not calling again upon Mr. Bantes. It is unaccountable to me. Her bridegroom, and off again already! And so he wishes me to give them to her."

"And how came you to know him, or he you?"

"This morning, when I was with Mrs. Bantes and Rica, we were introduced to one another. How I did tremble when I first saw him! The very image of the Dead Guest! But he is an excellent man. When he was going away from you, papa, I was just stepping out of my room, and he immediately preferred his request."

Mina related this with such straightforward simplicity, that, with the exception of a few minor points, all was perfectly clear to the burgomaster: nevertheless, the policeman received orders the next morning to inquire whether the stranger had actually set off, agreeably to his intimation.

A NEW ALARM.

The burgomaster, exempt as he was from prejudice and superstition, had passed a rather restless night. Now, in the night-time, whether by the light of the moon and the stars, or

in the absence of those luminaries, not only the external world assumes a different aspect, but the internal world, the mind of man, takes a different tone. We are more religious, more disposed to believe what is extraordinary, romantic, marvellous, in spite of all the remonstrances of sober Reason. Reason is the sun of the mind, whose rays throw a brilliant light over every object: the faith of feeling and imagination is the nightly moon of the mind; in whose magic chiaro-scuro every thing appears strange.

When, therefore, the burgomaster reviewed the story of the Dead Guest, with which the town was ringing, and compared with it the season and the hour in which Mr. von Hahn arrived, his figure, his pale face, his dress, his expensive presents, the facility with which he scraped acquaintance with young brides — for Mina too was on the point of being betrothed, and the affair with Miss Vogel was really somewhat suspicious — he could not but be powerfully struck by all these coincidences. Miss Vogel had actually confessed to the policeman, in the course of the evening, that the gentleman in black had been at her shop and purchased some trifle; that it was about dusk

when he called, and that she had never seen him before; but she declared that she could make neither head nor tail of the strange allusion to the back door. All these circumstances had been communicated to the burgomaster by his agent, and they furnished a theme for the most singular speculations.

It was not possible to regard the whole affair as a hoax on the part of the tall gentleman in black; the gravity of his air and demeanour belied the supposition. His presents also were far too costly to admit of the surmise that he was merely playing off a practical joke on the good people of Herbesheim. Mr. Bantes, on all other occasions a mortal enemy to superstition, had related so many extraordinary things, in detailing his grievances to the burgomaster, that the latter might well have a restless night of it while discussing in his mind all the difficulties of this knotty affair.

Before the policeman reached the Black Cross, he was told by the people in the streets that the Dead Guest and his servants were gone, fell and feather, nobody knew how. He had not taken carriage, or horses, or extra-post; had not gone out of any of the town-

gates; and was no where to be found. This report was fully confirmed by the landlord, who took the policeman into the apartments which the pretended Mr. von Hahn had occupied. Every thing was in as perfect order as though no person had set foot in the place; the beds were untouched, the chairs in their places; neither portmanteau nor coat, neither book nor scrap of paper — in short, not a vestige of any sort was left behind, excepting the full amount of the landlord's bill, which lay upon the table in hard dollars; but which he most wisely resolved not to touch.

"Let them take the devil's coin that will!" said mine host of the Black Cross. "It can do nobody any good. It may be given to the poor, for I'll not touch it myself — that's flat!" He desired the policeman to pick up the money, and to carry it to the governor of the poor-house.

The rumour of the sudden disappearance of the Dead Guest was presently bruited, with all the concomitant circumstances, throughout Herbesheim. It was reported to Mr. and Mrs. Bantes, as soon as they were up, by their maids, and presently afterwards by the book-keeper and the cashier.

"Astonishing!" exclaimed Mr. Bantes, to his wife. "Now what do you say to it? I am heartily glad he is gone. You must surely believe now that there is something supernatural in all this. I tell you, I'm certain he was not the son of my old friend Hahn. Who could ever have believed such silly tales, such arrant nonsense, unless one had been convinced by one's own eyes!"

Mrs. Bantes mildly hazarded some doubts respecting the statements of the domestics and clerks. The cashier was sent off to the master of the Black Cross; but he soon returned with a complete confirmation. Mrs. Bantes smiled incredulously; but had nothing further to say. She thought that the affair would still be cleared up somehow or other, for she could not make such a sacrifice of common sense as to give credit to the story.

All at once, Father Bantes started up, and stood aghast. He turned so pale that his wife began to be greatly alarmed about him. For a considerable time he either could not or would not speak. "Mother," said he, at length, in a faint, tremulous voice, "if one part is true, the other may be so too."

"What then, for God's sake?"

"Do you think Frederica can be asleep yet? I was awake a long time before we got up, and I heard not the least sound in her room — not a footstep, or the noise of a chair."

"Speak out! — You cannot suppose the girl is ——"

"But if one thing is true, why not another? It would be most horrible, though! Mamma, I have not the courage to go and see."

"Surely you cannot believe she is ——"

"Yes, yes — done for!"

Mrs. Bantes hastened anxiously to the closet adjoining her own chamber, where her daughter slept. Her husband, tortured by the most agonizing apprehensions, followed her. All was quiet in the room. For some time he durst not breathe, or even look towards the bed. "The girl is fast asleep!" whispered Mrs. Bantes. He raised his eyes. There lay Frederica, her lovely face turned towards her parents, and her head in the proper place. "But is she alive?" asked Mr. Bantes. It was not till he observed the heaving of her bosom, and touched her warm hand, that his terrors were somewhat dispelled; and still more when Frederica, awaking, opened her eyes, and greeted him with a smile of mingled

affection and surprise. Her mamma explained the cause of their visit, informed her of the mysterious disappearance of Mr. von Hahn, and the new alarm into which it had thrown her father; and all three felt once more delighted and happy.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Still more delighted and happy were they when, seated at supper together in the evening, they heard a carriage rolling at a rapid rate along the street, and stopping before their door. "'Tis Waldrich!" exclaimed Frederica, starting up from the table. It was Waldrich, sure enough. They all hastened to meet him. Father Bantes clasped him in his arms, with a more cordial welcome than ever. There were a thousand questions to ask and to answer, and a thousand more to that. At length, Father Bantes put an end to the hubbub, and planted the commandant in his usual place beside himself at the table. The lively joyous chat was presently renewed.

"And only think," cried Mr. Bantes, "only think, my dear captain, we have had that infernal fellow, the Dead Guest, bodily at Herbesheim — bodily in this very house! What

say you to that? Ay, what say you to it, when I tell you that he picked out his three brides again in little more than four-and-twenty hours! First of all, there was that puss, Frederica, and then the burgomaster's Mina, and the third was Miss Vogel, the dressmaker's girl. All of us in the town have been frightened out of our wits, just like so many little children."

The commandant burst into a hearty laugh. "I dined with him to-day," said he, "at the post-house of Odernberg. You must mean Mr. von Hahn, I should think, and nobody else."

"Mr. von Hahn here, Mr. von Hahn there!" exclaimed Mr. Bantes, peevishly. "Let him be who he will, he was the Dead Guest to a T; and he shall not have my Frederica, even if he were Mr. von Hahn, and so forth: for, whenever I looked at my son-in-law, the sight of him would chill my very blood. If it really was my friend's son, so much the worse for him; for he was the very image of the Dead Guest, as you described him."

"Ha!" cried the Captain, "that's no fault of his. When I was obliged to tell the story of the Dead Guest to our party that evening,

and came to describe his person, I could not find, on the spur of the moment, a better original for my portrait than our Mr. von Hahn. The reason why he occurred to me was because I had just then a two-fold dislike to him. When I was ordered to Herbesheim with my company, and on our march hither we were only some twenty or thirty miles from the metropolis, I made an excursion thither. Among the numerous company with whom I dined at the *table-d'hôte*, I was particularly struck by the immensely tall figure of Mr. von Hahn, towering by the head and shoulders above all other mortals, and, at the same time, by his black hair, the ashy paleness of his face, and his black dress, for he was in mourning for a rich aunt, who had left him her fortune. I was informed that he was the son of the celebrated banker. At that time he was perfectly indifferent to me; but I could not forget his person; and still less could I forget it when he ceased to be indifferent to me, because—to confess the honest truth—because he was a suitor to Miss Frederica."

"Zounds!" cried Mr. Bantes, laughing and patting his brow—"the invention of a rival! nothing more! Good heavens! to think that

this should never come into any of our wise noddles, not even into that of our sage burgomaster, who knows everything, and his keen-scented police! How could I be so stupid as not to perceive, the moment I saw Mr. von Hahn, that our roguish commandant had most likely known and carved his Dead Guest out of him! And so, commandant, you are at the bottom of this whole cursed business. Young Hahn will be quite furious at the treatment he has received, and call me an old nincompoop, and so forth."

"You are quite mistaken, papa," said Waldrich; "on the contrary, he is quite delighted with the turn which things have taken. He charged me to present his respectful compliments to you, mamma, and Miss Frederica. He and I have to-day become real friends, for we have confessed to each other all the secrets of our hearts. We dined together by ourselves. At first he was extremely dull and reserved, though he did not know me. I was dull and reserved precisely because I did know him, and presumed that he was coming on his matrimonial expedition to Herbesheim. We began to exchange a few words out of civility, and I then learned that he had been at Herbesheim,

and was returning home. I must own I felt a very strong and a very pardonable curiosity to learn still more. Of course I could not deny that I was well acquainted with Herbesheim, and, in fact, commandant of the town. 'Soho!' he exclaimed, laughing, and extending his hand to me across the table, 'my fortunate rival! and to whom I ought to be grateful for having anticipated me.'—We were presently like old acquaintance, and frankness became the order of the day. Only think, papa, he assured me that Miss Frederica herself had told him that she was already engaged to me, and intreated him not to make us both unhappy; on which he kissed the young lady's hand, and replied—that though he had been obliged, in obedience to the commands of his father, to come to Herbesheim, for the purpose of paying his addresses to her, yet he had always cherished a hope that some circumstance or other might intervene to defeat an arrangement to which he was not a party; for he had previously conceived a secret attachment for the daughter of a professor in the capital, who, though rich in the endowments of the mind and heart, possesses little worldly wealth—a connexion which was a horror and abomination to

his father. The old banker had therefore threatened to disinherit him, unless he gave up all thoughts of this unportioned damsel; but the young gentleman had vowed fidelity to his mistress, and was firmly resolved to marry her after his father's death."

"What!" cried Mr. Bantes, in amaze, "and you, Frederica, were told all this by himself? Upon my word, you all seem to have been making a downright fool of me! Why was I not to know a word, a single syllable, of this?"

Frederica kissed her father. "Recollect yourself, dear papa," said she, "and don't scold poor Frederica. Don't you remember, when I came to you so overjoyed after my interview with Mr. von Hahn, and was praising him to you, and going to tell you all that had passed, how very angry you grew? Don't you remember that you forbade me to speak a word, and promised, as a reward for my silent obedience, to exchange that Waldrich there for Mr. von Hahn? Don't you remember?"

"Did I, indeed?—Well, after all, there is nothing in the world like obedience, especially when one expects to gain something by it."

"Could I do any other than obey? Did you

not threaten to lock up mamma and me in the cellar, if ——"

"True, little chatterbox! But don't remind me of my follies. As, you know, you took it upon you to gossip with young Hahn in my absence, could you not at once have told him what a strange notion people had formed of him? He would no doubt have set us right immediately. At any rate, you should have assigned a decent reason for our treating him in the way we did."

"So I did, papa. When he learned that I had no vacant corner for him in my heart, he expressed his joy, and informed me that his affections, too, were engaged. A more decent reason for parting there could not be. You know that mamma and I invited him to dinner, but ——"

"No more of that! —— Go on, commandant! Then he was not angry with us? What must he think of us wiseacres of Herbesheim? Did he not conclude that we had all gone stark staring mad, and so forth?"

"He really did believe something of the sort," replied Waldrich. "He must have been struck by the behaviour of the people here, for he related to me some droll instances

of the universal alarm. But when he had heard from the burgomaster the story of the Dead Guest, and learned that our enlightened townsfolk did him the undeserved honour to take him for a courtier of the Winter-King of blessed memory, who has been dead these two hundred years, he thought them still more insane, and was highly amused at the terror and alarm which he had so innocently occasioned."

"And for which you, Mr. Commandant, with your graceless story, are alone to blame"—cried Frederica—"don't forget that! Who knew, before our first winter party, how the Dead Guest looked? The very next day every child in the street could draw his picture."

"I was honest enough to confess as much to Mr. von Hahn, as soon as I could speak for laughing. If I did keep my eye on his figure throughout the narrative, it is no wonder. But rather should I have expected the sky to fall than have dreamt that my innocent tale would produce such effects. Mr. von Hahn laughed as heartily as I did. He then told me that he had been at some pains to frighten the enlightened people of Herbesheim still more, and to confirm them in their pious belief. To teaze an enamoured policeman, he had called

at a dressmaker's who employed his sweetheart; and to increase the terror and astonishment of the affrighted landlord of the Cross, he gave out that he should go to bed early and set off the next morning; but after dark, directing his man to shoulder his portmanteau, they walked out of the town by moonlight to the next village, and there obtained a vehicle to carry them to the next post-station. Never, I verily believe, was the inextinguishable laughter of Homer's gods so closely imitated by mortals as it was by us two, at the panic of the good people of Herbesheim on account of the Dead Guest. Over a bottle of champagne we two reconciled rivals ratified our covenant of friendship, and we parted at a much later hour than we dreamt of doing when we sat down to dinner."

Father Bantes, though he could not help smiling at Waldrich's story, seemed to be at variance with himself. A strange mixture of pleasure and vexation was perceptible in his countenance. Frederica strove to soothe him with her caresses, for she could discover what was passing in his mind, and by her kisses she smoothed the wrinkles that would every now and then begin to form upon his brow.

"Children," said Mr. Bantes, "you here see what a train of follies and absurdities superstition draws after it. Even I, old philosopher as I am, have been forced to put on the cap and bells and join the procession. I could almost be ashamed of myself, and yet it seems silly to be ashamed of one's poor human nature. So, let none fancy himself high and strong and sure-footed, but rather take heed lest he fall. Come, mamma, let us have a bowl of punch, that we may enjoy ourselves with the commandant. I say *we*, but that means my humble self alone; for you, mamma, have gained a complete victory of common sense and are joyous enough; and as for you, Frederica, any body may see how happy you are there facing Waldrich, for you, too, have won a complete victory for your love."

Mamma gave her hand to the commandant with an affectionate and truly maternal smile, saying, "Did you understand papa's last words?"

"No," said the commandant, confused and with a blush. "And yet I am almost bold enough to understand them."

"The bowl of punch, mamma; and let's have no babbling, and so forth! We must

drown the remembrance of the cursed story in good liquor. The boldest and the bravest, who has heard scores of balls whizzing past his ears without flinching, may at last have his runaway minute; the navigator, who has been round the globe and never missed his track in the most distant regions, may lose his way in a walk; the purest and most pious bride of Heaven that ever entered a convent has her critical moment, like any other daughter of Eve; and the most sensible man under the sun has his day, when the veriest booby is more intelligent than he."

"Well, papa," said Frederica coaxingly, "suppose you begin to talk about something else—about any thing but that."

"Apropos, commandant," resumed Mr. Bantes, "you must know that I have sold you. To get rid of that confounded Dead Guest I have sold you to Frederica. Don't take it amiss that I have thus disposed of you, nilly-willy, in your absence. Having been your guardian, I thought I might venture it. Take him, Frederica—and be happy together."

In a moment they were both at the old man's feet.

"Halt," cried he, "Waldrich! Off with that uniform!"

"Must I part with it?" inquired the commandant, while tears of joy glistened in his eyes.

"Yes, and take leave of the army; for Frederica must live with the old folks, and I have given you to her, not her to you. So——"

"I will resign to-morrow, papa."

"Children," cried Father Bantes, withdrawing himself from the embraces of the young people, "your joy is enough to smother one. Come, mamma, bring the punch!"

A SUBTERRANEAN ADVENTURE.

Separated from the rest of the world by extensive tracts of wild and dreary moors, and almost buried among lofty hills, which, like mighty barriers, surround it on every side, stands the little town of Alston, in Cumberland. Though the "march of improvement" has of late made several inroads, greatly beautifying the face of the country, and the airy heights are now traversed by roads, the masterpiece of Mac Adam, there was a time when, so difficult was the communication by the narrow track which led to it, that it seemed almost like an insulated spot, shut out from other parts of the world, or like an island to whose rocky shores it is dangerous for any ship to approach.

Notwithstanding the naked and barren aspect of the greatest part of this mountain district, it is enabled, by the richness, variety, and beauty, of its subterranean productions, to

support a hardy and independent population, immensely superior, in numbers, to the outward appearance of the country—to supply its quantum of useful merchandise to the world at large—and to furnish the curious admirer of the wonders of nature with abundant subjects for study and delight.

About a mile and a half from the town, on the steeply-sloping side of one of its most barren mountains, called Ale Fell, is a range of what are locally called "Swallow-holes." These are natural pits of various forms and sizes; the most common being funnel-shaped and overgrown with grass and rushes: sometimes they enter like a tunnel into the side of a hill—sometimes they have mural rocky sides, from the crevices of which spring luxuriant branches of the feathery breckan," or fern, which hang in elegant festoons, and, with the bright moss, form rich and beautiful ornaments. These walls enclose, at the depth of twelve or fifteen feet, a pretty little natural garden, about as many feet square, where lovely and fragrant flowers entwine with tender and delicate plants, which would soon perish if exposed to the rude blasts that sweep along the mountain's brow.

But the most curious circumstance connected

with these cavities, and which, in fact, has been the cause of their formation, is the water which trickles down their sides: it sinks through the crevices into the limestone rock below; and, each swallow-hole contributing its little stream, a large body of water is collected, which tears its way through the bowels of the mountains for several miles. The constant running and frequent floods of many centuries have, by degrees, worn this underground channel considerably larger than is required for the passage of the water.

At a time when improvement might be scarcely said to have commenced its beneficial march, two adventurous miners conceived the bold idea of exploring the secret windings of this subterranean stream. The idea once conceived did not long remain in embryo: under the exhilarating influence of a pipe and potent ale, it began to shoot amain, and quickly grew into a firm resolve to set out on the expedition the very first morning they should both be at liberty.

Whether it was with a view to secure to themselves the advantage of any discovery which they might make, or from what other motive, or if from any motive at all, it is difficult to

decide; they started at daybreak, without acquainting any one whither they were going—taking with them a pound of candles, and sufficient provisions to serve for a frugal dinner. They had at first many obstacles to contend with; however, encountering all with patient perseverance, they overcame them without much difficulty.

They cleared an entrance by one of the swallow-holes. Though both had been accustomed to work their way through narrow and sometimes dangerous places in the mines, they were often very much puzzled how to proceed with any tolerable degree of safety, having to creep continually on their hands and knees over loose sharp-edged rocks—sometimes to wind themselves, like serpents, through holes scarcely large enough to admit their bodies; the roof frequently hanging in so precarious a state, that they were afraid lest the least contact with it might cause them to be crushed beneath its ponderous weight. At length, however, they obtained a more safe and easy passage; the cavern gradually widened till they came to a ledge, where the water, which had now collected its whole force, had a fall of about five feet. Stepping down this ledge, they stood in a long nar-

row chamber of very irregular form, supported in the middle by a huge pillar. Having fixed up lights in different parts, so as to obtain as good a general view as possible, our adventurers wandered about, surveying the romantic scene from every fresh situation with renewed delight and admiration. The more prominent parts of the rock, reflecting obscurely the dingy yellow light, stood in bold relief from the deep recesses, the dark chasms, and lofty roof, to which its scanty rays were too feeble to penetrate. The massy pillar, contrary to all the rules of architecture, is immensely top-heavy, its base being a mere point in comparison with its ponderous capital. There is, however, something of grandeur and sublimity in this form, admirably adapted to heighten the truly imposing effect of the whole. The stream, as if proud to display itself to the best advantage, spread abroad as it approached the fall into a wide sheet, issuing like a streak of condensed light from the black cavern beyond it; after tumbling down, it again contracts into a narrow channel, and, giving the base of the pillar a friendly hint that all things here continue but for a season, it merrily pursues its way. It is indeed a strangely beautiful and romantic place, though there was something of gloom about

it — here the gentle murmurings of the stream were prolonged by gentler echoes into a sweet and plaintive melody, to which the deeper rumblings of the waterfall added an harmonious bass.

But to return to the miners: — being satiated with wonder and admiration, they sat down, and with scarcely less avidity devoured the provisions which they had brought with them; they then prepared to prosecute their researches, which now became much more practicable, though by no means either smooth or easy. The cavern continued from ten to fifteen feet in height, and varying in width from two to six or eight feet; the sides were worn by the unequal action of the water in the most curious and grotesque manner; innumerable little grottoes being scooped out in the rock, and pieces, like the branching horns of the stag, of the most fantastic shapes, being left projecting outward. It was often divided into two stories, by large flat masses of rock which had fallen from the roof, and fixed half way down; so that it was sometimes possible to walk, either on the gallery above the fallen mass, or by the side of the water below it; but our adventurers in general preferred walking by the

water, when practicable; as, while following it, they were in no danger of losing themselves, by entering any of the branches which occasionally led off from the main cavern.

As they often stopped to admire curious varieties of the above-mentioned features, their progress was very slow. It was, perhaps, two hours after their leaving the waterfall, when one of them, who had got a little ahead of his companion, called out that he had discovered a fine vein of lead; the other hastened forward, and with eager and delighted eyes beheld a piece of shining ore, which was exultingly held out to him. With more haste than prudence he was raising himself up to obtain a nearer view, when the rock by which they both clung gave way. Down they rolled, one candle fell into the water, the other was extinguished among the rubbish, and they were thus left in total darkness — buried deep in the bowels of the earth, whence there was no egress, but by a difficult and intricate passage, dangerous even with lights, but imminently so without them. They still had a refuge in the little tinder-box, which a miner commonly carries in his pocket, to light his candle or his pipe, as occasion may require; they were, therefore, at

first, more disposed to smile than to be much distressed on account of their misfortune; but proceeded forthwith to procure a light. The lid of the tinder-box was stiff, it came off with a jerk, and out flew the tinder into the water; this was a blank indeed. They were ready to give up in despair; the difficulty and danger attending their entry left them little hope of escaping, at least not without some serious injury.

A full sense of the horrors of their situation burst at once, with overwhelming force, upon their minds, and awed them into silence. Each strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of the countenance of the other; but it was as if all power of vision had departed — all was black, Egyptian darkness. At length one of them, familiarly called Tommy, having recovered a little, broke silence — "Well, it's no use standin' here; nobody will come to seek us, that's sure, because nobody knows where we are; we must just do our best to get out and trust to Providence." "There's no trust like trying," said Jemmy, as he set boldly forward, and left his companion groping behind him. He had not gone far, however, ere his progress was impeded by his head coming in

contact with a projecting angle of the rock; his zeal being somewhat sobered by this caveto, he was content to wait for his more cautious companion, and then to advance more deliberately.

Having proceeded tolerably well for a considerable time, they were beginning to take great encouragement, and to prophesy to themselves a safe and speedy egress, when Jemmy met with a more serious rencounter than the first — falling with his face against a ledge of rocks. When the effects of the stun had subsided, he happily found himself not much the worse. The place against which he had stumbled they discovered to be a spot where part of the roof had fallen down, and lodged so near the surface of the water that they were obliged to walk over the fallen rocks, which rendered their journey much more difficult and hazardous than it had hitherto been. Notwithstanding the utmost caution, they frequently bruised themselves severely against the sides of the cavern, and their ancles were tortured by sharp-edged stones, among which their feet were caught ever and anon as in a trap. But they narrowly escaped a more serious injury, when, after a long weary drag, they suddenly discovered them-

selves to be on the verge of a precipice, occasioned by the abrupt termination of the gallery along which they were creeping. One of them tried to climb down, while the other kept hold of his hand for security; but this, after many fruitless attempts by both, they were obliged to give up as impracticable. What was now to be done? — they were indeed in a puzzling situation. The result of a melancholy consultation was, to retrace their steps with a view to discover some other passage. It is needless to particularize every misfortune, suffice it to say, that after several hours of tedious creeping and winding, after many a painful blow and narrow escape, they again reached the water by a side-branch. Following its course upward for a considerable time, they began to think that they must be near the waterfall, and even thought they heard the sound of it; but this they found to proceed from the water forcing its way amongst some fallen rubbish, by which, and other unquestionable proofs, they discovered themselves to be at the very place where they had lost their lights. This was truly discouraging; they began to feel excessively fatigued; for they were often obliged either to walk midleg deep in

water, which in the narrowest part of the cave occupied its whole breadth, or to stride across from one side to the other, resting upon the projections of the rock; in which awkward position their feet often slipping, they were subjected to very dangerous accidents, to avert which, a pause for examination was necessary at each step. It need not be wondered at, therefore, that their progress was very slow, and that they were exceedingly disheartened by the thought of having spent so much time and labour in vain.

They were now just in the same situation as when they lost their lights, except having obtained a clearer understanding of the difficulties which they had to encounter, and lost a large portion of the strength and spirits by which they should have been enabled to overcome them. They had no alternative but to follow the water as before. Having remounted the gallery, where it was quite dry, they sat down, completely overcome with fatigue; and, ere long, notwithstanding their dismal situation, "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep," had spread his "downy pinions" over both. How long they slept, they never knew; where they were when they awoke was, to each in his turn,

a matter of the most distressing doubt; the solution of which, though obtained with difficulty, added nothing to their comfort. Their limbs were painfully stiff and cramped from the hard materials and the confined space of their bed: they rose a little rested, but not refreshed.

Without any other breakfast than a doleful colloquy on the misery which their absence would cause their family and friends, without even the meagre solace of a pipe, they again resumed their dark and cheerless labours. Their first feat was to repeat their former round; which, though but a short distance, occupied several hours, inducing much bodily fatigue, and subtracting proportionably from their already sufficiently diminished hopes.

Traversing the gallery for the third time, Tommy met with an accident, which added very seriously to their embarrassments; his footing gave way, down he sank, and stuck fast by the middle among the stones, in which strange posture he was firmly fixed; his arms and legs were at perfect liberty, yet he could not make the slightest effort to extricate himself, nor were those of his companion attended with any symptom of success. He extended his feet in every direction, but met only with empty

air. At length, Jemmy succeeded in moving him a little; but, alas! instead of raising him, he only made the matter worse, for, at every moment, he sunk a little lower, till at last he was immersed to the shoulders. The case now became most alarming. Tommy bade his companion drop something down to sound the depth below him. Though surrounded by rocks on every side, there was not a fragment to be found sufficiently small; Jemmy, therefore, edged a penny through, and let it drop. Long, long and anxiously did they wait for the sound; but none reached their ears: the experiment was repeated with a tobacco-pipe, but with no better success. Their hearts now failed them; Jemmy sat down by his comrade in utter despair. Nothing but utter darkness all around them; for aught they could hope, he must perish where he was, fixed firmly as in a gibbet, or drop into a fathomless abyss. A dead silence ensued. Tommy thought he heard something moving beneath him; a happy thought struck him—it might be the water; he lowered himself another inch—his foot surely touched something—a little lower, and it rested upon a bed of loose sand. He then succeeded in getting down altogether, and found a capacious

passage, and the gently flowing water, which was their surest, indeed their only, guide.

Jemmy, in his turn, lowered himself by the traphole, and, thus happily released from their perils, their spirits rebounded from their late melancholy depression into the opposite extreme; they pushed forward not only with hope but confidence. It was impracticable, however, to follow the water for any considerable length of time. They were again obliged to leave it; again they wandered astray, described new circuits, and met with new disasters, until they were again completely worn out. The cravings of hunger now added not a little to their torment and weakness — hope gradually died away under the withering influence of repeated misfortunes and disappointments—a settled despair took full possession of their minds. They mutually contributed to each other's depression by ominous ejaculations, the most direful forebodings of a miserable end, and recollections of the distress which their absence would cause their friends. At length, quite wearied, they stood still.

"I think," said Jemmy, "it's all but certain we'll never see daylight again."

"I've been thinking that a long time," replied Tommy; "but I durst not say it; it's an awful thing to die in any way; but it's doubly terrible to pine away wi' hunger an' weariness in a black dungeon like this: no hope in this world even for a Christian burian; an' oh! I doubt we're neither of us ower-well prepared for the next. O my Peggy! my puir babes! every body 'll say I've run away an' left them, an' they'll bring up my bonny bairns to think their father was a vagabond an' a scoundrel; I canna bide that, I canna bide it!" And the sturdy miner burst into an agony of tears.

"O, do na greet, do na greet; it sinks my heart to hear't; we may get out yet — while there's life there's hope; we'll try again."

"We may try again a little while," said Tommy; "but it'll not be long that I can stand it. I feel as if I'd lost a power of blood, my head's giddy an' stupid, an' every now an' then I'm like to drop."

They moved onward again, Tommy going first, that, if he did not drop down, his somewhat stronger companion might not leave him behind. There was need for this precaution: Tommy being, in fact, almost dying from fatigue, anxiety, and considerable loss of blood,

from a wound he had received when he fell down the traphole. Jemmy had now a double load of anxiety; for, besides the gloomy prospect of ending his own days in that dark and dismal cavern, he was in continual fear of hearing the last dying groan of his comrade, whom he endeavoured, as much as possible, to support with one arm, when each was not required to shield himself from the rugged sides, or to feel his way through the abrupt turnings of the cavern. The dreaded event, however, could not long be deferred by all his care. Tommy fell back with a deep groan upon his companion; who, shocked and confounded by the occurrence, though he had expected it, laid him gently down. So far as he could judge, life had fled. "Tommy!" said he. The sound echoed along the dreary vault, and died away: long, long, he listened, to catch a friendly whisper, but all was dead and solemn silence, only interrupted now and then by a drop from the roof falling with an unearthly plash upon the sluggish stream by his side.

All the horrors of his situation burst upon him with overwhelming force; but, as if these were not enough, superstition conjured up the most horrid and frightful images before his dis-

tracted imagination. He durst not stir, for he was terrified at the hollow reverberation of his own footsteps—he could not stand still, for his tottering limbs were unable to support him. "I will lie down and die beside him," thought he to himself; and, with this intent, he was stepping forward over the body of his companion, when a gleam of light shot across the water.

That which a few minutes before he would have hailed with transports of joy and gladness, as the sea-tossed mariner welcomes the friendly beacon of his native shore, was now alternately a source of perplexing anxiety and the utmost terror and consternation. It was not the pure white light of the sun, showing the natural colour of the rocks—it was more like a lurid ray from some infernal fire, tinging their black surface with its own dingy red. It passed away; all was dark and gloomy as before. He heard a distant murmuring sound—might it not be somebody in search of them?

For a moment the joyful thought darted a brighter ray through his benighted mind. He attempted to call, but his heart sunk within him. "Nobody knows where we are," rung in his ears; and the horrid idea rose, with a vivid

certainty, upon his imagination, that he stood on the confines of the abode of wicked spirits. Horrible beyond description were the fancies that whirled around his bewildered brain; already were a thousand furies preying upon his vitals; worked up into an awful state of desperation, he knew not whether to retreat into the recesses of the cavern, there to linger out the miserable remnant of his life by slow and painful degrees, or to rush forward and know at once the worst that could befall him. But the violence of his feelings wore itself away; a shadow of reason, and it was but a shadow, regained its tottering throne. With a last desperate effort, he summoned sufficient courage to reconnoitre, with a view to discover, as safely as possible, his real situation.

With trembling steps, and fearful that even the sound of his breath might discover him, he crept forward; on turning another corner, he again beheld a light issuing from a hole in the side of the cavern. The dark red stream, reflected with a hideous glare from the opposite side, spread abroad a dim sepulchral light among the rocks around him. There was a sort of humming noise, but his senses were so benumbed that, as he himself described it, he

scarcely knew whether he travelled upon his feet or his head; himself and the whole scene were like something swimming in the air: he felt no pain from the most severe contusions, except fear that the noise might betray him. Climbing up some loose stones, he obtained a full view into a large chamber, which was all one blaze of fiery light from a flaming pile in the middle, on which an immense cauldron was boiling furiously. Strange figures were moving about in all directions. Jemmy's bewildered imagination permitted him to see nothing distinctly, but he had no doubt that his most dismal anticipations were fully realized. He shrunk back, and was commencing a speedy retreat; when, leaning too much weight upon a loose rock, it gave way: a great rush followed it, and he involuntarily sprung backwards into the very place which, of all others he would have most carefully avoided.

A wild shout arose, and the whole band crowded together on the opposite side, seeming not less terrified by the abrupt intrusion than he was at his own appalling situation; for his appearance was by no means prepossessing even to dæmons, being completely disfigured and covered with blood from the many

hard knocks and bruises which he had received.

"Be she man or teevil, man or teevil, speak!" said a fierce little being, who seemed to be the leader—"Speak, or by her blood I'll try—" and, seizing a dirk, he ran forward, and aimed a furious blow at Jemmy's throat, which he narrowly avoided by stepping aside. The brittle steel was splintered into fiery fragments against the rock, and the savage stood aghast. "She never missed a dead hit before."

"Mac Ion! Mac Ion!" cried Jemmy.

"Mac Ion! who be she that knows her name in this place? Ho lads! 'tis the cursed exciseman, worse than ten thousan' teevils, has found her out at last. Fire and fury!—on her! lads, on her!—we'll teach the rascal thief to hunt the bread of honest mans."

Another hideous yell rang through the cave, and in an instant a dozen arms brandished aloft cudgels, dirks, fiery brands, or whatever lay nearest; and poor Jemmy had well nigh fallen a victim to their savage fury before he could obtain a hearing. After an explanation, some of the smugglers—for such they were—returned with him in search of his companion, whom they found, not dead, as they expected

but groping his way toward the light, the first sight of which had such an effect upon his debilitated frame that his companion believed him to be actually dead.

Many of the smugglers were very kind, dressed their wounds, and gave them refreshments; others stood aloof, eyeing them with coldness and suspicion. When they asked for a guide to conduct them to the upper world, they were told it was a long and difficult passage, that they seemed very tired, and had better stay and rest themselves awhile.

The two miners did not altogether relish this; nor could they avoid suspecting something from the surly looks of Mac Ion, or Whisky Jack, as he was more commonly called; for his sullen and ferocious countenance was not entirely unknown to them. They began to suspect that their situation was but little improved; their own exertions could now avail them nothing; their only hope of remedy was in waiting with patience. They sat down by themselves in fearful suspense, while the smugglers assembled on the opposite side of the chamber, where a long and angry contention arose among them. Our adventurers could learn nothing of the matter of it, as it

was carried on either in whispers, or in a language which they could not understand; but it was plainly indicated by looks and gestures that they were themselves in some way interested.

The consultation being ended, all became bustle and preparation. The smugglers took each a tin keg, which was packed in a leathern case and strapped over the shoulders. Presuming that they were going out, the miners asked permission to accompany them; they were again, however, refused on the civil plea that it was now midnight, and that they had much better rest themselves with Mac Ion till the morning. They were again obliged to assent, and with sorrowing hearts beheld the whole clan depart except Mac Ion, who laid himself down across the entrance, and told them they had best follow his example and go to sleep.

Tommy, being very faint, soon complied, though somewhat reluctantly, with this advice; but Jemmy's suspicions suggested the necessity of having a watchful eye upon their keeper. He therefore chose a place whence he could observe his motions: there he lay down, and, after remaining quiet a considerable time, his

eyes began to grow heavy — in another minute they might have closed for ever — when he saw Mac Ion rise, and, unsheathing a little dirk, come first to himself, and, thinking him to be asleep, pass on to his companion. He was about to give the fatal thrust, when Jemmy seized him by the shoulders and threw him down. A desperate struggle ensued, and before Jemmy could awake his companion, he had received several severe cuts from the dirk. It was with the utmost difficulty that their united efforts at length overpowered the brawny Highlander.

Leaving him bound with a rope, they set out on their escape, followed by the most dreadful curses and imprecations: every step seemed a mile, and at every little stoppage they were afraid of being overtaken by some new disaster, till, at length, a gust of wind blew out their lights. They looked abroad; the sky was overhung with black clouds, except here and there a little speck of deep blue, and a few twinkling stars, which told them that they were again in a land of liberty. Never had the summer sun in all his splendour shed such beams of joy and gladness upon their hearts, as these few twinkling stars did then: never was the

most extensive and flowery landscape more beautiful in their eyes than now was the gloomy outline of their native hills.

They reached home just as the morning grey began to dissipate the gloom of night. The sun that rose on Peggy's bridal morn found her not more happy than that which now restored her wandering husband.

Their mysterious disappearance for two days and two nights had caused no little sensation, and given rise to not a few conjectures among the gossips of the town. Crowds of friends and neighbours flocked in during the day, to hear the strange recital of their adventures. Whisky Jack and his crew suddenly disappeared from the dales, and have not since been heard of.

THE MISERIES OF HAVING NOTHING TO DO.

This is a busy world, and repose was not made for man, except in his old age. Let philosophers, who know less of themselves than they do of the world, complain of the folly of mankind, in never being satisfied with the situation in which Providence has placed them, and thus losing the present in the anticipation of the future. Let them sneer at their baffled hopes, when, arriving at the summit they have been toiling for years to gain, they find it a barren waste, dreary and desolate, unlike the peaceful vale below. Why is it that philosophers study to become wiser than they are, since the acquisition of knowledge no more leads to the happiness of themselves or others, than does the acquisition of wealth and honours? It is that they may become wiser than the rest of mankind, just as a man labours for wealth, that he may become richer and more

powerful. In short, it is that they may be happier than they are — happier than the rest of their fellow-creatures. What a dead sea of a world would this be, if we all knew to a certainty that we were quite as happy as our neighbours! All would then be at ease, and all equally miserable. But let my story exemplify my meaning.

I was born and brought up in the Castle of Indolence. My father was a philosopher in his way, for he hated the world, and despised his fellow-creatures, for no other reason that I could ever learn, but that, having toiled the best part of his life to get rich, and, finding that his wealth added nothing to his happiness, he took it in dudgeon, and quarrelled outright with this "Mundane Terrene." I have heard that his first impulse towards money-making was the hope of gaining a young lady who had long been the object of his affections, but who disliked his poverty more than she liked his person. He married her at last, but they had waited too long. My father was forty-five, and my mother only ten years younger. At these years it requires a good deal of rubbing to smooth the asperities of old habits. The first disappointment of my father was in finding that he had

been labouring fifteen years to get a wife, who actually sometimes contradicted him, as he verily believed, without reason. What is the use of money, said he, if it don't make a man always right? But, though he was not exactly satisfied with his bargain, he loved my mother, and when she died he was still more disappointed than at his marriage. He shut himself up in an old garret, where he continued to exist, and his money to accumulate, till I grew almost an old man myself, when he died, leaving me a fortune I knew not what to do with, any more than a child.

I was about twelve years old at the death of my mother, and more than thirty when my father died, almost at the period of fourscore and ten. From the time he shut himself up in his garret, I became in some degree my own master in all things, except spending money, which, though my father despised, he yet hoarded with the devotion of a miser. He let me do just as I pleased, provided my bills did not amount to more than was absolutely necessary. I went to school, but only when and where I pleased; I floated about with the wind and tide, like a lazy ship at anchor; I learned no profession; I knew nothing of the business

of the world, and I did nothing, except just what I pleased. I hated study—I hated exercise—I hated noise—I hated company—and, above all, I hated trouble. I read, it is true, a piece of a book here, and a piece there, and not unfrequently I had half a dozen works in hand at once, none of which I ever finished. So variable and fastidious was my appetite for books, that I sometimes spent whole mornings at the public library, without being able to select one to my satisfaction.

If I had any decided taste, it was for drawing; but this, like all my other propensities, was under the dominion of a busy idleness, that would not admit of any thing like a constant attention to one object, but led me, by a sort of irresistible influence, from doing nothing in one place to do nothing in another. Sometimes, after sitting for hours in a becalmed state in my room, I would suddenly seize my hat with an effort, and sally forth in a quick step, resolutely determined to do something, I knew not what; but before I got to the next corner my impulse evaporated; I became again perfectly becalmed, and, after stopping for a while to consider where under Heaven I should go, quietly returned to my

room again — again to meditate another sally. It can hardly be conceived, except by a kindred spirit, what a delight it was for me to have any thing to do, that did not involve either labour or trouble, both which I received with a horror unsurpassable. Nay, I could not bear to see any person hard at work; and my bones imbibed the same sympathy with his labours that those of Sancho Panza did with the sore bruises his sage master received in his misadventure with the Yanguesian carriers. It was a relief to me when my pencil wanted cutting—the honing of my razor was a perfect luxury—and helping my landlady to shell peas the delight of my soul. But these could not last for ever: my principal resources were to consider what I should do, to do nothing, and to whistle quick tunes to make myself believe that I was in a great hurry. I formed a close intimacy with a middle-aged person, who had left off business, and had much ado to live without it, for the sole purpose of having an antagonist at backgammon; and we used to spend whole days in playing and disputing whether chance or skill had most to do in winning the game, taking different sides just as luck happened to be in favour of one or the other. This was a

great relief to me while it lasted, but one day my antagonist gammoned me six times in succession.

This was the most serious misfortune that had ever yet befallen me; I fell into a great passion, and made so many bitter reflections on my antagonist for his confounded luck, that he put on his hat, left the room, and never played with me afterwards. He was an irreparable loss to me, being almost the only philosophically idle man of my acquaintance. After this I took to playing by myself, and was for a long time tolerably happy in always taking the winning hand against my old antagonist, who had the cruelty to gammon me six time running. But use wears off the keen edge of pleasure, as it does of a knife, and I grew tired at last, even of being always on the winning side.

Just at this time Providence threw a furious chess-player in my way, which I looked upon as the greatest blessing I ever received. He undertook to teach me, and I accepted his offer with gratitude. The game seemed made on purpose for me, producing, at first, exactly that gentle interest and excitement, so congenial to my soul. It was delightful to have something to do. I sometimes passed hours

in studying a move, whilst my antagonist sat with the patience of a hundred Jobs waiting for my decision, and cogitating his own. In process of time I had a perfect chess-board delineated on my sensorium, and completely lost the tedium of too much leisure, in playing games as I walked the streets or sat smoking a cigar in my easy chair. Nay, I sometimes played games in my sleep, which, if I could only remember them, would shame a Philidor.

While I considered myself a mere scholar, I suffered myself to be beaten with perfect docility; but, in process of time, as I began to fancy myself a proficient, and my whole soul was absorbed in the game, I did not bear a beating with so much philosophy. I began to be testy, and to revive my old doctrine of chances, insisting upon it that chance governed this as well as every other game. My master bore all this good-humouredly, and, even when I grew at length so irritable as not to bear a defeat, he would slily get up, open the door, and retire on the outside, before he cried check-mate, for fear I should throw the chess-board at his head. It is inconceivable what trifles will overcome a man who has no serious business in this world. It happened, one hot

summer day, we got warmly engaged at a game, and had locked ourselves up, that we might remain undisturbed. It lasted eight mortal hours, at the end of which my antagonist treacherously drew me into a stale mate, when I actually had the game in my power. Unfortunately his retreat was cut off by the door being locked; the consequence was, that I discharged the chess-board, men, castles, elephants, and all, at his head, with so unlucky an aim, that it checkmated him flat on the floor. The result of this great move was a duel, which I honestly confess was one of the pleasantest events of my life. I had something to do, and something to fear, and the excitement roused me into something akin to actual enjoyment. We exchanged shots without effect; I apologized, and so the affair ended. I invited him to renew our game, but he shook his head, and good-humouredly observed that, much as he loved chess, he feared broken heads and bullets more. The story took wind: nobody would venture to play chess with me after this, and thus I lost my main chance for killing time.

"Too much care will turn a young man gray," as the old song says, and too little is as bad as too much. For want of something else

to think about, I began to think wholly of myself. I grew to be exceedingly tenacious of my health, my accommodations, my raiment, and my food. I ate much, walked little, slept enormously, and got the dyspepsia. Having nothing extraneous to love, to call forth my affections, or to excite my ardent hopes and fears, I concentered them all upon myself. The object of our exclusive love is ever the focus of all our solicitudes, and never fails to call up fears, whether real or imaginary.

I had now reached the high hill of life, and was beginning to descend. The little changes of feeling, the stiffness of the joints, the impaired activity of the limbs, and the waning vivacity of the whole system, which mark this epoch in the life of man, struck me with dismay. I had nothing else for my mind to prey upon, and it fed upon that with the avidity of a diseased appetite. I consulted a doctor, and that did my business. A dose will convince a man he is sick, if he only imagined it before. No physician, who knows his business, will take a fee without giving a prescription in exchange; for a good workman knows how to make business. However, mine turned out a pretty honest fellow. Finding, after a twelvemonth, that I

complained worse than ever, he advised me to take exercise, eat sparingly, and ride a hard-trotting horse. "A hard-trotting horse!" exclaimed I, in inexpressible horror. "I'd as soon ride a race through the city of Gotham." "Very well, then get married; there is nothing like real evils to banish imaginary ones, and matrimony is a sovereign cure." "The remedy is worse than the disease," replied I, and left him in condign despair.

The horrors of a life of perfect ease now crowded thickly upon me, and I became the most miserable of all miserable men, that have nothing to trouble them. I grew fat, lethargic, and was teased with a perpetual desire to eat. I ate till eating became a burden; and slept till sleep was little better than a nightmare, bringing all the horrors of indigestion in her train. I rolled from side to side, I tried to find a soft place in the bed, I rubbed my feet and hands together to restore the circulation of my blood, and tried to think about something to relieve my mind from vague and undefinable horrors.

But what can a man think about, who has nothing to trouble him but himself? I became at last unwilling, or, more truly, afraid to go to bed, lest I should be hag-ridden, and quarrelled

with my fellow boarders, who, having something to do by day, could not afford to sit up with me all night. The consequence of this loss of rest was, that when I sat still a few minutes during the day, I was sure to fall asleep in my chair. It was one warm summer day, the crisis of my fate, when, having taken a huge walk of half a mile to see a picture of Leslie's, I returned overwhelmed with lassitude, and fell asleep in my chair: when I awoke, I found a piece of paper pinned to my sleeve, on which I read the following lines—

They say Tom is dead, but the truth I deny,
So cease all his friends to be grieved;
How can it be said that a man can quite die,
Who ne'er in his life has quite lived!

I never knew who played me this trick, but I shall ever feel grateful for the lesson, severe as it was. It mortified my pride; it roused my anger; it inflamed my vanity—in short, it created a turmoil, a complete *bouleversement* in my system; the atoms were set in motion, the waters had broken loose, nature was convulsed, and subsided into a newly-constituted world. I started up with a degree of energy unknown for many a year; I paced the room with unnatural activity, and asked myself if it

were possible that I had passed forty years of my life without quite living; that I had been thus far a burden to myself, useless to the world, and an object of laughter to my companions. The struggle was a painful one, and put me into a fine perspiration—but I felt all the better for it. That night I had something to think of besides my aches and infirmities, and the nightmare eschewed my couch. I made up my mind to begin the world anew, and, falling fast asleep, did not awake till the broad beams of morning darted into my windows. I made an unheard-of effort, and, getting up, dressed myself, and was actually down stairs before breakfast was over—whereupon they predicted an earthquake.

From this day I resolved to do something, and be useful. "I'll let them see," quoth I, "I can quite live as well as other people. I will qualify myself to defend my country; there is a speck of war in the horizon, and every citizen ought to be prepared." I enrolled myself in a volunteer corps, the captain of which, having a mistress in a distant part of the town, always marched us home that way after every turn-out, which was every day. The reader may possibly form some remote con-

ception of what I underwent in the service of my country, though he can never realize the extent of my sufferings. Conceive the idea of a man of my habits carrying a musket of fourteen pounds three hours before breakfast, and marching through thick and thin, mud, dirt, and glory, three miles to pass muster before Dulcinea's windows. I felt inclined to mutiny, and certainly broke the articles of war ten times a day, by privately wishing my captain and his mistress as well married as any couple could possibly be. But the recollection of the man that never in his life had quite lived caused me to swear, on the altar of patriotism, that I would carry arms till the speck of war was removed, though I plunged up to the middle in mud before the windows of the beautiful damsel. I continued, therefore, to trudge right gallantly up one street and down another, with my musket, that seemed like the world on the shoulders of Atlas, solacing myself, by privately cursing the captain for leading us every day such a dance.

Fatigue and vexation combined, however, worked a surprising effect upon me; I could sleep comfortably at night, I felt no inclination to sleep in the day; I enjoyed my dinner, and

began to hold the nightmare, the blue devils, and the dyspepsia, in defiance. In process of time the speck of war disappeared from the horizon. Our company laid down its arms, and I was in great danger of backsliding, having declined an invitation to become a corporal of artillery; but, whenever I found myself relapsing into my old habits, I unlocked my secretary, took out the mischievous epigram, and felt myself inspired to mind my own business, ride a hard-trotting horse, get married, or any other deed of daring.

I determined to take the management of my property into my own hands, and attend to my own affairs, which I had hitherto intrusted to the management of a man who had, I believe, been pretty reasonable in not cheating me out of more than was sufficient to provide for himself and his family. I went to him, and desired a statement of my accounts, with a degree of trepidation that gave me the heartburn. The man looked at me with equal dismay. Never were two people more frightened, I at the thought of gaining trouble, and he of losing profit. Finding me, however, peremptory, he in a few days presented me with a statement of his accounts, which exhibited a

balance against me of a couple of thousands. It puzzled me how this could be; but it would have puzzled me ten thousand times more to find it out. I thought of applying to some experienced friend to examine into the affair; but I had no such friend, and to trust to a stranger was to incur the risk of still greater impositions. Accordingly, I paid the money, glad to get off so well, and resolved hereafter to trust only to myself, even though I should be cheated every day.

No one knows the trouble I had from misunderstanding my affairs, or the losses I sustained in consequence of my utter ignorance of the most common transactions of business, and the inevitable suspicions consequent upon it. I did not know what to do with my money, or how to invest it securely, and began seriously to contemplate buying an iron chest, and hoarding in imitation of my father. However, I blundered on, daily diminishing my property by mismanagement, and fretting over my losses; but all this time I was consoled, by the gradual improvement of my health and spirits. My thoughts ceased, by degrees, to prey upon myself, and were drawn off to my affairs. I became busy, brisk, and lively. I

defied the nightmare and all her works. I began to relish ease at proper intervals, and, in spite of all the troubles and vexations of business, I was ten times better off than when I had nothing on the face of the earth to trouble me — but myself. I began to comprehend the possibility of a man, without any thing to vex him, being the most miserable creature upon earth.

Cheered by this unexpected result of a little salutary worldly vexation, I went on with renewed zeal, and took courage to add to a little troubling of the spirit a little shaking of the body. I actually purchased a horse, and trotted valiantly among the dandy equestrians, very little at first to the recreation of mind or body; for nothing could equal the aching of my bones but the mortification of my spirit, in seeing, as I fancied, every body laughing at my riding. I should have observed, that it it was this natural shyness, which formed a part of my character, that always stood in the way of my exertions. It kept me from going into company, from the never-to-be forgotten night, when, being seduced to a tea-party, I got well nigh roasted alive, for want of sufficient intrepidity to change my position by crossing

the room. It prevented my taking refuge in the excitement of dress; for I never put on a new coat that I did not feel as if I had got into a straight waistcoat, and keep clear of all my acquaintance, lest they should think I wanted to exhibit my finery. In short, I was too bashful for a beau, too timid for a gambler, too proud for a politician, and thus I escaped the temptations of the town, more from a peculiarity of disposition than from precept or example.

I think I have somewhere read—or perhaps only dreamed—that the pride of man waxed exceeding great, from the moment that he had subjected the horse to his dominion. It certainly is a triumph to sit on such a noble animal, tamed perfectly to our will, and to govern his gigantic strength and fiery mettle with silken rein, or a whispered aspiration. It strengthens the nerves and emboldens the spirits, at least it did mine. By degrees, as I began to be accustomed to the saddle, the pains in my bones subsided, and, feeling myself easy, I no longer suspected people of laughing at my awkwardness. In the warm season I was out into the country to see the sun rise, and in the winter I galloped in the

very teeth of the north-west wind, till I defied Jack Frost, and snapt my fingers at the freezing point. My health daily improved—my spirits expanded their wings, and fluttered like birds released from their iron cages—and my nerves were actually braced up to the trial of looking a woman full in the face, an enormity I was never capable of before. Between my vexations in managing my business, and my rides on horseback, I was a new man, and had an idea of proposing my horse as a member of the College of Physicians, had I not apprehended that they might think I was joking.

Still there were intervals in which my old infirmity, of sitting becalmed at home, doing nothing, and nursing blue devils, would come over me like a spider's web, and condemn me to my chair, as if by enchantment. These relapses were terrible, and discouraged me beyond measure, for I began to fear that I never should be radically cured. Sitting thus stultified, one summer evening, I was startled by a smart slap on my shoulder, and a hearty exclamation of, "What, Tom, at your old tricks—hey!—giving audience to the blues." This was spoken by a merry, careless fellow, who was always full of what the world calls

troubles, and who, every body said, was to be pitied, because he had a wife and twelve children, and was not worth a groat. But he belied the world and his destiny to boot, was always as busy as a bee by day, and as merry as a lark in the evening. and the more children he had the blither was he. Nature had decreed he should be a happy man, and fortune had co-operated with her in making him poor.

"Come," said he, "what are you sitting here for, biting your lips, and eating up your own soul—for want of something else? Why don't you sally out somewhere, and do something?"

"What can I do?—and where shall I go?—I know nobody abroad—and have no ties at home—no fireside to cheer me of evenings."

"Why, become either a beau bachelor, or get married at once, which is better."

"Married! pshaw!"

"Ay, married—if your wife turns out a scold, that is all you want. You will then have a motive for going abroad. If she is amiable, that is still better—then you will have a motive for staying at home."

"Faith, there is something in that."

"Something!—It is wisdom in a nut-shell.

There's more philosophy in it than in three hundred folios."

"Well, if I thought—"

"Thought! never think of it at all—you have been all your life thinking to no purpose—it is time for you to act now. Haven't I proved that you must be a gainer either way?"

"Well, well—I believe—I think—I'll think of it."

"Think of a fiddlestick. Do you think a man is the better prepared for a cold bath, by standing half an hour shivering on the brink! No—no—fall in love extempore; you have no time to study characters—and if you had, do you think a man is the wiser for studying a riddle he is destined never to find out? Mark what the poet says."

"What poet?"

"Hang me, if I know, or care, but he sings directly to my purpose, and is therefore a sensible fellow. 'List—list—O list,' as the tailor said.

Love is no child of time, unless it be
The offspring of a moment—O, true love
Requires no blowing of the lingering spark
To light it to a wild consuming flame.
To linger on through years of sighing dolours,
To write, to reason, to persuade, to worry,
Some cold heart into something like an ague—

An icy shivering fit—this is not love;
'Tis habit, friendship, such as that we feel
For some old tree because we've known it long—
No, this is but to put the heart at nurse.
Or send it like a lazy schoolboy forth
Unwillingly to learn his A B C,
Under some graybeard, flogging pedagogue.
Time's office is to throw cold water on,
Not feed the flame with oil."

"And you have been married thirteen years?"

"Yes, and have twelve children, yet I can talk of love—ay, and feel it, too. Come, I have a little party at home this evening; come—see—and be conquered."

"Well," said I, starting up, "wait till I make myself a little amiable."

"No—no—I know you of old. If you once have time to consider you'll get becalmed as sure as a gun. Now or never—this is the crisis of your fate."

Riding on horseback had made me bold, and I suffered myself to be carried off to the party by my merry friend; who predicted fifty times by the way that I should be married in less than three weeks.

It was fortunate the distance was small, or my courage would have served me as it did Bob Acres, and "oozed out of the palms of my hands" before we arrived. My friend

hurried me on, talking all the way, without giving me time to think, so that I was in the middle of his little drawing-room, before I could collect sufficient courage to run away.

I made my bow to the lady, sat down as far as I could from all the females in the room, and felt—nobody can describe what a bashful man feels in such a situation. I fancied every laugh levelled directly at me, and, because I felt strange myself, believed that every body considered me a stranger. Luckily, there was no fire in the room, or I should have undergone a second roasting, for I am of opinion, if an earthquake had happened, I could not have found the use of my legs sufficiently to run out of the room, unless it had previously been deserted by the awful assemblage. The recollection of this horrible probation, even at this distance of time, makes me shudder. Had I an enemy in the world, which I hope I have not, all the harm I wish him would be to be cursed with that sensitive bashfulness, the offspring of pride and timidity, which, while it makes one think himself an object of universal attention, conveys an irresistible impression that he is some way or other ridiculous. How often have I envied those impudent fellows,

whom I saw sailing about the ladies, and laughing, chatting, or flirting, with as little apprehension as a moth flutters round a candle! I would have pawned every grain of sense I had in the world for just as much brass as would have emboldened me to pick up a lady's fan, or sweeten her tea.

I had remained in this situation just long enough to get into an agony of perspiration, when my good friend came over to me, with a request to introduce me to a lady, who sat on the opposite side of the room. I made fifty excuses, but all would not do; he had told her of his intention, and it would look rude for me to decline. Despair, for I verily believe it was nothing else, gave me sufficient strength to rise from my chair: my friend led me up to the lady, introduced me, pointed to a chair next to her, and left me to my fate. My hands shook, my forehead became wet with a cold dew, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and a roaring in my ears announced that commotion of the nervous system, which always foretells the approach of nightmare. I attempted to speak, with as little success as I had often had in trying to call for help in my sleep, when under the dominion of that foul fiend. Our eyes, at

length, happened to meet, and there was something in a little mischievous smile, that sparkled in her eye, and played in the corner of her lip, that called to mind a vision I thought I remembered to have seen before. "I believe you don't recollect me, Mr. Roebuck," said a voice that almost made me jump from my chair, though it was as low and as sweet as a distant wood-dove's. I have heard men extolled for marching up to the mouth of a loaded cannon without flinching; but no well authenticated instance of heroism, in my opinion, ever came up to that I exhibited on this memorable occasion, when I answered, in a voice that I think was audible, looking her almost in the face the while —"Indeed I have not that honour, madam."

The effort was decisive. My hands became steady, my forehead resumed its natural warmth, the roaring in my ears gradually subsided, my pulse beat healthfully, and my nerves settled down into something like self-possession. My neighbour followed up my reply, by reminding me that we had been to school together a long while ago—though I recollected that she was much younger than myself—spoke of many little kindnesses that I had done her at that time, and how vain she was of

being the pet, of not only the biggest but the handsomest boy in the school. "You are much altered," said she, "and so am I—but I recollected you as soon as you came into the room. I was determined to renew our acquaintance, and to make the first advances—for I remember you used to be a shy boy." "Yes," said I, "and I am a shy man, to my sorrow; but I can still feel delighted at meeting my little favourite again, in the shape of a fine woman"—and I believe the very d——I got into me, for I seized her hand, and squeezed it so emphatically that she blushed, and smiled mischievously, as I continued begging her pardon for not recollecting her, and apologizing for being such a shy fellow.

The recollection of past times and youthful days, the meeting of old friends, the recalling of early scenes and attachments, come over the heart of man, as the spring comes over the face of nature — waking the early songsters, touching the little birds and blades of grass with her magic wand into sensation, and putting the whole vivifying principle of expansion, growth, warmth, life, love, and beauty, into sprightly and exulting activity. As the ice-bound brook signalizes its release from the

cold, rigid, inflexible chain of winter by its eternal murmurs, so did I my enfranchisement from the tongue-tied demon of silent stupidity, by an overflow of eloquence, such as alarmed my very self. I revelled in the recollections of the past; a dawning intimation of the future danced before my wakened fancy, distant, obscure, and beautiful. I talked like a Cicero of Congress, whose whole year's stock of eloquence has been frozen up by a Lapland winter, and suddenly set going by a spring thaw—lamented my shyness—and again shook her hand most emphatically, to corroborate my assertion that I was the shyest man in the world.

I think I may truly affirm, that I enjoyed more of actual existence in one hour after this recognition than I had for the last fifteen years, and was swimming in the very bosom of Elysium, when, happening to look towards my merry friend, I caught him in the very act of laughing at me most inordinately. O reader, if thou art peradventure a bashful man, or, what is still more rare, a bashful woman, thou canst tell what it is to have the cold water of a mischievous laugh thrown on the warm embers of a newly-awakened sentiment just lighting into a blaze. Like the traveller

of the Swiss valleys, thou wilt find thyself, in one single moment, at one single step, transported from the region of flowers, fruits, and herbage, to the region of eternal ice—from the glowing embraces of laughing spring to the withering grasp of frowning winter.

I was struck dumb, "and word spake never more" that night. My little school-mate, finding she could get nothing more out of me, changed her seat, and left me alone, howling—no, not howling—but lost in the silent wilderness of stupefaction, where I remained, to see, as I thought, my host and the lady making themselves right merry at my expense. I thought I could tell by the motion of their lips that they were talking of me; every word was a dagger, and every look a winged arrow tipt with poison. People may talk of the rack, the knout, the stake, the bed of Procrustes, and the vulture of Prometheus, but all these are nothing compared to the agonies of a sensitive, bashful man, when he thinks himself an object of laughter.

With a mortal effort, such as I never made before, and never shall again, I got up from my chair, made my bow, and rushed out of the room, in a paroxysm of wounded sensibility and

"Laugh at you! with you, you mean; why, you were the merriest couple in the room."

"Except yourselves, after she left me—"

"Well, what if we did laugh—you can't expect to have all the laughing to yourself."

"O no—by no means—not I; you may laugh till doomsday; only I wish you would find somebody else to laugh at."

"Somebody else!—Why, what do you mean, Tom?"

"Why, sir, I mean that you were laughing at me, from the moment she left my side," cried I, stalking about the room in great wrath.

"No such thing, upon my serious honour; we should both scorn such ill manners, and particularly towards you. She was describing the airs and affectation of a party of fashionable upstarts she met in the steamboat, returning from the great northern tour."

"What did you keep looking at me every every now and then for?"

"She was comparing you with what you were at school, and saying how little you are altered, except for the better."

"Now, Harry, upon your honour, remember—"

"Upon my honour then, this is the truth,

the whole truth, and nothing but the truth — except, indeed —"

"Except what?"

"Except that she expressed her pleasure at again meeting you, and her hope that she should see you often. What say you to paying her a morning visit — hey?"

"With all my heart — for she's a fine woman."

I repeated my visits day after day, till I began to feel myself quite easy in the society of my little schoolfellow, who gained vastly in my good graces ever since I heard she thought me so much altered for the better. I remembered, at our first interview, she told me how proud she was in being the favourite of the biggest and the handsomest boy in the school; and if I was handsomer now than then, I concluded, much to my satisfaction, I must be a tolerably good-looking fellow. A woman who can make a shy, awkward man once feel easy in her company, can do any thing with him. But if she can add to this the miracle of making him satisfied with himself, his happiness and devotion will be complete. From feeling perfectly easy in her society, I soon began to be very uneasy. I began to be in love, and a

shy man in love is as great a torment to a woman as he is to himself, if she cares any thing about him. I certainly was something of an original in my amour; for, while I used as much pains to hide as others do to display their love, I took it into my head that the lady ought to behave as if I were an accepted lover, and eschew all the rest of mankind. I was affronted with her three times a week for some imaginary display of indifference; became inordinately jealous; and, I confess honestly, played such capricious pranks, that, had she not been the best tempered creature in the world, she would have forbidden me her presence.

Yet she treated me with a charming indulgence, humoured my follies, and forgave my insolent irritability sooner than I could forgive myself. Three several times I swore to myself that I would confess my love and ask her hand, and as often did the fates interpose to prevent me — once in the shape of a rainy day, which I thought a good excuse for delay; once in the likeness of a hole in my silk stocking, which I observed just as I was on the point of knocking at the door, and which so damped my spirits that I turned about and went home disconsolate; and a third time in

the semblance of one of those worthy persons, who lend their wits to such as have money, and let them into the secret of turning it to the best advantage. He propounded to me a cotton speculation, by which a fortune would be made, as certain as fate, in three months at farthest.

To tell my readers a secret, the management of my property, although of great advantage to my health, had redounded very little to the credit of my sagacity, or the benefit of my purse. Knowing nothing of business myself, I took the advice of as many people as I could, remembering that in a multitude of counsellors there is safety. Somehow or other it happened, however, that, though the advice was always good when it was given, it turned out always bad in the end, owing to those unexpected revolutions with which Providence so often shames human sagacity, as if in scorn of the puny prophets, who pretend to say what will happen to-morrow. By degrees these repeated losses impaired my fortune not a little; but I did not mind it, indeed I was rather rejoiced, as these occasional rubs roused me into a wholesome vexation, that kept me from that stagnant state of mind, which I dreaded above all things. It was not untill I fell in love, and

felt the want of that delightful confidence which a full purse gives to the animal man in time of sore tribulation, that I found reason to regret the diminution of my fortune. But now, when I fancied it stood in the way of my becoming worthy the hand of my lady-love, I often pondered on the means of retrieving my losses, and this hint of a speculation effectually arrested my attention. Without being too particular, suffice it to say that I yielded to the gentleman's infallible prognostics, I laid out nearly the whole of my fortune in a cotton speculation, and my friendly adviser declined taking a share in the profits, being content with his commissions on the purchase.

I had now ample employment between the perplexities of love and the anticipations of money, and settled in my own mind that the realizing of the latter should put an end to the fears and hopes of the former. I continued my visits to the lady, but made no actual demonstrations, except by looks and actions, until the fall of cotton, and the consequent downfall of all my towering hopes. I lost the best part of what remained of my property; and a fit of shyness came over me, that effectually prevented me from making my purposed declara-

tion, even if I had been ever so anxious. But I had lost both the intrepidity and the inclination, and considered I had now so little fortune remaining, that it would not only be imprudent, but presumptuous, to expect a favourable reception to a proposal of this nature. I shut myself up in my room, and was miserable; but, strange to say, not half so miserable as when I had nothing to trouble me. I neither thought of myself, nor my infirmities, real or imaginary; but I thought of my lady-love so intently that I forgot myself, and, what is very remarkable, never had the nightmare during the whole period of my seclusion. Neither did my time hang dead about my neck like a millstone, as it did when I was so perfectly free from all care and employment. In short, I had something to think of, and that is the next best thing to having something to do.

One day my merry old friend came to see me. "What has become of you this age," said he, "and what is the matter that we have not seen you lately? My cousin has inquired about you several times; so I came to see if you were becalmed, according to custom — or sick — or sulky — or — but what the deuce ails you?" looking at my wo-begone countenance.

"I am as poor as a rat."

"So much the better; you have all your life been suffering the penalty of riches, and now you will be good for something. But how?"

"A cotton speculation!" said I, shrugging my shoulders.

"Is all gone?"

"Not quite—I have a few thousands left."

"So much the better; you shall marry my cousin, and we will join stocks together as merchants. You shall furnish the capital, and I'll manage it."

"I marry your cousin! When I was rich I had some hopes—now I have none. I mean to go to America."

"Go to the ——! But I say that you shall marry my cousin—that is to say, if you love her?"

"Perdition catch my soul! But—"

"Pshaw! none of your heroics—do you or do you not?"

"I do, most truly—with all the ardour of youth, and all the steadiness of an old bachelor. And yet I will not marry her, even if she is willing."

"No!—why?"

"She has twice the merit—twice the for-

tune—and a hundred times the beauty I have; the balance would be all on one side."

"Very well, we shall see," answered he, and away he went, leaving me in a flutter of timidity and hope.

This is not intended for a love tale; I shall therefore hurry over this part of my story. It is sufficient to say that my little school-mate behaved nobly. I went to see her. "You would have bestowed your fortune on me when you were rich—I will bestow mine upon you now you are poor. True, it is but little—but I will make it up in prudence and affection." We married, and I entered into trade with my active merry friend. For some years we toiled through the vexatious routine of bargain and sale, buying and selling, and not making much for our pains. In the mean time a little flock of boys and girls sprung up about me, and, like the fresh brooks and fountains, which attract the roots of the old trees that lack refreshing moisture, called off my gnawing anxieties and carking cares towards objects that excited a more wholesome, gentle, nay, delightful solicitude. Toil, exertion, and economy, became pleasures, because I had somebody to strive for; and I found myself every day gaining

courage, confidence, strength, and hilarity, in the busy scuffle I was engaged in. I can safely say that, during the whole of this period of delightful anxieties, I never once imagined myself sick; I had no more heart-beatings and heart-burnings — no tremblings, trepidations, and cold perspirations — nor was I once ridden by my old enemy, the nightmare. When the cares of the day were past, I could sit down and enjoy the refreshment of ease; and it was delightful, after the keen encounters of skill, sagacity, and bargaining, which occupied the day, to open my heart among those I could trust with my whole soul, and rely upon with the faith of a martyr.

By degrees, owing to the good management of my merry partner, and something to my own care and attention, fortune began to smile upon us, and our acquisitions gradually grew to exceed all our wants. Every year now adds to the means of educating my children well, and leaving them a competence when I shall be no more. In short, my tale is at an end, and its moral completed. I am now happy in my wife—happy in my children, who, I am determined, shall never pine, if I can help it, in the enjoyment of perfect ease. I am in excellent

health, almost as gay as my merry partner and friend, and have no fear except that of getting so rich that I shall be tempted to retire from business, before I am old enough to enjoy a life of ease.

A WATER PARTY.

"How *bewtiful* is the sea!" cried William Augustus Edward Wellington Maxwell, as he stood one morning gazing at the translucent ocean from the windows of Mr. and Mrs. Allen's sweet marine villa, wherein, *par hazard*, he had effected a lodgment, I scarcely know how, for some weeks already; and where he had yet a few days longer to abide in a charming domain of varied pleasures and beauties. Now, William Augustus had a natural inclination, indeed an overwhelming desire, to be—a—a—*any thing*, in short, on board ship, and little cared he whether it were a merchantman or man-of-war—a ship was a ship—he wished to be one of a ship's company, but, as he was an only son, his mother, somewhat foolishly, opposed his wishes; nevertheless she could not quite so easily repel his taste for the water, nor prevent the before-mentioned exclamation: "How *bewtiful* is the sea!"

"Ay," replied Mrs. Allen, "so say all *landsmen;* yet are there few of them, I suspect, but, when once upon it, would give their ears to be off again. Are you any thing of a sailor, Mr. Maxwell?"

"I've been upon the *river*, ma'am."

"Yes, sir, but that is not the *sea;* perhaps you'd have no objection to try—"

"O la! O la! my *dear* boy," screamed his mother, for they never paid visits asunder—"say you've no sort of wish to go upon the sea; *I* should go into fits, absolutely into strong hysterics, were you to dream of such a thing!"

"Very well, ma'am," answered the good, quiescent youth; "I've no desire in the world to try the sea; though indeed I should like it excessively; but, my mother—"

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Allen, laughing: "young men must not always mind what their *too* anxious mothers say: I should hope you would not be drowned!"

"God only knows!" exclaimed his mamma, with a look of solemnity and apprehension, at that moment irresistibly ludicrous: "and if not, he's sure to be sick, and in *my* opinion that's almost as bad."

"By no means, my dear madam, by no means;

on the contrary, not unfrequently it happens that such an illness proves an enduring benefit to the constitution."

Now, whether Mrs. Allen cherished a malicious desire to see Mrs. Maxwell in *fits*—whether she wished most tremendously to tease and annoy her—or whether she thought that Mr. Augustus Edward Wellington Maxwell would be nothing the worse for that nostrum of which his mother entertained so great a horror, it is impossible for me to determine. Perhaps she had a mind to amuse herself; perhaps she had the pleasure of my cousin Harry and myself at heart; or perhaps she was interested in delighting Maxwell, who was a tall, handsome, young fellow, with more intelligence in his face than in his brains; he certainly was a sad ninny in some respects. However this may be, a Pic Nic *Water Party* was announced as in contemplation for the Thursday of the following week, and a note was actually dispatched by Mr. Allen to Samuel Sobersides, Bachelor and Esquire, who resided at Pea Green, Prospect Place, in order to apprize him that his house would be the destination of the party, and—though the billet did not exactly say so—that a hot and substantial dinner was ex-

pected to await us. I cannot say how the Allens managed, but they certainly cajoled Mrs. Maxwell with such extraordinary effect, that she at length consented to make one of the party; especially, too, as she perceived that her maternal fears and admonitions had been utterly lost upon her graceless son, whose heart was fixed upon the forbidden fruit. "Stolen waters are sweet," but as she was determined that he should not steal over them without her, nor eat his bread in secret when she had the power to partake of it, she was induced to yield a reluctant consent to join the party.

The important day arrived, and with it a number of friends, bringing with them their *quota* of what are upon all such occasions indispensable—provisions; with it also came a note from Captain O'Reilly, accompanying a small hamper, and intimating that he would meet our party at the sea-side; that, according to promise, he had sent some wine; was exceedingly sorry that it was not the promised *dozen;* that he had done his best endeavours to *coax* the basket to hold *twelve* bottles, but that, as it absolutely refused to carry more than *six*, he was at last obliged to let it have its own way, and

accordingly six he had sent. Mrs. Wilde apologized for bringing a huge mutton-pie, instead of *the* venison-pasty; and Mrs. Eyre, good soul, brought nothing as her contribution to the Pic-nic, but herself, spouse, two daughters, and two sons, because her cook had forgotten to make some particular cakes, for which she had given her particular orders. It was a lovely morning; one of that kind, which an old poet has most felicitously designated

The bridal of the earth and sky;

and, in spite of these little accidents, the tempers of our party were as unruffled as the broad, blue welkin and "the glad waters of the dark blue sea."

To the latter, after an abundant breakfast, we proceeded, with a superabundance of provisions, cloaks, clogs, shoes, water-proof wrappers, and umbrellas. O the delectabilities of preparing for any expedition! but especially for that of "a *tower* upon the water," as our friend William Augustus Edward Wellington Maxwell persisted in terming our little trip, in spite of the private lessons in French, which I know he was taking at home. Several gentlemen joined us on the beach, and we were at length in due form safely stowed in one of the

prettiest of pleasure-boats; which boasted of sails, a cabin, a few *real* sailors to manage it, and a couple of buglemen. Miss Eyre had not forgotten her guitar; Mr. Danvers could sing: we all brought good spirits into the boat with us; and, in short, as Captain O'Reilly said, we were to be "the most harmonious party that ever set *foot* on the world of *waters!*" and as Harry, who is a sad fellow for trying to *pun* and to make jokes, chose to add, "matters were to go on *swimmingly*" with us—and so indisputably they would have done, had not the provoking wind dropped into a dead calm, after we had proceeded about a league. Now, it was five to Pea Green, Prospect Place, where we had agreed to arrive in time to dine, to take a summer's evening stroll over the grounds, to go early to repose, and to return next day, *per* water, to Mr. Allen's. But the sailors, to our unspeakable *consolation*, now informed us that, if the weather continued thus, we might think ourselves fortunate if we saw the habitation of Samuel Sobersides, Esq. by that time next morning. This news spread a deep gloom over the minds and countenances of most of the party, until Harry happened to hint that there were such things as oars

on board; but he told me privately, that he had ordered the sailors, if possible, to frighten Mrs. Maxwell; yet, since it was no *joke* to see the whole company so melancholy, he felt himself bound in honour and good-nature to relieve their apprehensions earlier than it was his intention otherwise to have done.

The clouds now flew from every visage, the buglemen played, and some of the company conversed; whilst others listened in idle happiness to the soft, long-drawn notes of delicious music; some looked up with placid countenances to the clear sunny heavens; some hung over the sides of the boat gazing upon the sparkling waves, and trailing their ungloved hands along the briny waters; whilst I, who seldom speak but upon paper, and look upon things chiefly for the purpose of sketching and describing them faithfully thereupon, secretly made my remarks upon all. Mr. and Mrs. Allen endeavoured of course to diffuse universal gaiety, but poor Mrs. Maxwell was altogether too much alarmed to be merry, especially as, being now in deeper water than we were when we first pushed out from land, the sea was rather rougher; which,

considering that we had agreed to coast it all the way, was a thing which the good lady did by no means expect. Moreover, she frowned, beckoned, nodded, and winked, and even audibly whispered to her "dear boy" across the boat to *pay a great deal of attention to Miss Harriet Eyre*, beside whom he was seated. Undoubtedly the opportunity was too tempting to be lost; but William Augustus, who, if he ever thought of any thing, certainly did not think of marriage and young ladies, sat as if in a stupor, with his eyes fixed on the heavens, totally regardless of his mother's telegraphic communications, to her evident discomfiture. Not so Danvers and Miss Emma Eyre, who held with each other so impassioned an intercourse of glances, that they drew down upon themselves the furious looks of Dr. and Mrs. Eyre, who were highly annoyed at their attachment. Indeed, it was pretty well known to most of the party that these young people had been brought up together, were in the constant habit of meeting at various houses in the neighbourhood, of singing together (and Music! *how* may the feeling heart resist it?) —that Danvers, in point of character, rank, and property, was an unexceptionable match—

that the young couple were devoted to each other—that until lately the lady's parents had not only sanctioned their attachment, but done all in their power to render favourable its result—but—*but*—that Sir Tudor Trincomalee, a wealthy old nabob, who had just become their neighbour, had *asked* Miss Eyre in marriage, and *was to have her!*

Sir Tudor Trincomalee, I had nearly forgotten to say, was one of our party; a man fully old enough to be Miss Eyre's grandfather, but who maintained that climate had added twenty years at least to his actual age; his complexion was as yellow as his own guineas; his manners vulgar, and his heart I should think unfeeling, from the little notice which he thought proper to bestow on his unfortunate betrothed; however, doubtlessly imagining himself as good as married to her already, he might possibly be enacting the part of a fashionable *sposa*.

I thought I discerned a kind of understanding between the gallant Captain O'Reilly and Miss Harriet Eyre, but might have been mistaken.

"William Augustus!" exclaimed Mrs. Maxwell—"Why William! William Edward Wellington—I *say*—"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Isn't Miss Harriet going to be sick? my dear—I'm sure you *are*—so don't deny it; you look so very white! *Do*, William, pay a little attention (can't you?) to the young lady!"

"Yes, mother."

"Let him put on your cloak, Miss Harriet—I assure you he is a good kind of young man, but a little shy—doesn't like ladies—do you, my dear boy?"

"No, ma'am; not much."

"Fy, fy, William!—*there*, Miss Harriet, did you ever hear so ungallant a confession?—*you* must take him in hand, and tutor him into a little politeness, and some degree of respect and regard for your sex. What is it that you *do* like, William?"

"Ships, and the sea, mother; and, when I can't have those, boating upon the river."

"Silence, silence," cried Mr. Allen, in a stentorian voice—"Miss Eyre is going to sing!"

"Indeed, *indeed*, sir, I am not! I *cannot*!"

"O nonsense, nonsense! *I* know that you *can;* that is always the way with ladies; a cold, a cough, a hoarseness—hush all our syrens; or, if not these, an obstinate '*I can't*' does the business as effectually. No, Miss

Eyre, *that* will not do here; sing you *must*, and that very pretty song, too."

"O no, sir, *no*, not *that*—I intreat you will excuse my singing that song: any thing else you please; at least—I think so."

"Well, well," replied Mr. Allen, "I would not wish—"

"Emma!" cried her father, sternly, "what nonsense is this? I *insist* upon having that very song, that is, if Mr. Danvers will condescend to sing it with you, as formerly."

"For shame, Emma!" exclaimed the unhappy girl's mother—"What a fool you make of yourself!—what an exposure before every body!—I thought you possessed more sense; but all *my* children, I do verily believe, *are* fools! I *will* have you sing that—what d'ye call it—boat song; you know that Sir Tudor Trincomalee is in raptures with it."

"'Pon honour, I am;" growled the Baronet—"come, come, my dear, no nonsense; fancy *me* the *inamorato* of the ditty, as of course duty will enable you to do, and I'll warrant—Ha! ha! ha! ha! Now, Danvers—why man!—Lord, give him some brandy; he's going to be—did you ever in your lives behold such a wretch as he's looking now?"

Each of the unhappy young creatures was ghastly pale; however, they endeavoured to rally, and, after many assurances that upon a sea as calm as a river they could not be ill, they sung, I need not say *how*, one of the songs of their happier days—an imitation of a Venetian.

BARCAROLLE.

Low, languid night-winds sigh: stars keep
Pale vigils o'er a world asleep;
'Tis Love's own loveliest hour, and we
Drink deeply, from those skies, this sea,
Beauty unkenn'd on yon far shore,
And feel we've never lived before!

Now, midnight's luscious flowrets bloom,
And round us floats their faint perfume;
Rich music steals athwart the sea,
How languishing! how dream-like! we
That charmed song may hear no more—
But, have we ever lived before?

Enamour'd ones, come forth and try
The gliding bark, the glitt'ring sky,
The od'rous air, the slumb'ring sea,
And music's sigh, *too* heavenly!
Come forth, to languish, to adore,
And *feel* ye've never lived before!

This song, which was adapted to an Italian melody, of exquisite tenderness and beauty, caused, upon its conclusion, a silence in our party, more eloquently expressive of admiration than words; every one seemed affected by

it; it had spoken of assured and blessed affection, and of that intimate union which exists between beautiful nature and the most pure and vivid intellectual sensations; a union, of which some bosoms are deeply conscious, but which utterly defies expression. The singers had *felt* what they sung, and succeeded in infusing an idea at least of their own feelings into the breasts of their auditors; and the almost holy silence that greeted them on the conclusion of their song was only broken by a simultaneous sigh—one of those sighs which seems to proceed from an o'erburdened bosom; which is yet not altogether a sigh of sadness, but which is indisputably the most beautiful compliment that can be elicited by beautiful music. The barcarolle was encored; the nabob, with a ghastly goggle, attempted to enact the *inamorato*, and the unfortunate pair were obliged to exert themselves again to go through that composition, *too* touching to hearts nearly ready to break. Was not this refined cruelty?

The eldest of the young Eyres now stepped forward, to entreat that his sister might not be permitted to sing again. "Sit down, sir," cried his father; "I say she shall!"—"And *I* say," quoth Sir Tudor, in the mere spirit of

opposition, "she *shan't*, and *I'm* commanding officer now." The doctor bowed rather fawningly.

"Come and sit here, my dear," cried Mrs. Maxwell, pushing and shoving to make room with all her might. "William, love, help Miss Eyre over that bench."—"I ought to do that," exclaimed Sir Tudor, stumbling forward; whilst Harry, who at a little distance had beheld all, and saw that poor Danvers and Emma wished good Mrs. Max. at the bottom of the sea, quick as lightning bade the bugle-men play, and adroitly skipped into the place intended for Miss Eyre. "Exchange is no robbery," said he: and, upon the whole, I thought that Mrs. Maxwell was well contented with the exchange. Captain O'Reilly planted himself before her; and I fancy that there was a wager laid, as to which of the trio should chatter loudest, longest, and fastest; certain it is their voices completely overpowered the bugle.

With the exception of our taking refreshments, of the breeze freshening, and of Sir Tudor (who chose to sleep by way of enjoying the sea) losing thereby his umbrella and fur travelling-cap, which were blown over-

board, time passed on much in the manner already narrated, until we happily came in sight of Pea Green, Prospect Place. Surely, of all parties intended to be gay, this was the dullest; indeed, I have noticed that to those not accustomed to the sea, even when, in its calmest humours, they are upon it, it distends their countenances and closes their mouths, as far as talking is concerned: there is something probably in the keenness of the air, its peculiar, brackish, and weedy smell—the circumstance of an active creature being, as it were, chained to one place, often confined to one position, without any hope of escape, the sameness of the prospect, and of the sickening, sleep-compelling motion of the boat, which concur in rendering a party of pleasure upon the sea one of the most unpleasant of all expeditions.

Heartily rejoiced were we to land, and make straight for the mansion of hospitable Mr. Sobersides, although we observed with some surprise that the people of the lodge regarded us with looks of astonishment, and seemed unwilling to open the park-gates to so large a party. The grounds appeared perfectly deserted; at a distance, indeed, some cattle were

cooling themselves, beneath the far-spreading branches of a few noble oaks; the summer smell of grass and shrubs, and the social murmur of bees, saluted our senses pleasantly enough; and the luxurious repose of Nature, in a sultry July afternoon, would probably have affected our imaginations, had we not all been rather eagerly anticipating a shelter from the dust and heat, and a good hot dinner; eating and romance certainly do not accord, and sentimentalists, I strongly advise, not to endeavour to unite them. As we approached the house, five or six colts, perfectly wild, commenced a concert of neighing and whinnying, far from musical, and fled before us, throwing up their heels in fine style, whilst their uncropped manes and tails straggled and streamed in the air, and their heads and long necks waved up and down with greater strength than gracefulness; their alarm infected three asses, a flock of geese, and a great house-dog, hitherto, as it seemed, the undisturbed denizens of the lawn before the house, and an uproar ensued of braying, barking, cackling, and hissing, sufficient to have deafened the stoutest ears, and daunted the hardiest hearts. To our inutterable consternation we now saw that the

knocker of Mr. Sobersides' habitation was tied up, most of the window-shutters were closed, and when Mr. Allen pulled the hall-bell, its sound announced that it was muffled; an antique dame answered its summons.

"Did your master get the note?"

"Good me, sir, yes; long ago — to be sure!"

"Then we *are* expected?" — The good woman looked as if dubious of Mr. Allen's meaning; he added, "and we will walk in —"

"O yes — O yes, sir, if you please — *you* may come in; but I'm sure we haven't got a room befitting the ladies and gentlemen."

"*No?* are you *certain* that your master got the note?"

"*To* be sure he did; why, I giv'd it to him him myself —"

"My note? — are you sure it was *my* note?"

"No, no! *that* was none o' *yourn*, sir; but his own bank-note, as Jack Miller picked up in the hay-field, and master *do* think that Dick Wheeler stole it."

"Here is some mistake, Mrs. Deborah; can I see your master?"

"Certainly, sir, if you *like*. Ladies, *scuse* coming in, 't is washing week, and we're all of a muddle; and poor master *so* ill; I don't

think he'll know you, sir; but we *hope* the fever's not catching."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Allen, and immediately walked in.

"*Fever!*" screamed Mrs. Maxwell—"why, William Augustus! come away from the door directly!—the very air is infectious. Take, oh take me to the boat—not another minute will I stay *here*." So saying, she tugged her son away from the dangerous place in which he stood, and, seizing Harry's arm on the other side, her intreaties and vociferations to be taken to the boat were so urgent that to it we took her. Luckily, it was moored in the small and romantic cove from which we landed; but my cousin was obliged to go in search of the men, who had already after their exertions betaken themselves to the ale-house. After a length of time, Harry succeeded in finding them, and we awaited most anxiously in the pinnace, entertained by Mrs. Maxwell's groans and lamentations, hopes and fears, the arrival of the remainder of our party, and the *finale* of our expedition.

After a lapse of two hours, some of our party made their appearance, with the news—first, that poor Sobersides was alarmingly ill and quite delirious, but that his physician,

Dr. Graves, had pronounced his disorder not infectious, and thought he would recover; and, secondly, that the Misses Eyre and their brothers, with Mr. Danvers and Captain O'Reilly, having expressed a wish to stroll over the grounds, had not returned at the time they had named. Dr. Eyre, Mr. Allen, and Sir Tudor Trincomalee, were gone in search of them, and begged that, until their return, we would endeavour to make ourselves as comfortable as we could. Mrs. Eyre appeared not only enraged, but conscience-smitten, and terrified to death at this incident; and, as good Mrs. Maxwell was so kind as to console her by predicting the worst, my time would have been passed unpleasantly enough, had I not (hungry as I was and harassed and fatigued beyond measure) first helped myself liberally to some of the provisions which remained from our morning's banquet; and then, rolling myself up in one boat-cloak, and pillowing my head on another, slept in the cabin unmolested, for, I believe, three full hours. A horrible noise aroused me; and, when fully awake, I found that we were once more afloat, that day had long faded from the skies, that a tempest was fast coming up, that the gentlemen had returned from their

unsuccessful pursuit, that Dr. Eyre and his *sposa* were raging like maniacs, that Sir Tudor was swearing like a trooper at being outwitted by a couple of nursery babies, that Mrs. Max. was in *strong hysterics*, and held by a couple of sturdy tars, whilst the remaining gentlemen of the party, whose presence of mind and senses had not in this emergency quite forsaken them, were on the alert to console and assist the wretched sufferers.

But now, the heavens spake: growling thunder, which all the long sultry afternoon had menaced us distantly, approached, pealing nearer and nearer, louder and louder; quick and brilliant lightnings, rendered more awfully vivid by contrast with a sky curtained in dense darkness, shot around us; the wind, against which we were now going, became frightfully violent, the rain poured in torrents, and our boat pitched fearfully, amongst billows whose angry swell was not to be despised. Anxiety, terror, and despair, took possession of most of our party, turning their thoughts from the fugitives to themselves: we all huddled together in the cabin, leaving the sailors and buglemen to adjust between them the due proportion of ballast as they could.

Merciful Heaven! never shall I forget the horrors of that night! How it fared with others I know not; but for myself, at every lurch of the boat, a deadly sickness came over me, my flesh quivered like a jelly; every bone in my body seemed bruised and shaken to atoms; my head was giddy, my very brain whirled; times, past, present, and future, with indescribable phantasms of things which never were, and never would be, danced wildly through my mind: it was not thought, it was not hope, nor was it despair, that then came to wilder my fleeting senses; but it was as if all powers, faculties, and feelings of my spirit were commingled in chaotic confusion, and were boiling up in overwhelming contention, like the fierce and raging billows. I apprehended that delirium, or even insanity itself, had seized me, but it was not so; for a sufficiency of consciousness I still retained, to make me sensible of my state, and enough of reason to make me regard that as one of the phenomena of my existence, which vivid memory thus enables me to record. I believed that I must die from mortal faintness and the delirium I have mentioned; and, at length, unable to retain my seat, I rolled to the bottom of my cabin; but,

ere I relapsed into total insensibility, I was just conscious of a terrible increase in the storm, of some one falling over me, and of a horrid shriek as we shipped a heavy sea; whilst the last sounds that rung in mine ears, between the echoing thunderclaps, was the voice of Mrs. Maxwell uttering, in a kind of despairing shout, as if she were resolved at least to out-voice the elements: "I said, I *said* he would be — I always told him so — and he'll die — I *know* he'll die — all for the want of taking, as *I* would have had him—gingerbread, and bacon, and brandy, and sea-water!"

* * * * * * *

The afternoon sun was shining brightly in at the window of my chamber, when I again opened my eyes to conscious existence; but it was some time before I could call to mind the incidents of the preceding day. A servant was watching me, and shortly afterwards Dr. Ward entered the room, and from him I heard that, by his advice, most of the fatigued, storm-beaten, and disordered party were, for that day at least, to keep their beds. The third day, however, after our eventful Water Party, restored us to each other's society and fresh enjoyments, in renovated health and spirits; but

Dr. and Mrs. Eyre and Sir Tudor Trincomalee were not so easily recovered. As soon as possible they quitted, for their own homes, the abode of Mr. and Mrs. Allen, where, shortly afterwards, letters greeted them from the fugitives, stating — that Captain O'Reilly, having by a remarkable *blunder* contrived to have chaises waiting about a mile from the residence of Mr. Sobersides, hurried with his companions to a sea-port about ten miles from Pea Green, Prospect Place, where the truants embarked in a packet bound to Scotland, in which, by a *curious coincidence*, they found most comfortable accommodations already provided for them. The brothers had accompanied their sisters, as additional escorts on their voyage, and, in brief, no sooner had they landed on the Scottish shores, than Mr. Danvers became the husband of Miss Eyre, and the adventurous Captain the spouse of her sister—that the parties had commenced their journey homeward, to have the marriages celebrated immediately after the English fashion, when they intended to throw themselves at the feet of their offended parents, &c.

Ere the arrival of the happy couples at home, I had quitted the neighbourhood, and therefore

know not the termination of this pretty little domestic interlude. But I cannot forbear reflecting with the poet —

> What vast events from trifling causes spring;

since I am of opinion that the elopement and subsequent union of the Misses Eyre with their admirers is solely to be ascribed to the heedless exclamation of Mr. William Augustus Edward Wellington Maxwell —

" How *bewtiful* is the sea!"

THE STRANGER OF SPRINGFIELD.

There is still to be seen in the village of Springfield, in Massachusetts, a house of antique and singular construction, well calculated to excite the curiosity of strangers. Within a few years it has been dismantled of some of its peculiarities: huge aboriginal elms that stood before it have been cut down; but its solid walls of brick, its angular chimneys, and a sort of puritanical disregard shown in its position to the more modern road before it, make it appear like a thing of other times. It was evidently the mansion of one of those English gentlemen, who came with the earliest emigrants to America: strength only was regarded in its construction; the roof was of the high and pointed form, on which the fire of the incendiary Indians would not rest: the windows frowned beneath the projecting tiles, and in front was a portico, consisting of a chamber,

with a sharp roof and a chimney, supported by heavy masonry of the red stone in which that region abounds. This last piece of magnificence has been removed, and in a few years no vestige of the original scenery will be left, but the brook which flows through the meadow at a little distance from the door.

The proprietor of this mansion, just before the time of Philip's war, was a son of the father of the settlement, a man whose prudence had secured the little village by conciliating the neighbouring Indians. The clergyman, who accompanied him, was of the English church, and his own religious faith was more than suspected of unsoundness, according to the standard of the day. Some difficulties, arising from this suspicion, induced him to return to England; but he left this son, who inherited and deserved his father's influence. His authority was so singular, that we are tempted to describe it. He held the dignified office of magistrate: and, though others were associated with him, the executive, military, and judicial authority seems to have resided in his hands. Before him, the evil-doers with cards and dice were used to tremble; he sentenced the disturbers of the long sabbath service to the stocks or

whipping-post on Monday; the names of those whose marriage was intended were published upon his gate-post, and the clerk was once severely punished for attaching to such publication his own vain attempt at humourous rhyme. A case is yet extant, by no means a solitary one, in which a lady, whose name we deem it prudent to suppress, was brought before him, charged with "exorbitancies of the tongue;" "for the which," said he, "I sentence her to be gagged, or else dipped in cold water, as the law provides, shee to choose which she pleases: she chose neither: I ordered her then to be gagged, and soe to stand in the streete half an houre." No wonder that all was peaceful under his administration; none were ever known to complain: and if they had, little would it have availed them.

We will not say there was no exultation in this good man's breast, when he looked upon his mansion, with its lordly gate and military port-holes, towering above the thatched roofs below. He sometimes enjoyed the surprise of the Indian, not the less real because not betrayed to the eye, while, with his bow indolently slung upon his shoulder, he gazed upon the mighty work of art. This happiness was

shared by the worthy architect, who had come from England for the purpose of erecting it, and, doubtless, felt that pleasure in astonishing the natives, which is not confined to any age or nation. Certainly, many a young heart was conscious of its first aspirations for greatness, when "the Major," as he was called, walked to church on the sabbath with his family in his train. When he reached the place of worship, a building of remarkable appearance, having a high sharp roof, surmounted by two towers, one for a sentry, the other for a bell, the aged men bowed respectfully, and he gravely returned their salutation. Then he walked solemnly into his pew, bowing from side to side, and followed by his wife, a lady of great simplicity, whose stateliness was only worn on such occasions. A reverence was then paid to office, or we may say to personal merit, hardly known, at least in external forms, to our generation.

About a year before the time of our story, the village had been agitated, as settlements of the kind are apt to be, by the arrival of a stranger. He was a man apparently in years, of foreign aspect, and had with him a servant and two children; one a fine girl of seventeen,

the other a young and playful boy. He was entirely unpretending in his appearance, though his manner was rather commanding. This would have created a favourable disposition towards him; but the inhabitants of the village had discovered, what he was at no pains to conceal, that he was a believer in the faith of Rome. The episcopal clergyman's place was now filled by the Rev. Peletiah Glover, a man of stern manners and puritanical spirit, who often took occasion to warn his people against the enormities tolerated, if not introduced, by his predecessor, and often held forth, in no gentle terms, upon the fatal corruptions of Rome. They were thus prepared to be prejudiced against the stranger; but he had brought letters to the magistrate, who was, therefore, bound to protect him from insult. A small house was built for him by a waterfall in the little river, nearly a mile below the town, where he resided with his family, seldom making his appearance in the village. Neither he nor the magistrate threw any light upon their doubts as to the stranger's history and character; and the villagers at last quieted themselves with the belief, probably a correct one, that some political reasons had compelled

him to reside in this country, and he had chosen that place of residence where his religion would be least regarded.

The person who seemed most acquainted with this retired family was William Cooper, an orphan, who had resided from his youth in the family of the magistrate. He was son to that Cooper who was wrecked, if we may believe Cotton Mather, while conveying supplies to the Fresh River, as the Connecticut was often called. His son was left in the Major's care, who had discharged the trust with judicious kindness, and was now quite proud of the character he had formed by his instruction and example. The young man had a small fortune, sufficient to dispense with labour, and chose to spend much of his time in hunting and fishing; now, these might be another name for idleness; then, they were among the necessary arts of life. His habits gave him a taste for adventure: and he determined a thousand times, as soon as he was free from restraint, to visit the father-land.

It must not be forgotten that he had a deep hostility to the Indians, who had murdered his father after his shipwreck, as soon as he reached the shore. The worthy magistrate, though he

always treated the Indians with justice and kindness, seldom failed to pray for the "driving out of the heathen" in his morning and evening service. But the savages, if they were acquainted with this fact, were little moved by it; the worst effect of it was, that the settlers generally looked upon them with contempt. But no one in that region thought of danger from them; they came freely into the village on all occasions; sometimes one would enter the church on the sabbath, and would stand through all the service with a steady gaze of attention, that might have put the elders to shame. So little was apprehended, that the sentry had long before left his nightly station in the church tower.

This young man had for some time been intimate in the family of the stranger, which had been reduced in its number and happiness by the loss of the little boy. The father, though he was often absent and thoughtful, was pleased with the society of an ingenuous youth; and the girl, in her solitude, was delighted to find an intelligent companion. It could not escape the father that a strong attachment might be the result of the young man's frequent visits; but to this he seemed to have no objection; he

knew that their faith was different; but this was, in his eyes, a matter of very little importance. The magistrate, perhaps, was of the same opinion; or he might have been too much engaged with official business to notice it; and he was in the habit of expressing so little gratitude to those who interfered with matters not their own, that no one cared to remind him of the danger and his duty.

It must not be supposed that the young persons interested had weighed or even thought of these prudential considerations. They were hardly conscious of their own friendship; they had never dreamed of love; they only knew that their tastes were similar, and thought this enough to account for their love of each other's society. Every thing about them was favourable to romantic feeling; and the father, who had once been an admirer of nature, went with them in their walks, and, as he pointed out the beauty of the scenery, compared it with that of other lands. The situation of their house was lofty, and commanded a wide prospect. Nothing could be more beautiful than the landscape beneath in a summer evening, when the soft sunset light was in the sky and on the stream—the cottage windows, and the

clear outline of the church turrets, glowing with its yellow radiance, and a distant mountain, whose sides were darkly tinged with purple, rising as a boundary to the scene. One evening, as they were gazing upon this prospect, seated on the brow of the hill before their door, they saw, as was not uncommon, the broad red glare of an Indian fire upon the skirts of the forest; this, perhaps, suggested the maiden's exclamation—"How beautiful! and what folly to change it into a wilderness again."

William did not understand her allusion; and, in fact, was unacquainted with the maturity of mind which led her to think much and justly on subjects which generally have little attraction at her age. "I see you do not understand," she said, "and I will explain; but first look at that cloud beyond the western hill. I have seen a cloud like that rising over that ridge in just such an evening as this, and casting a sort of midnight over the valley; the gust swept by me like the waving of the death-angel's wing; and then the thunder ran like a breaking wave along the whole border of the valley—or like the fire along the line of the fleet in the battle of the Solebay, when I accompanied my father."

Her father, who had not seemed to be listening, here turned to her and said, "You grow poetical, Maria; but our friend here is I suspect little the better for your explanation."

"I will give it," she said. "You know that your worthy citizens have been rather disposed to class us with the savages, and this has induced me to cultivate an acquaintance with my red brethren. I have visited their cabins familiarly, and gained their confidence, as you might easily do. But your contempt of them will irritate them to madness, and bring ruin upon you all." "If so," said he, smiling, "we shall find means to put them down." "Ah! there it is: this confidence you have built upon their forbearance. But they are beginning to be alarmed at your pretensions, and they would rise against you at any call. Then there would be a wilderness again, where we see the smoke of the village winding upward, like the incense in some vast cathedral."

The young man was struck with her suggestions, which were quite new to him. They were confirmed by her father, who said that he had observed of late some mysterious agitation among the Indians, which they perhaps were less careful to conceal from him, because they

knew the villagers were unfriendly to him. William could not but feel that there was truth in what they said; the Indians, when they welcomed the first settlers, little expected that rapid increase which threatened to drive them from their lands; and he saw that if any thing should excite their revenge or even their fears, the English would find it impossible to resist their numbers. We should sin against the truth of history, if we did not confess, that his thoughts sometimes wandered that evening to the delightful vision he had left, while his guardian opened the brazen clasps of his ponderous Bible, and read from the book of Nehemiah, before he commended the family, in a fervent prayer, to the care of Him who "never slumbers nor sleeps."

We will not pretend to say what were the feelings which led the young man the next day to the stranger's habitation. He stood and gazed upon the waterfall, then sparkling in the dewy light of the morning, endeavouring to find out the unformed traces of his mind. He then turned away toward the encampment of the Indians, where they were kindling their fire with knots of pine, or candle-wood, as it called, whose deep crimson light was bril-

liant even in the sun. After wandering all the day, he found himself at evening at his usual resort, and met with his usual welcome.

"I was waiting for you to come," said the maiden, "to enjoy this lovely evening here. My father's thoughts are travelling in some distant land; but, as I have had my share of wandering in the world, and shall probably have still more, I am content to rest while I may; more especially as I do not believe that any other country has a clearer sky or finer scenery than this."

It is said that if one of two harps in a hall be struck, the other will return a similar sound. Whether it be so or not we cannot say; but it certainly is so with the hearts of the young. There is a sympathy of soul, as Isaac Walton calls it, by which they unconsciously grow dear to each other; and those who were so earnestly admiring the loveliness of nature that evening did not separate, till they felt and declared to each other that henceforth their hearts and destinies should be one.

The clergyman and magistrate were walking that same evening through a footpath which led from the church to the bank of the river, where, with a more delicate feeling than was

common in those days, the fathers of the hamlet had always buried their dead. The place was then retired and shaded, such as suits the mourner's feeling. The broad stream was transparent and still; from its highest reach, to the woody cape, where it gracefully retreated from the view, every object was perfectly reflected; the mighty elms that looked down in thoughtful majesty upon the abodes of death, the dark masses of foliage that overhung the opposite shore, the gilded clouds floating in the upper sky, were doubled in the deep mirror below. Even Master Glover, though little prone to such emotions, thought fit to notice it, and remarked that this was indeed "a land of rivers and fountains, of valleys and hills, and the blessing of God was upon it from the beginning to the end of the year."

"My thoughts," said the magistrate, "are carried back to the fair land of our fathers, where the blessing of God was made of none effect by the tyranny of man. I know not that I ever saw any thing there resembling the fanciful colour of these leaves."

The mention of tyranny, however, had awakened the feelings of the clergyman, who

went on in fierce denunciation of the backslidings of those whom God had brought, so mercifully, out of the house of bondage. "And truly," said he, "I marvel at your father, who, not content with entertaining a priest of the corrupt church of England, even bade God speed to some who had been ensnared by the Jesuits, and driven out from our stricter towns."

"The magistrate saw that the censure was meant for himself; but such freedom was common in that day. He contented himself with simply asking the clergyman if he knew aught against the strangers.

He answered that it was enough to know that they were of the Church of Rome. "I know not this foreigner; but nearly a year ago he lost a boy. I thought it my duty to visit the family, though they never appeared in the congregation. The father was absent, but the maiden was weeping, with her face hidden in the folds of the bed on which the corpse was laid. I told her my errand of consolation, and she thanked me in a voice whose tones were so mournful and sweet, that my heart was singularly moved: but I said to her, in the strength of the Lord, that I would fain restore

her soul from her profane delusion. She said she hoped to die in the faith of her fathers; but she trusted that in 'every nation he that feared God and worked righteousness should be accepted with him:' and when I would have pointed out the error of her way, she said, "I pray you take it not in unkindness, if I would bear my calamity alone.'" The worthy man proceeded, in a calmer tone, to point out to the magistrate the danger of exposing his charge to such attractions as those of the stranger maiden. "For," said he, "you know that the professors of this faith are children of perdition, and if he were thus yoked together with an unbeliever, he must lose not only his prospects in life but his soul."

The guardian had never been much acquainted with the gossip of the village; in fact, there are cases recorded in his reports still extant, in his own hand-writing, of certain individuals punished, "for being too active in that, the which concerned them not." He never had thought much of the chance of their becoming attached to each other, and of course had never reflected on the consequences. But, on reflection, he was obliged to confess, that such was the abhorrence in which the Catholic religion

was held, that his ward, if he bound himself to a maiden of that religion, must give up all hopes of being respected and useful, and, so far as society was concerned, of being happy. As to his spiritual welfare, he had less apprehension, but he could not be entirely exempt from the prejudices of the time and country. Still he saw enough to fear without including this.

William was now exposed to constant persecution. His guardian conversed with him like a friend, and the clergyman with an authority then universally conceded to his profession. The elders, too, thought themselves called on to interfere and give their warning. He answered them gently, but firmly; but, when he had silenced their remonstrances, he found himself shunned by all; even his guardian looked on him with concern almost amounting to displeasure; for, though not acquainted with the young man's feelings, he thought that he ought not to hesitate between duty and affection. The young, though conscious of doing right, can ill bear to be treated with reserve and coldness; nothing is more distressing to them than the altered eye of friends, and we must acknowledge that Wil-

liam, though his good faith and affection never faltered, became sad and thoughtful, his countenance grew pale and wasted, and he could no longer disguise from his friend that something depressing lay near his heart.

But she learned the history of his suffering from another; one of those persons who are found in every village, who delight to indulge their bad feelings under the names of duty and religion, had told her the sentiments of the friends of her lover. She blushed for one moment with indignation, for, though she must have anticipated it, she had never realised it till then. She felt, too, that if ever she returned to her own friends, she must, in like manner, be disowned by them, for giving her affection to a heretic and puritan. With a decision, which the many changes of her life had made rapid almost as a decree of fate, she determined to give up what was dearest to her heart. Her lover she knew would suffer, but she could not consent to be the means of making him an outcast from society. She felt that the greatest sacrifice was on her side; she would be left in her cheerless solitude, but he would be restored to his friends, and, perhaps, in many future years, would be useful and happy. When they

met again, she told him it must be the last time; and, with a forced resolution on her part, and a despairing feeling on his, they bade each other farewell—he would not say for ever. We are not bound to defend her resolution; every one can judge for himself whether it was right; that it was dictated by generosity none can question. He knew that a year at most would leave him free to act for himself; then he trusted to meet her again. But, when he had left her, her momentary strength was gone: she gave way to a passionate burst of tears.

The autumn had now come. It was one of those stormy days so common in that climate, when the wind howls for hours in advance of the tempest, the forests roar like the sea, and a sublime though comfortless desolation seems to prevail over the face of nature. In the evening, the magistrate was seated with his family in an apartment which, for extent and splendour of decoration, was unequalled in the village. Two large dipped candles, of a green colour, in mighty brass candlesticks, threw their light throughout the room, casting portentous shadows of high-backed chairs upon the floor and walls. The walls were of the

colour of the wood of which they were made, and great ridges revealed those joints of the panels which modern art is less ambitious to display. One corner of the room was taken up by a closet, glazed like a window, to display some massive silver, and sundry wine-glasses, resembling tulips in form, the stalk embellished with a white spiral line. In another corner was an embroidered screen, representing a mourner leaning on an urn beneath a weeping willow; and the family arms, apparently by the same hand, garnished the wall. The mistress of the house was quietly knitting in a great arm-chair; the guardian and his ward were engaged in conversation; a child was studying the shorter catechism; and a great dog was quietly sleeping before the fire, opposite to a tortoiseshell cat, who was meditating in a kind of sleepy wisdom.

Once or twice, as the wind shook the heavy casements, which were made to exclude more formidable enemies than the air, the dog started and listened with attention. A moment after, the clattering of hoofs was heard. The magistrate had hardly risen, when a loud knock was heard at the heavy oaken door, and the strange maiden entered the apartment, with a

light cloak thrown round her. William was immediately at her side to welcome her with delight; but he saw marks of alarm on her countenance, as she begged the magistrate to pardon her intrusion. "But," said she, "the Indians are to attack the town this night; Philip and his tribe are with them."

The magistrate, recovering his courtesy, which was that of the day, led her to a chair with kindness, but with deliberation which showed that he doubted her intelligence.

She said, however, that the alarm was given them by a friendly Indian, who would not have deceived her. The Indians had no enmity to them, and their safety was cared for; her father could not leave his home without exciting suspicion, but she had stole away to give the warning, favoured by the darkness of the night. A few signs, communicated by the Indian, showed that the danger was real and close at hand; and the magistrate, who knew their truth, no longer doubted.

He went immediately to give his orders, and directed William to secure her return to her home, which was out of the path of the savages. He went with her to the gate, and was preparing to return with her; but she told him

that her father had sent his servant to attend her. "I came most unwillingly," she said, "but if I can have any influence with you I shall rejoice to have come. Keep yourself from all needless danger — there is safety in the garrison! for my sake — yes — for my sake." As he raised her to the saddle, she could not prevent her cheek from meeting his; and he felt her tears upon it as she said Farewell; then, after one quick pressure of the hand, she rode hastily away.

In a few minutes the alarm was confirmed by other messengers, and a broad bright signal fire was kindled in the midst of the village. The light was reflected from the windows of the church and the neighbouring houses, while the smoke rolled away in dark red masses, driven furiously by the wind that howled through the sky. Here and there, a figure might be seen coming out of the darkness into the glare, which discovered the gun firmly grasped in his hand, the belt with the shot-pouch buckled round him, and the powder-horn slung beneath his arm, his strong features expressing neither fear nor impatience, but a quiet resolution and conviction that something was soon to be done. Near these were women

with children clinging to their garments, whose fears they endeavoured to hush with trembling hands and faltering voices; young men and boys were seen arming themselves for the occasion, and trying to lose their alarm in the excitement of the scene. In the square many were already assembled, hastily asking the cause of the tumult, or leaning on their long guns and listening to some aged men, who had many years before been disciplined in Indian warfare. The magistrate soon made his appearance on the steps of the church, and called for silence in a commanding voice. He said that he had received sure advices that Philip was in that region, and was prepared to assault the town that night. Few in number as they were, they could do nothing but remove with their families into the garrison, and, when they had joined in prayer, this must be immediately done. Meantime he had stationed centinels at the outposts to prevent surprise. The clergyman then stepped forward, and there was a dead silence: his powerful voice rose high and clear as he prayed that "God would make bare his arm;" and the fire-light showed many a face, animated by that lofty enthusiasm inspired by perfect confidence in Heaven.

The magistrate was much surprised at the conduct of his young friend on this occasion. He had never been tried by exposure, and this was his first alarm. Since he had ceased visiting at the stranger's, too, he had seemed indifferent to every thing; but the moment this summons came, he was at once in active and useful exertion; visiting the outposts, taking care that every thing was safe, while he seemed to be only conversing with the sentinels, or assisting the aged to the garrison, and sometimes giving to the children, who looked up to him with happy confidence, assurances of that security which he did not feel. The moment this duty was done, he threw himself on a horse, and rode to the house of the stranger. No light appeared within: though his errand required haste, he stood for a minute gazing at the dark outline of the building drawn on the black side of the forest: when he came near the door, every thing was silent; it was open, and the tenants were gone. For a moment he was breathless with dismay; but his eye was attracted by the faint glittering of an object hanging near the latch; he took it, and found that it was the golden crucifix worn by the stranger maiden, and he felt confident that she

had anticipated his visit to the house, and left this as an assurance that the house was not plundered, and its inmates were gone to some place of safety. He put it in his bosom, and returned with the same haste to the town.

He found the villagers still waiting for the assault, but uncertain when it would be made. The hours of the night rolled heavily on, and some began to believe that the alarm was unfounded; others suggested in whispers that messengers might be sent to the usual haunts of the Indians, to ascertain if it were not so; but no one dared propose to hazard his own life or another's in such a perilous service. At length, William Cooper approached the magistrate, and said, "Would it not be well, sir, to send scouts to the Indian settlement?"

"The service is too hazardous: no one will undertake it."

"With your permission, sir, I will go upon this service immediately."

The magistrate shuddered at the thought of exposing a life so dear to him: and, thinking that none else would offer, he said "Alone you shall not go."

An old man mounted his horse at the word,

saying, "If the young are ready, it little becomes the old to hoard their lives."

They immediately rode away, followed by the anxious gaze of the multitude, and their dark forms were lost in the gloom. The silence was soon broken; several reports of firearms were heard, followed by the clattering of hoofs; then came an object that chilled every heart almost to stone. A horse darted into the square, with blood flowing from his sides, and supporting a sinking rider; his steps became less and less firm, and, when he reached the fire, he sunk down exhausted, with his burden. His young rider started up, and called to the people to fly; but the words were his last!

One bright flame after another sprang high into the air, marking the path of destruction in which the enemy were advancing, till the skies were filled with a thick, red, and suffocating light. A constant but irregular fire was kept up by the garrison, where the villagers saw, from the loop-holes and windows, their houses burned, and all their property laid waste. It was autumn, and the loss of their winter stores could not be repaired; they were far from any who could relieve them; but, as soon as the Indians were dispersed by some sudden

alarm, the voice of praise was heard in the garrison, as earnest and firm as ever, blessing God that most of their lives were spared in the conflict, so remorseless, fatal, and disheartening, of civilized man with a savage foe.

Two days after, the villagers were assembled to bury their dead. A slow procession came from the brick mansion of the magistrate, which towered among the smoking vestiges of ruin, as if rising above the waters of an inundation. As they came near the place of death, they were joined by the stranger, with a veiled female figure, in the deepest mourning, leaning upon his arm. A convulsive shudder was observed to pass over her frame, as the dust was committed to dust, in profound silence, without a funeral service or a word of prayer. As they were leaving the place, the magistrate approached her with respect and kindness, and placed in her hand the crucifix which he had taken from the bosom of the dead. The hand that touched his own was colder than marble; but he neither saw her face nor heard her speak.

The house of the stranger was soon found deserted: its inmates were not seen again in the village, and the fate of the young Catholic was never known.

THE BLACK WOLF'S PASS.

In the western extremity of the county of—— there is a lonely valley, well known by the name of the Black Wolf's Pass. This valley, stretching for a considerable distance through a very unfrequented part of the country, was, in the early periods of Irish history, the scene of many of those feuds which the records of antiquity dignify with the title of civil wars. Some event of this kind gave to the gloomy ravine the appellation of the Black Wolf's Pass; and although the circumstances in which this name originated have been long since lost in oblivion, yet it is sufficiently proved to have been generally recognised, by the fact that a worthy personage, who could trace back his local lineage for several generations, had recently set up, in the very heart of the valley, a house of entertainment, which was duly announced to the weary pedestrian by the appropriate figure of a mon-

strous black wolf hanging out from the windows upon two iron bars.

It was my fate, after a long and laborious excursion across the chain of mountains that skirt the county, to reach the Black Wolf about the hour of ten on a bleak November night. The snows, which had incessantly fallen throughout the day, almost choked the only path that led to this solitary house; and wherever a dark spot crossed my way, it was a deep abyss of water or bog, that had invaded the unprotected precincts of the footpath. Sometimes precipitated into spectral bushes robed in snow, and sometimes into masses of loose rocks crested with white flakes, I succeeded, after many difficulties, in gaining the door of the Black Wolf. It was shut: the windows were all closed, and I should have despaired of obtaining entrance, but for a faint red light, which occasionally shot across the indented aperture that flanked the sign as it swung and whistled in the wind.

"Who the devil 's there?" asked a voice in a most vehement brogue. I lifted my head, and, as well as the light of a rush candle which the figure held in his hand would permit, I observed a man's bust projected between the bars that supported the pendent wolf; his head was sur-

mounted by a thick woollen nightcap, which, in its turn, enjoyed the protection of a capacious four-gallon can inverted, held in one hand, while the rush, glimmering from the wide mouth of a bottle that had lost its neck, flickered and wavered in the other. The rain, hail, and snow, pattered piteously upon the can, and threatened immediate extinction to the feeble light, while the ponderous metal animal, as it was ever and anon swayed by the wind, violently struck against its master's ruddy face. What with the annoyance which this worthy proprietor felt from my unseasonable application, the tempestuous state of the elements, and the awkward evolutions of the wolf, his colloquy with me and the other objects of his resentment served not a little to dissipate my sensations of fatigue.

"A stranger," replied I, "who wants some refreshment, and a bed."

"And isn't this a pretty night to come looking for a bed to any decent man's house?—Arrah! the devil take you for a brute beast, what are you doing at all? — and do you think ——See here again, there's no houlding you, for a can! — Go along out of that, and tell me who you are, and what brought you here at this time of night — do you think I keep an open

house for the like of you? — Arrah! will you look what you 're doing, for a wind, but blowing out my rush? — Go away from my door, I tell you, till I get up, and see who you are.—Be quiet, I tell you, you big beast!—Och! is n't it a wonderful wet night entirely?"

The worthy Bryan Murphy shortly appeared at the door. Slowly but fully did the portals of the Black Wolf expand, and Bryan, the projector and proprietor, stood in the light of his rush before me. A shirt, loose and imperfect, hung upon an athletic chest, and was scarcely confined at bottom by the waistband of thickset breeches, which, unbuttoned at the knees, fell upon the calves of a pair of legs that disdained the use of "hose or garter." In his left hand he still held the rush, and in his right the can, which he had now applied to the office of protecting the almost imperceptible flame from the rushing of the wind.

"Why, then, you poor starved devil, what tempted you out such a night as this, and where are you come from? And did you think you 'd get a night's lodging in this dissolute, lonely place? Stir up the fire, Peggy, for the poor cratur's fairly lost with the cold."

By this time I was in the kitchen or tap-room,

and a comfortable fire, accompanied by a glass of the illicit, shortly made me forget what I had suffered on my journey.

"What is this place called?" I inquired.

"The Black Wolf's Pass," returned an old woman, who sat smoking a *dudeen*, or short dingy pipe, in a corner. "The very stone where O'Donohoe sat after the battle is still standing opposite the chapel; ay, and the blood is on it yet, and they say it can never be washed out until the——"

"Would n't it be fitter for you," suddenly interrupted Bryan, who at this moment rejoined us, "would n't it be fitter for you to be making your soul than spoiling the gentleman's appetite? Go to bed, and say your beads, granny."

The beldam shook her head, and there seemed to be a mystery about her, which, coupled with the abrupt rebuke of my host, excited a strong curiosity in my mind. With scarcely enough of clothing to conceal the tanned and shrivelled skin that covered her fleshless bones, she yet maintained an imperturbable dignity—a strange air of contempt and indifference. I watched every motion. When she fixed her eye, you shrunk under the palpable influence of its eagle

glare—and the reckless placidity of her attitudes seemed to proceed from that abstracted importance which you would suppose an acquaintance with the events of other worlds calculated to produce. Bryan, however, allowed me little time for reflection upon this singular figure, and, drawing a chair to a great table, hacked and worn into fantastic inequalities of surface, he desired me to be seated.

There was nothing ferocious about Bryan. He was a jolly, apparently good-humoured, and good-hearted fellow; but you felt that he was a man whom you could not trifle with. His face was a legible index to gauger-hunting, illicit distillation, and the persecution of tithe-proctors. But these were not crimes of constitution, but of necessity and circumstances; you had no apprehension when he stood before you that you beheld a murderer or a housebreaker, yet you would instinctively avoid provoking his resentment.

I sat down to supper. The cloth presented an appearance somewhat like an old map of China, with the huge wall on its borders, and clumps of domes and peaked turrets filling up the centre. But I had a relish for my fare, and ate cheerfully, and looked contented.

My meal was dispatched in silence, which

I was not unwilling to attribute to respect and attention on the part of my entertainers; but my curiosity concerning the old woman induced me to turn towards where she sat, when I perceived Bryan making strange signs, with which she seemed perfectly conversant, and the beldam herself replying, through the same medium, with caustic and dissatisfied looks. The subject of their conference, too, seemed to relate to me, and my nerves were not exactly in a state to fit me for promptitude or decision. I hastily asked for a candle, and desired to be shown to my sleeping-room, determined to leave them and my suspicions behind me.

Bryan immediately went to fetch a candle, and the hag, taking advantage of his absence, cautiously approached, and in a suppressed tone exclaimed, "I charge you, by the cross, to quit the house — your life is on a thread — *he* means you no evil, but he cannot avert it. I charge you, by the holy cross, to be gone!"

The earnestness and impressiveness of her manner obtained my acquiescence in a moment.

"I do not understand you," I replied; "but I am willing to believe you mean me a service. Lead me to the road, and you shall be rewarded."

She was preparing to follow my instructions when the last word caught her ear. She turned suddenly, and scowled upon me with a look of ineffable contempt; but, not diverted from her purpose, she held the light and walked towards the passage leading to the outer door.

Our intention, however, was scarcely formed, when the sound of Bryan's feet coming down the stairs reminded me that there might be more hazard in ineffectually attempting to escape, than in abiding the dangers, whatever they might be, which awaited me within. So, changing my resolution as quickly as it was adopted, I returned hastily to the kitchen, and resumed my place.

Again we were seated, and again I was tormented by my own suspicions and the painful grimaces of the harridan, who sat in the chimney corner in the attitude in which I first beheld her. I seized a candle—it was in a fit of abstraction—and I rushed, without a guide, to my bed-chamber, which stood at the head of a narrow and crazy flight of stairs, apart from the kitchen. I will not disguise the apprehension which led me to examine every crevice of the room: I felt the walls cautiously, expecting daggers and dæmons to burst from their con-

cealment. The window—the floor — the furniture—every thing in the apartment—underwent as rigid an examination as a bale of suspected goods under the hands of a revenue-officer: yet I could discover nothing to justify suspicion or satisfy curiosity. A room so antiquated, and yet so maudlin, it had never been my fate to sleep in before. It was thinly wainscoted all round, a circumstance very unusual in such houses in Ireland, and divided into various recesses or niches, which seemed to have been originally appropriated to purposes that had long ceased to exist. The window was in a deep and massive frame-work of solid oak rudely carved, upon which strange initials and sundry unaccountable devices had been scratched and cut by visiters. Over the mantle-piece a solitary plate of glass, intended for a mirror, was fastened by two enormous nails, *sans* gilding, *sans* frame, *sans* every thing: and on the opposite side a few ragged engravings, after the peculiar school of the village artists, were hung in the admirable relief of the cream-coloured wainscot. Some of these engravings represented St. Patrick, the patron saint, performing miracles and dispensing gifts; others the Last Supper, Crucifixion, Resurrection, &c.; but all, save one, were upon

religious subjects, and that one was a caricature, then very popular; of a certain lady of quality, which was appropriately placed in the centre of the group, on account of the freshness and gaiety of its colouring. The chairs were modern and shabby, with the exception of a dignified old arm-chair that stood alone in a corner, as if its weightiness disdained to mingle with the attenuated forms that were falling to pieces around it. The bed was placed with its head in a recess, and was as ill-devised a resting-place as a fatigued gentleman ever courted sleep upon.

Such was my room, and whatever my doubts of security might have been, I certainly anticipated very little comfort. However, I was resolved to go to bed, sleep if I could, and depart early the next morning. I instantly fastened the door, which, to my surprise, I found so amply provided with lock, bolts, and bars, that I laughed at the old woman's solemn charge, and flung myself on the bed in my clothes.

An hour passed away silently and sleeplessly: I was not conscious of any sounds but the moaning of the trees, and the sudden flap of a night-bird against the window. The occasional

low ticking of a clock fell upon my ear, and lulled me into some dim notion of home and security; slowly the curtains became indistinct and vapoury, and the whole room gradually seemed darker and darker, as I sunk into an imperfect sleep, aware of all that I had seen and heard, yet yielding, not so much of necessity as wilfully, to fatigue. I might have been an hour, perhaps two, in this uninterrupted repose, when I fancied that a light flashed across my eyes, and I suddenly started up in bed. I had often read of phantoms and trap-doors, secret springs, lanterns, and white sheets, and I really expected nothing less than a realization of those horrors, when I saw one of the recesses move out of its place, as a sliding panel would in a romance, and the old woman, with a hood and handkerchief on her head, and a candle in her hand, glide as lightly as the most polite of spectres to my bedside. "Angels and ministers of grace!" thought I, and my heart beat tumultuously, "does the old lady make love?" A momentary reflection passed through my mind, and I inquired — "In God's name, my good woman, what 's the matter?"

"Death, desolation, black guilt, is abroad to-night, and wo to you and yours if you do not instantly follow me."

"You seem to take a singular interest in my affairs; but, unless you promise to inform me of the real cause of all this mystery, I must decline your invitation."

"I make no promise: I must not be bound, for men's lives are in my hands, and if a woman's weakness stifles her justice, she will be pitied, not condemned. I will neither promise to tell nor to bribe — to lead nor to drive — to enter the court nor the chapel. If you would be safe, rise and follow me: if you would die, your fate be upon you."

"Give me some information," I replied, "as to your object, and what kind of knowledge you so very mysteriously conceal, and I will thankfully adopt your advice."

"When we are beyond the hearing of these walls," she exclaimed, "I will place my knowledge in your power."

I only waited a reasonable excuse to confide in her, and followed her at the instant down a flight of broken steps at the back of the room. When we reached the bottom, a gust of wind left my guide and myself in total darkness: we were on the high road. Never shall I forget my sensations at that moment. We had scarcely escaped from the house when the sound of a

gun-shot rang through my brain; it was rapidly followed by another and another. By the direction and the sudden illumination of the window, they were evidently fired into the room in which I had slept; I involuntarily grasped the arm of the old woman, and uttered, I believe, something of imperfect gratitude: but she signed to me to be silent, and conducted me cautiously through the valley. As we reached the extremity, I turned to look back upon the Black Wolf. It was a huge mass of shadow, rising amidst mountains of snow; but I could perceive a confused flickering of lights through the narrow windows, and an intermittent noise like the sounds of voices. The old hag fervently blessed herself, making the sign of the cross upon her forehead, and instinctively bending her knees as she offered that mark of acknowledgment.

At the end of an hour, during which we spoke but little, and that without confidence, we reached a village. It is unnecessary to detail the circumstances which induced the old woman to put me in possession of facts that afterwards became public; and it is only necessary to state here, that at her own request I took her to a magistrate of the county, to whom in private she revealed the series of occurrences related in the following

sketch. She was the means of avenging atrocities that power had long concealed; and I became, through the accident of my visit to the Black Wolf, the agent of a just and retributive Providence. From her own lips I had the facts; her connexion with them, and the motives of her conduct, will be found in the following narrative.

Fifty-four years ago — that is, twenty-two years before the rebellion of 1798 — the family of the Stanleys possessed considerable property in the county of ———. The common people, whose impressions are generally produced by strong excitement, entertained towards that family a feeling of dislike approaching to abhorrence. It was said that old Stanley had made his fortune by cruel and rapacious exactions. He had gone through all the gradations of popular odium; he had purchased the tithes from the rector, and harassed the tenantry; he had enforced obsolete fines, and driven out his people on quarter-day. In fact, the country in the immediate vicinity of his district was famished and depopulated, or peopled only by wretched and starving paupers, who derived no protection or employment from the lord of the soil. Amidst the curses and bonfires of hun-

dreds he expired. His race was extinct, save in a son, who inherited, with the lineaments, the vices of his father. Gerald Stanley was at that period twenty years of age. He seemed not to require the experience of guilt, or the auxiliaries of time and stratagem, for the perpetration of those heartless excesses that marked the class to which he belonged. He rushed into the chaos of iniquity at once, and bearded the appeals of justice and religion with the most determined ferocity.

Among the many who had fallen victims to his unbridled depravity was Honor Fletcher. Her father was driven by beggary to the unlawful practices of a poacher. A season of unexampled distress deprived him of the only resource from which he could obtain the means of paying his rent; and he and his child, a girl of eighteen, were hunted off the estate. In his desperation he violated the laws of his country, and took by force what he could not wring from the mercy of his landlord. He was seized in the act of poaching on Stanley's farm, and was dragged before the young judge, his late persecutor.

"Well, sir," exclaimed Stanley, "you have brought yourself under the law at last. You 'll be hanged for your crime."

"Wurrah! wurrah! wurrah!" ejaculated Fletcher.

"The means of escape are within your reach, however: 't is in my power to give up your blood, or save you."

"Och! then, do what you never did before, and send me back with God's blessing in my mouth for you!"

"Where is your daughter?" returned Stanley.

"Honor! — Honor! — Och! then where is she, sure enough? Could I see her starve under my eyes? — Starve! — ay, and die like a dog, without trying with my own life to save her's? — She 'll soon be fatherless!"

"Not if you are wise. Undertake to send her to me in an hour; I shall hear *her* plead your cause; and, believe me, she can do it more effectually than you can."

"You will?"

"I promise you."

Fletcher could scarcely believe what he heard, and, bewildered at the prospect of escape, was too much overjoyed to suspect the agency by which it was to be accomplished.

Honor was at Stanley Grove within the hour. Her hands were raised to the deliverer of her father; her gentle eyes streamed with tears, and

a broken prayer hovered upon her lips; but her appearance had no other effect upon Gerald Stanley than to suggest a deeper plan for the furtherance of his design.

"My sweet girl!" he exclaimed, in a tone of affected compassion, "do not distress me with your thanks: your tears have saved your father, and preserved you: a comfortable situation is just now vacant in my farm; it is your's. Go, go, my sweet child! I cannot hear a reply."

Honor returned to her father, who, accepting with gratitude this unexpected boon, almost flattered himself with the hopes of future prosperity and happiness.

"You were not marked for sorrow, my child," he cried: "the good people* will never burn the sod upon you, cushla, nor throw stones into the well at your head. And now I swear never to break the laws again, since my poor Honor will not want either bread or blessing."

The sequel of Honor's story is commonplace, and of every-day occurrence; but it is not on that account the less affecting. She became an inmate at Stanley Grove, and discovered, when too late, the designs of Gerald Stanley. She had

* The fairies.

no power to retreat, because she was already sacrificed; and she was afraid to reveal her shame and her suffering to her father. Months of anguish and increasing apprehension passed away, yet she endured her bitter portion with more than female patience. A vague hope of redress one day or another always presented itself to her mind; and that clinging attachment which a woman feels to the object of her first affections and sensations would not yet permit her to denounce her seducer. But the misfortune which she had for months laboured to conceal from her father soon reached him through another medium. A domestic at the farm, who had reason to suspect the truth, informed Fletcher of the particulars, exaggerated, perhaps, by a petulant sense of personal injustice.

It was a stormy and starless night when the evil tidings reached the old man. The way to Stanley Grove lay through a rugged passage of rock and heath, and poverty and depression had wrung the elasticity of nerve and limb. He was not well fitted to journey alone on such a night; but he rushed forth without a guide, almost without reason. His long white hair hung wildly over his shoulders; his lip shook in an agony; and, whatever was his intent, he looked more like

madness than revenge. It was late when he reached the mansion; and, after some parley, he obtained admittance. Gerald Stanley had little expectation of such a visiter, and was already retiring to his apartment, when Fletcher entered the room.

"Villain! what is it I hear you have done?"

"Villain!" reiterated Stanley; "what do you mean, fellow?"

"Ay — ay — villain to your heart's core!" groaned the old man, and every muscle of his frame quivered. "Villain and coward, too! Eat it — drink it — sleep on it! Where's my daughter — my child? — What have you done with her?"

"If you do not quit my apartment this instant," replied Stanley, "I shall have you taken into custody: I'll not stand here to be menaced by you."

"I suppose you'll swear that I shot you, and have me hanged for murder. But I am naked: I'm not worth a barrel of brass, or iron, or a pinch of gunpowder, or a grape-shot. If I was, Stanley—I might — for you have broken my heart! — I might — curses, curses upon you!"

"Stand out of my way, madman!" again exclaimed Stanley, "or I shall alarm the house."

"No—I 'll neither burn your house, nor your stacks, nor maim your cattle. Nothing of your's will I touch. But I swear, as sure as there 's a God to judge between us, that, if you do not give me back Honor Fletcher, one of us will die for your crime!"

"What should I know of your daughter?"

"Another moment, Stanley!" cried Fletcher, and he fixed his eyes wildly upon him — "another moment I give you! — If I am to die of disgrace, and shame, and sorrow, I 'll be buried in the cross-roads for your sake."

"'Pon my honour!" stammered out Stanley, who now became seriously agitated, "I shall endeavour to discover where your daughter is; but you mistake — I — I —"

"Look at your white lips, and the damnable lie upon them!—What do you shake for?—Are you afeared of an old man of three-score?" Fletcher had by this time drawn over closely to Stanley, who was endeavouring to get near the door, and, intercepting him, looked full in his face. "If you had a million of false oaths against me, and the sheriff, with the rope in his hand, at your side, I 'll have my revenge!"

He gazed at him for a second, as if collecting and concentrating his energies; then, with a

spring like a tiger, he flung himself upon his throat, and dragged him down.

Stanley roared from excess of pain and fright; and, in a convulsive and terrible voice, called "Murder!" Still Fletcher lay upon him, and, pressing his thumb upon his throat, stifled his heaving efforts at respiration. Stanley had scarcely a minute longer to live: his face became swollen and black; his hands writhed and twisted; and his whole body coiled beneath the gigantic pressure of the herculean Fletcher. At this juncture, his servants, alarmed by the cries of murder, rushed into the room. Fletcher, who was too much engrossed with the object of retribution, and who had by this time nearly strangled his victim, neither stirred nor turned at their entrance; but, applying his face closer to the wretched Stanley, seemed to look into his eyes to try if he could there discover any signs of life.

With difficulty they dragged him from the body; his vacant look still fastened on it, and his hands still stretched out and clenched, as if to crush and mangle it. He was insensible: the act was done, or he was still doing it in his imagination; and when he awoke from the delirium, he found the body removed, the room dark and

closed up, his hands fettered behind his back, and chains, which one man's strength could not have lifted, fastened upon his legs. His dark fate was now before him: he had anticipated death, and was prepared to meet it.

When Stanley recovered, his first step was to secure, under the warrant of a magistrate, the person of Fletcher. He stated, in his informations, that the unhappy man had demanded money, and was in the act of rifling his desk when, upon his interference, the attempt at murder followed, which was verified by the sworn attestations of the servants. The crime of robbery was linked by this device to the imputed design of murder, and all hope of pardon or commutation was excluded.

The day of trial arrived; the court was crowded by the peasantry, who, to a solitary individual, were satisfied of Fletcher's innocence, and sympathised with him in proportion to the hatred they bore to his accuser. The counts in the indictment were read; evidence was adduced to sustain them, and spoken to by counsel; when the judge inquired what Fletcher had to urge in his defence.

Fletcher shrugged his shoulders, and remained silent.

"Have you no witnesses to produce to character?" asked the judge.

"Plenty, plenty, please your reverence!" echoed a hundred voices at once, from every part of the court-house.

The sheriff called "Silence!" and the judge proceeded: —

"Fletcher, yon had better reconsider. To attempt a man's life without provocation, although the law recognises no palliations in such a case, renders your situation utterly hopeless."

"My lord! my lord!" exclaimed Fletcher, "what 's the use of talking? Sure I know I 'll be hanged, and I tould him so. I 've only one witness in the world on my side, but she does n't know a word about this business. If he says before your honour that he never did harm to my poor child, I 'll forgive him as I 'm going into the presence of my Saviour."

The indignation of the populace seemed to boil up at this last expression, and it was only by the assistance of the military, an auxiliary that has but of late been banished from courts of justice in Ireland, that the tumult was stilled.

A messenger was finally dispatched for Honor, at the instance of a particular juror, and his lordship consented to postpone judgment until the

following morning, in the expectation that new testimony might be elicited from her. But the errand was vain: Honor was not to be found, although all diligence was used by the people in the neighbourhood, who felt a deep anxiety in poor Fletcher's circumstances. This, together with their aversion to Stanley, increased their suspicions of foul play; and it was even believed that she had been "made away with," to suppress her evidence. The next morning came: Fletcher was condemned, and, in three days, executed in front of the gaol.

The effect produced upon the people by this transaction was universal and terrific. Stanley was pursued with execrations. Wherever he appeared, his life was in peril from the fury of the mob. He was publicly accused of the murder of Honor Fletcher; and vengeance for the blood of her father was called down upon him. His servants were warned to leave his employment on penalty of death; his crops remained without reapers and gatherers; his ground was untilled; and desolation and distraction rested on his household. In the course of a little time, the fever of the popular mind increased to an alarming degree. Honor was never heard of. Rivers, ponds, and canals, were dragged, and

the woods vigilantly searched, but without the discovery of any clue to her mysterious fate. The irritation of disappointment was exasperated by the increasing tyranny of Stanley, who became more imperious and coercive as his wants and his loneliness increased. His house had been fired twice, and shots were heard frequently about his lawn; when fear and prudence prompted him at last to adopt decisive measures for his protection. He placed an agent over his estate, and left the country, announcing his intention of remaining on the continent for some years.

A long interval followed, during which the mansion was despoiled of its manorial architecture, and gradually converted to the common purposes of farming: a wing, topped with battlements and flanked by a strong buttress, was, by a violent transition, transformed into a cow-house; a concert-room, that had been built at a great expense, became, by almost imperceptible degrees, the favourite retreat of the dogs and the swine, which crouched in the litter under benches whence once poured the tones of flutes and violins; the base grunt, and the yelp of the sheep-dog, now supplied their place. The library, too, a room that had been erected, but never used, by the family, was converted into a laun-

dry. Socrates and Homer overlooked the washing-tub, and Milton himself was obliged to superintend the mangle. There might have been some convenience in these changes, but they effectually altered the appearance of Stanley Grove. The hall door had lost its hinges, and its free course was obstructed by a heap of gravel that had been a tenant in possession for some time; so that it stood aslant across the hall, as a sort of notification that a proper door had been there formerly. Rank weeds, six feet high, covered the lawn. The walk leading to the house, originally broad enough for a carriage, was now scarcely the breadth of a foot. The summer-houses were early defaced; and, worse than all, the obelisk on the roof of the house had rotted away and fallen in.

With the dilapidation of the ancient residence, the name of Stanley was slowly sinking into oblivion: his race was almost forgotten, and twenty-five years had elapsed since Fletcher's catastrophe. New scenes, a rebellion, new sensations and sympathies, had obliterated at least the associations of past times; and many of those who had reason to hate Gerald Stanley had been swept away in the disasters of insurrection, or forced, in self-preservation, to emigrate from the

country. A social re-union had taken place among the residents of the immediate neighbourhood, and the peasantry became once more tranquil, if not prosperous.

At this crisis Stanley returned. His character was little changed; he still retained that spirit of intolerance, which, if he had possessed power, would have made him a despot, and without it, a bigot; but it was refined by ductility, and externally softened by that artful adaptiveness to habits and opinions which he had acquired during a long residence abroad. He was no longer boisterous and implacable: hypocrisy tempered crime, and threw a transitory veil over enormous iniquities. He returned with the character of reformation, and sought confidence under that disguise.

The old mansion was speedily restored to its former appearance. The peasantry obtained temporary employment while the work of regeneration was going forward; and those who recollected the story of Honor Fletcher began to acquit Stanley of any evil share in it. But the gentry, impatient of imputed disgrace and sensitively alive to character, declined to associate with him. He was not only treated with indifference, but pointedly shunned at an assize ball

which he attended for the purpose of cultivating acquaintance; and he found, at the age of fifty, that he had not yet learned how to conciliate human affections. His property in the county had, nevertheless, sufficient weight to obtain him a commission of the peace; and, invested with magisterial powers, he coolly meditated the means of revenge, through every species of annoyance and aggression. He would neither receive informations from, nor protect the property of, the persons who were obnoxious to him; and he carried his animosities with so high and public a hand, that his conduct was discussed without reserve.

About a year after his return, the mail coach was stopped on the high road, and several shots discharged; fortunately, however, the passengers escaped; and, after an investigation, which was tardily and ineffectually prosecuted by Stanley, the affair was talked of no more.

It was in the middle of a severe winter that this circumstance occurred; and a few nights afterwards, the figure of a man muffled up was seen crossing an unfrequented part of the estate; few would have ventured out on so dismal a night, but the stranger fearlessly braved its horrors, and rapidly pursued his track through

a furze field. He gained with some difficulty the summit of the hill that crowned it, and, folding himself cautiously in his large cloak, precipitately descended into an abrupt defile. When he had traversed some extent of this dark and dangerous ravine, he stopped at the door of a lone and miserable hovel that stood on a scanty plot of stunted verdure. Having carefully reconnoitred the place, he gave a low knock at the door, which was almost instantly opened.

A woman stood behind the door, and a man advanced to meet the visiter. They were the only inmates of the squalid hut. After mutual recognition, the stranger, still muffled, sat on a low stool near the window, and the man stood opposite to him. A faint light burned in a lamp on a small table, and threw over the interior of the hut a melancholy gloom, which was increased by the vapour of its damp floor. A short pause ensued, which was finally broken by the visiter.

"M'Gowan, you had nearly betrayed all by your absence."

"I thought there was an informer amongst us, and I hid in the mountains till the sessions was over."

"Did you doubt me?" said the stranger.

"No; but I was tould you could n't save me if the business was discovered."

"Well," replied the stranger, "we are all safe now; and you have satisfied yourself that he was not in the coach that night."

"You might as well tell me," rejoined M'Gowan, "that the bog is a potato-garden, as that ould Norton was amongst them. I was the first at the coach door—I fired the first shot."

"Wretch!" muttered the old woman.

"What's that you say?" exclaimed M'Gowan, rushing to a blunderbuss that lay near him.

"Fool!" said the stranger, interposing, "what would you do? Your good Judith is a pious soul, and is only alarmed for your safety."

"Balderdash!" said Judith, between her teeth, and paced the apartment with her arms folded.

"There's always a woman to cross us," cried M'Gowan, in a grumble of half-suppressed vexation.

"No more of that," said the visiter, "unless you would destroy us all. We must keep our own secrets, and not quarrel among ourselves." He then drew M'Gowan to the window, and inquired, in a whisper, if his fire-arms were loaded. M'Gowan replied in the affirmative.

"Then you must immediately come with me. Norton and his son are expected home to-night. They ride without attendance. They must both die—and I will not confide my plans to a third person. See, I am prepared"—and, opening his cloak, he displayed a brace of pistols.

M'Gowan, who seemed to enter into the plan at once, made a sign of acquiescence, and proceeded to examine the state of his own pistols. After a short preparation spent in trying the locks and triggers, and providing a further supply of ball, he desired Judith to put out the light as soon as they were gone, adding that he would shortly return. The stranger, on leaving the hovel, threw the woman a piece of gold; it fell at her feet, and she shrank back from it as they left the room.

They proceeded at a rapid pace, interrupted by an occasional and unconnected exclamation, until they reached the boundary of the valley. At the head of it the stranger paused.

"To the right, M'Gowan; did you hear the sound of horses' feet?"

"No," rejoined his comrade; "nor is it likely you will. Do you think he'd ride home in such a night?"

"I know he must, for I despatched a letter

after him, forged in the name of his wife, saying that she was taken suddenly ill, and requiring him to return immediately; and, by my reckoning, he should be near at hand."

They moved on to a bank that was fenced by a hedge, beyond which the high road lay some feet below them. After a sullen examination of the spot, M'Gowan, flinging himself on the earth, petulantly inquired: "May I then make bold to ask, now that Norton is so near his fate, what he has done to deserve it? To be sure, it's no great affair of mine, because he swore away my brother's life in the rebellion; and I have sought him day and night, by pistol and by fire, but in vain. There's a charm over his life; but what is his crime against you?"

"It is engraven on my heart in characters of flame," rejoined the other; "it has been there a quarter of a century. Time has not yet quenched that raging fire—it consumes me—and nothing but his blood can extinguish it. Listen to me patiently, and you shall learn it all. Was that a tread near us?"

M'Gowan started to his feet, and cocked his pistol. The stranger leaned eagerly across the hedge; but the shrill whistling of the wind was the only sound that reached them. When they

resumed their places, the stranger, still standing in front of M'Gowan, muffled up in his watch-cloak, proceeded.

"You recollect Fletcher's trial?"

"Augh!" muttered his companion, with a groan of disgust; "I see the old man before me, as his corpse blackened in the air. Many and many a night I went to look at it, until his bones dropped off, one by one, and were ground into dust."

"On that occasion," continued the other, apparently heedless of the commentary, "Norton was concerned in the trial. May my blood turn to jelly when I forsake my revenge! He sat upon me and my name, he was the judge between me and my character; can I forget that?"

"Never mind that, but tell me what he did?" exclaimed M'Gowan impatiently.

"He was a juror," resumed the stranger; "and when the verdict was agreed upon by his fellows, he insisted that Honor Fletcher should be sent for, and the odium that followed fell upon me."

"Stanley! Stanley!" cried M'Gowan in an ungovernable burst of indignation, "you are worse than a fiend. Can you name that name

and not tremble? Can you lift your eyes to the red lightnings, and not fear that they will lodge in your heart, for all you did and are doing? And have you not had enough yet?"

"Never, till Norton pays the penalty of what I have suffered: on him and his race shall the blight come heavily. They shall mourn it abroad and at home, and to the last of their days the fear shall be over them."

A distant sound of a voice, resembling a shout, caught Stanley's ear; and drawing a pistol from his girdle, and motioning M'Gowan to do the same, he lay upon the bank, under shelter of the hedge that divided them from the road. The sound approached, and then again faded into distance. The night was cold and dark, and the rain fell thickly.

"It was a voice," whispered M'Gowan.

"Hush!" cried Stanley.

Again the shout was heard, and presently another, and the two voices seemed almost immediately to mingle and sink into a lower tone. In another moment, the distant tread of horses' feet was heard, and the patter of their hoofs was rendered more distinct by the sheets of water that covered the road. It was impossible to distinguish a human figure at ten yards' distance,

except when it crossed some white object, or rose upon the horizon above the height of the hedge. But the sound became more and more clear and rapid as it approached, until at last its quickness and vibration gave confident assurance to Stanley and his companion that Norton and his son were within pistol-shot. The horses were now palpably below them, and the heads of the riders in a straight line with the spot where they lay—they could not be mistaken.

"Now," cried Stanley, in an assumed voice, "fire!"

M'Gowan discharged his pistol: the near figure sprung a yard out of his saddle, and, with a cry of horror, fell from his horse. It was Norton. In an instant he was dead. Stanley, who was now standing behind M'Gowan, eagerly watched the result, and, when he perceived Norton drop, drew a second pistol, and fired its contents deliberately into M'Gowan's back. The murderer and the murdered expired almost at the same moment of time, and Stanley rushed across the field and escaped.

The death of Norton, accompanied by the mysterious circumstance of M'Gowan's murder, excited an unusual alarm in the country. The unfortunate deceased was an extensive and repu-

table farmer; and having observed a strict neutrality on all questions of conflicting politics during a long intercourse with the neighbourhood, he had obtained the respect and confidence of all parties. A person who had so justly earned attachment could not be suffered to pass away without some public token of regret, and some general exertion towards the discovery of his assassin. A meeting of the magistrates and gentlemen of the county was accordingly convened to assist in procuring evidence at the inquest. It was supposed that M'Gowan had perpetrated the deed, as his enmity to Norton, on account of a by-gone grudge, was universally known. M'Gowan's associates were men who followed pursuits of the same dark character; their haunts were in the mountains; a district within which, at that period, a king's writ had never been executed. Had they, however, been concerned in the murder, the temptation of pardon that was held out might have induced an accomplice to give information to the authorities; but they had themselves committed too many aggressions on the law to risk its penalties by openly appearing at a moment so fraught with danger.

M'Gowan's cottage was searched. His wife,

the woman Judith, had fled, for the wretched hut was wholly uninhabited. The inquest proceeded, therefore, without proof, presumptive or direct, to lay before the country. Stanley was among the magistrates on the occasion, and, by an overwrought zeal, endeavoured to blind all suspicion of the share which he had taken in the outrage. Few witnesses were brought forward, and, although they were subjected to the severest scrutiny, their testimony produced no further disclosures. At one period during the investigation, a hope arose that a train of circumstantial facts would be elicited, but Stanley's ingenuity baffled the examination of the witness, and drew off attention from the point. The witness was a wheelwright, who lived in a field adjoining to that where M'Gowan's body lay. He deposed to the circumstance of having found, on the morning after the murder, a piece of torn paper on his ground, near a track of fresh-ploughed earth, that bore the marks of having been trodden by some person during the night; and, also, that close to the spot where M'Gowan lay, a breach had been made in his fence, as if some person had burst through it. A juror asked if he had the paper; the witness replied in the affirmative; he was desired to produce it.

Stanley watched his hand, and, eagerly snatching it, exclaimed—

"Before this paper is read as evidence, I have an important question to ask this witness. Can you swear that you were the first person who went out upon your grounds that morning?"

The witness hesitated.

"That is important," cried a magistrate: "endeavour to recollect whether any member of your family might not have had occasion to cross the ground at an early hour."

In the meantime Stanley took an opportunity, while the jury were waiting the reply of the witness, to turn aside to a window. He hastily examined the paper, his lips became livid, and his face ghastly pale. It was part of the back of a letter addressed to himself, which he had incautiously intended to use as wadding for the pistols. He hastily took away the direction, and commanded sufficient presence of mind to conceal it without observation. Secure of safety, he boldly resumed his seat, and again put the same question.

The tone in which he urged it confused the witness, who at length said that he believed his son had been out before him that morning. Stanley then, in secret exultation, handed the

blank paper to the jury, who, unable to glean any thing from it, concluded the examination, and proceeded to consider of their verdict. After much consultation, they agreed in finding to the effect, "That the deceased was shot wilfully by some person or persons unknown, but that circumstances induced a belief that the deceased, M'Gowan, was privy to the murder."

This narrow escape, instead of redeeming Stanley from the thraldom of his evil passions, gave him increased confidence in crime. A lucky accident had always hitherto preserved him from the terrible retribution of the laws: at one period the disappearance of Honor Fletcher; at another, the absence of proof, and the suppression of the paper produced at the inquest: and he was still mad enough to pursue his revenge, by attempting the life of young Norton. By affording legal protection to men who had violated the peace, and by extravagant bribery, he found means to win over to his interests and his purposes a few disaffected individuals, who held small leases upon his estates. These were persons of desperate fortunes, whose immediate relatives were sacrificed during the troubles, and who became reckless of character in proportion as they were suspected and distrusted. They had

no social ties, no link of kindred, no home, no hopes. Amidst such companions Stanley passed his time. To them he committed his secret counsels: and they proved fit and proper ministers. They were embarked in one common object, and mutually identified in its dangers.

During a few years that followed, young Norton was several times placed in peril; until at last it became necessary to obtain a resident police at his house, to protect his property and person. Yet even with this precaution the precincts of his farm were frequently invaded at night by marauders, who eluded the vigilance which it was his habit to observe. His barn was burned, his cattle houghed, his dogs poisoned; and all the persecution, in detail, which midnight assailants could devise, was put into practice against him.

A particular occurrence had called young Norton to a distant part of the country, and his return was expected the very night that I reached the Black Wolf. Providentially the severity of the weather detained him, and delayed his return for several days. Stanley's emissaries were scattered through the valley and on the hills; every pass was guarded and watched, and it would have been impossible for

Norton that night to have reached his home alive.

Aware of these circumstances, the old woman at the Black Wolf warned me of the hazard I encountered in remaining that night at the inn, lest I might be mistaken, as events proved that I was, for young Norton. Stanley's gang surrounded the house after I retired to rest, and fired into the room at the moment of my escape.

Having obtained this recital from the old lady, I eagerly inquired whether Bryan Murphy was a participator in these dreadful scenes. She answered in the negative; accounting for the suspicious signs that passed between them, by saying, that she followed the life of a "fortune-teller;" that the good Bryan had given her a home and a welcome; and that whenever she related a tradition or a legendary tale he always checked her, lest his customers might suppose that the place was haunted. "But," she exclaimed, her eyes lighting up wildly, "justice must at last be satisfied! The monster cannot for ever baffle the agents of vengeance. God! I see the blood sprinkled before me that he has shed! — I hear the dying shriek! — I see the dead body of M'Gowan!" Then suddenly lowering her voice, she continued: "I have

often tried, and always failed in my strength, to bring Stanley to justice: I have the proofs that can hang him where Fletcher hung — and may his corse wither there! If my strength holds out, I'll do it. Take me to a magistrate! I have saved your life, and you shall preserve me from breaking the sleep of my grave!"

With a feeling of awe for the act, and the impulse by which it was about to be accomplished, I conducted her to the house of a magistrate, whose name I had but recently learned. When we reached the gate, she leaned against it, motioning me not yet to ring the bell. She trembled violently, and betrayed the most evident internal struggles. The colour on her cheek changed every second, and it was by a powerful effort of mind that she summoned sufficient calmness to perform the task which she had imposed on herself. As we entered the house, she requested to be left alone with the magistrate, because she wished the informations to be as private as the law would permit. I acquiesced, and patiently awaited the result at the lodge in the court-yard of the house.

An hour elapsed, but the old woman came not. "Her statement, however," thought I, "is a history of fifty years' iniquities, and will

take some time to arrange, even in chronological order; so I contrived to renew my stock of patience, and waited for half an hour longer—still she came not! Another half hour passed, and at last the door opened. She came out, supported by servants. She was unable even to walk without assistance: her confession had overpowered her, and her spirits sank exhausted. By the directions of the magistrate she was conveyed to a safe asylum, to abide the day of trial, which the nature of her disclosures had rendered inevitable.

That night the magistrate, attended by a strong escort, rode to Stanley Grove, and, inquiring for its master, was shown into his study.

"I arrest you, Mr. Stanley, in the king's name," said he.

The shock communicated by these words was powerful and apparent. Stanley could scarcely question him respecting his authority, and, in a tremulous voice, desired to see his informations. They were instantly shown him; and, on perusing them, he convulsively clasped his hands, and, as if struck electrically, fell upon the floor. He was finally removed to goal, and, on the first day of assize, placed upon his trial.

The curiosity of the people to see a magistrate of the county in the felon's dock — and that magistrate Stanley—filled all the avenues to the court-house with crowds of spectators, and it was with difficulty that the judges could obtain ingress. Multitudes thronged from all quarters; the gentry attracted by rumours of Stanley's crimes, and the peasantry, by recollections of the events of twenty-five years' standing, the story of which had now spread vividly amongst them. The criminal was taken in a close carriage from the goal to the court, and the shouts of the infuriated mob, as he passed along, seemed a prophecy of the doom that awaited him; and Stanley, who felt how justly he had earned the bitter cup which he could not now put away, was not the man to exhibit fortitude on so hopeless an occasion. When he was placed in the dock, he in vain endeavoured to convert his subdued appearance into the affectation of calmness: the transitions of colour, the restlessness of his manner, his grasping the side of the dock, and running his fingers wildly through his hair, were indications that could not be mistaken.

During the reading of the indictment, and while the counsel for the crown was stating the case, his eye wandered over the court, as looking

with impatience for some person whose appearance was important. His abstraction was quickly disturbed, however, when the first witness for the prosecution was called. He turned round, and, upon sight of her, threw his arms over the railing of the dock, and endeavoured to look her steadily in the face. It was the old woman: she never turned towards him, but looked at the jury, prepared, evidently affected, to give her testimony.

The counsel for the crown was occupied in turning over some papers connected with another case, and probably might not have observed her for a few moments longer, had not the judge called his attention to the circumstance. The counsel rose, and apologizing for the delay he had occasioned, proceeded to the examination.

"Pray, my good woman," said he, "what is your name?"

A painful pause followed, during which the witness seemed to be collecting firmness: at length she broke silence, and said, "Honor Fletcher."

The populace expressed their amazement by a confused exclamation, and when order was restored the examination was resumed.

It would render the narrative tedious to relate

the details of the trial, which comprised little more than the facts I have already given respecting Stanley. The only part necessary to repeat here is that which accounted for Honor's absence on the occasion of her father's trial, and the circumstances that finally led her to become the prosecutor of Stanley.

It appeared from her testimony, that when her father was arraigned for the alleged robbery and attempt at murder, Stanley had her conveyed to a distant part of the country, under the care of a man in whom he reposed implicit confidence —that man was M'Gowan. In the greatest obscurity they dwelt amongst the mountains until the fate of the unhappy Fletcher was decided; nor would Stanley consent to her return, till by force and violence he made her become the wife of the wretch to whose custody he had consigned her. No sooner, however, was the fatal ceremony performed, than Stanley, renouncing the character of guardian and protector, abandoned her to the savage will of M'Gowan, who, being privately instructed by his master, retired to another district, far removed from inquiry and danger. On Stanley's return from travel, he again associated with M'Gowan; and, conceiving that time had obliterated all recollections, and swept

away the kindred of Honor, he brought them both back to the neighbourhood of Stanley Grove, imposing, however, upon Honor the obligation of assuming the name of Judith, lest even her name might awaken doubts and produce investigation. The sequel is briefly told. On the night of Norton's murder, Honor fled, partly for safety, and partly because she did not wish, even disgusted as she was with his atrocities, to take away the life of Stanley by remaining to give evidence against him. After the lapse of a year she returned, disguised by art as well as age; and, affecting the mysterious knowledge of the wandering palmists, she continued to live in the neighbourhood, watching over the life of young Norton, and detecting and frustrating the machinations of Stanley. At last, the circumstances occurred which introduced me to Honor Fletcher: the moment and the opportunity seemed favourable to confession: she resolved upon atonement, and made it amply.

When her evidence was fully heard, and the charge of murder clearly established against Stanley, he was called on for his defence. He handed a written paper to one of the lawyers, who, by permission of the court, read it aloud. It was unimportant and frivolous; affecting to

rest his innocence upon the station and rank which he held in society: these, he asserted, were sufficient pledges that the charges were false; and Honor's testimony he attributed to the disappointed ambition and insatiable revenge of a deserted woman.

This paper was heard patiently to the end, and the jury were desired to consider their verdict. There could not be a division of opinion when the proofs were so decisive and the answer so vague; and, without retiring from the box, the foreman handed in to the judge a verdict of Guilty. A buzz ran through the spectators, and, communicating to the people without the walls, terminated in a cheer of satisfaction. Never was popular sentiment so unequivocally expressed; it was universal and simultaneous, and might have grown into a wilder demonstration, had not the judge prudently checked it, in order to give to the last office of the violated law the solemnity which it demanded. He pronounced sentence of death on Stanley, whose sense of conception was dim and confused long before it was closed.

He was executed on the same spot where the unhappy Fletcher suffered. I witnessed the last infliction of the laws, and shall never forget the awful impression which it made upon my mind.

The incensed populace assembled in vast crowds, and the hills, as far as the eye could reach, were covered with dense multitudes, whose shouts rang upon the ears of the wretched criminal. His name and his race are now extinct—his possessions have passed into other hands—and the recollections of the appalling guilt that marked his career are the only memorials of him that remain. While the events I have related were yet fresh in my thoughts, I sketched the story; less because it was filled with a painful interest, than because it forms a record of a class almost peculiar to Ireland—a class who, without inheriting any of the virtues of her people, seem to have concentrated their worst characteristics, exaggerated by the accidents of power and the circumstances of domestic calamity; who have ascended to the fountain of national character, and infused into it the poison of individual disgrace, from the opprobrium of which it may require a century of vindication to redeem the country.

END OF VOL. I.

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ROMANCES

OF

MANY LANDS;

WITH

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND MANNERS,

COMIC AND SERIOUS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL II.

LONDON:
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1835.

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ROMANCES

OF

MANY LANDS, &c.

THE PRISONERS IN THE CAUCASUS.

The mountains of the Caucasus have long been inclosed by Russia, without forming part of that empire. Their ferocious inhabitants, divided by language and interests, compose numerous petty tribes, which have but few political relations with one another, but are all animated by the same love of independence and plunder.

One of the most formidable of these tribes is that of the Tchetchenges, inhabiting the Great

and Little Kabarda, two provinces, the lofty valleys of which extend to the very summits of the Caucasus. The men are handsome, brave, and intelligent, but withal cruel, addicted to depredation, and in a state of almost continual warfare with the troops of the *Line*.*

In the midst of these dangerous hordes, and in the very centre of that chain of mountains, Russia has constructed a road communicating with her Asiatic dominions. Redoubts erected at distances protect this route as far as Georgia; but no traveller dare venture alone from one of these redoubts to another. Twice a week a body of infantry, with cannon and a considerable party of Cossacks, escorts travellers and the government dispatches. One of these redoubts, situated at the principal outlet of the mountains, has become a populous village. From its situation it has received the name of Wladi-Caucasus †; and it is the residence of the commander of the troops engaged in the dangerous service just mentioned.

* Such is the appellation given to the chain of posts occupied by the Russian troops between the Caspian and Black Seas, from the mouth of the Terek to that of the Cuban.

† *Wladi* comes from the Russian verb, *wladeti*, to command, to overawe.

Major Kascambo, of the regiment of Wologda, a Russian gentleman of Greek extraction, was ordered to take the command of the post of Lars, in one of the defiles of the Caucasus. Impatient to repair thither, and brave to temerity, he had the imprudence to undertake the journey with an escort of about fifty Cossacks, who were under his orders, and the still greater indiscretion to talk of his plan and to boast of it previously to its execution.

The Tchetchenges dwelling on the frontiers, and commonly called the peaceable Tchetchenges, are subject to Russia, and enjoy in consequence free access to Mosdok; but most of them keep up an intercourse with the mountaineers, and very frequently participate in their depredations. The latter, being informed of Kascambo's journey and the day fixed for his departure, waylaid him in great force. About twenty wersts from Mosdok, at the foot of an eminence, covered with copse-wood, he was assailed by seven hundred horsemen. Retreat was impossible; the Cossacks dismounted and sustained the attack with great firmness, hoping to receive succour from the troops of a redoubt not far distant.

The natives of the Caucasus, though individually brave, are incapable of attacking in a body, and are consequently not very dangerous to troops that steadily oppose them: but their fire-arms are good, and they are excellent marksmen. Their great number, on this occasion, rendered the conflict too unequal. After a long resistance, more than half of the Cossacks were killed or disabled: the rest formed, with the dead horses, a circular rampart, behind which they discharged their last cartridges. The Tchetchenges, who, in all their expeditions, take along with them Russian deserters, to serve upon occasion as interpreters, intimated through this medium to the Cossacks, that unless they delivered up the major, they should be put to death to the last man. Kascambo, foreseeing the inevitable destruction of his whole party, resolved to surrender himself, to save the lives of the survivors. He delivered his sword to his men, and advanced alone towards the Tchetchenges, who instantly ceased firing; their sole object being to take him alive, that they might extort a considerable ransom. Scarcely had he put himself into the hands of his enemies, when the succours sent to his relief appeared at a distance. It was now too

late; the banditti precipitately retreated with their prisoner.

His *denshik** had remained in the rear with the mule which carried the major's baggage. Concealed in a ravine, he was awaiting the issue of the action, when the Cossacks came up and acquainted him with the fate of his master. The brave fellow immediately determined to share his captivity, and, taking his mule with him, he followed the traces of the horses of the Tchetchenges. When it grew so dark that he could no longer distinguish their track, he fell in with one of the enemy's stragglers, who conducted him to their place of rendezvous.

The feelings of the prisoner, when he saw his *denshik* come voluntarily to share his misfortune, may easily be conceived. The Tchetchenges instantly divided the booty which he brought them, leaving the major nothing but a guitar, which was among his baggage, and which they restored to him in derision. Ivan, this was the name of the *denshik* †, took charge of it, and refused to throw it away as his master

* A soldier who acts as servant to an officer.

† His whole name was Ivan Smyrnoff, which signifies John the Gentle, forming a singular contrast with his character, as we shall see in the sequel.

advised him. "Why should we despond?" said he; "*the God of the Russians is great.** It is for the interest of these robbers to treat you well; they will do you no harm."

After a halt of some hours, the horde were about to pursue their route, when they were joined by one of their people, who stated that the Russians continued to advance, and that in all probability the troops from the other redoubt would join in the pursuit. The chiefs held a consultation: the question was, how to conceal their retreat in such a manner as not only to secure their prisoners, but also to divert the enemy from their villages, and thus escape reprisals. Ten men on foot were appointed to escort the prisoners, while a hundred horsemen kept together in a body, and marched in a different direction from that which Kascambo was to follow. They took from the major his boots, lest the iron tips should leave on the ground marks that might betray them; and they obliged him, as well as Ivan, to walk barefoot part of the forenoon of the next day.

On coming to a stream, the little escort pur-

* A common saying of the Russian soldiers in the moment of danger.

sued its course on the turf along the bank for the space of half a werst, and descended to cross at a spot where the banks were steepest, among thorny bushes, taking particular care to leave no traces of their passage. The major was so fatigued, that, before they reached this stream, they were obliged to carry him upon their girdles. His feet were covered with blood, and they resolved to give him back his boots, that he might be able to perform the rest of the journey.

On their arrival at the first village, Kascambo, who suffered still more from chagrin than fatigue, appeared to his guards to be so weak and exhausted, that they entertained fears for his life, and treated him with more humanity. He was allowed some rest and provided with a horse; but, to baffle any future search which the Russians might be disposed to make, as well as to put it out of the power of the prisoner himself to acquaint his friends where he was, they removed him from village to village and from valley to valley, taking the precaution to blindfold him several times. In this manner he crossed a considerable river, which he judged to be the Sonja. During these expeditions he was well treated, being allowed sufficient food

and the requisite rest; but on his arrival at the remote village in which he was to be definitively confined, the Tchetchenges all at once changed their conduct, and subjected him to every kind of ill usage. They fettered his hands and legs, and put about his neck a chain, the end of which was attached to an oak-log. The *denshik* was treated less harshly; his fetters were lighter, and permitted him to render some services to his master.

In this situation, at every fresh hardship he had to endure, a man who spoke the Russian language came to see him, and advised him to write to his friends to obtain his ransom, which had been fixed at ten thousand rubles. The unfortunate prisoner was unable to pay so large a sum, and his only hope was in the assistance of government, which had, a few years before, redeemed a colonel, who had fallen like himself into the hands of banditti. The interpreter promised to furnish him with paper, and to take charge of the letter; but after Kascambo had signified his assent to the proposal, he saw no more of the man for several days; and this time was employed to aggravate the sufferings of the prisoner. He was stinted of sustenance; the mat on which he had slept,

and the cushion of a Cossack saddle that had served him for a pillow, were taken from him; and when at last the negociator returned, he informed the major, as it were in confidence, that if the sum demanded should be refused at the Line, or if the payment of it were delayed, the Tchetchenges had determined to dispatch him, to spare themselves the expense and the uneasiness he had occasioned. The object of their cruelty was to induce him to write in a more urgent manner. At length they brought him paper and a pen made out of a reed, in the Tartar manner; they removed the irons from his hands and neck, that he might write with ease, and when the letter was finished, it was translated to the chiefs, who undertook to send it to the officer commanding the Line. Thenceforward he was treated less harshly, being secured by a single chain, which was fastened to his right hand, and to one of his feet.

His host, or rather his gaoler, was an old man of sixty, of gigantic stature and ferocious look, with which his character exactly corresponded. Two of his sons had fallen in a rencounter with the Russians, which circumstance caused him to be selected from among all the

inhabitants of the village to have the charge of the prisoners.

The family of this man, whose name was Ibrahim, consisted of the widow of one of his sons, aged thirty-five years, and her child, a boy of seven or eight, named Mahmet. The mother was as cruel and still more capricious than the old gaoler. Kascambo had much to suffer from her; but the familiarity and kindness of little Mahmet were in the sequel an alleviation, nay, a real support under his misfortunes. This child conceived such an affection for him, that the threats and severity of his grandfather could not deter him from going to play with the prisoner, whenever he had an opportunity. He called him his *koniak*, which, in the language of the country, signifies a guest and a friend. He gave him clandestinely a share of any fruit that he could procure, and during the compulsory abstinence imposed on the major, young Mahmet, moved with compassion, dexterously availed himself of the momentary absence of his parents to carry him pieces of bread or potatoes roasted in the ashes.

Thus several months elapsed after the letter was dispatched without any occurrence worthy

of record. During this interval, Ivan had found means to ingratiate himself with the old man and his daughter-in-law, or at least to render himself useful, nay almost necessary to them. He was extremely clever at making *kislitchi**, and preparing salted cucumbers, and accustomed the palate of his hosts to all the new delicacies which he introduced to their table.

To strengthen their confidence, he placed himself on the footing of a buffoon with them, inventing every day some new gambol for their amusement. Ibrahim took particular delight in seeing him perform the Cossack dance. Whenever he received a visit from any other inhabitant of the village, Ivan's fetters were removed, and he was desired to dance, which he always did with the greatest cheerfulness, and never failed to add some new antic to excite the laughter of the spectators. By pursuing invariably this line of conduct, he had procured liberty to go about the village, where he was usually followed by a troop of children, drawn together by his pranks; and, as he understood the Tartar language, he soon learned that of the country, which is a kindred dialect.

* A Russian beverage: a sort of beer made with flour.

The major himself was frequently forced to sing Russian songs with his *denshik*, and to play on the guitar, to amuse the ferocious company. At first the chain which fastened his right hand was removed when this complaisance was solicited of him; but the woman observing that he sometimes played for his own recreation notwithstanding his fetters, that indulgence was no longer granted, and the unhappy minstrel more than once repented having ever displayed his musical talents.

The two prisoners formed a thousand plans for regaining their liberty, but the difficulties that must attend their execution appeared insurmountable. From the time of their arrival at the village, the inhabitants by turns sent every night a man to guard the prisoners, in addition to their ordinary keepers. This precaution was in time less strictly observed. It was frequently the case that no sentinel came: the woman and her child slept in an adjoining room, and old Ibrahim was left alone with them; but he took good care to keep in his possession the key to their fetters, and awoke at the slightest noise. From day to day the major was treated with more and more severity. As no answer to his letters arrived, the Tchet-

chenges frequently came to his prison to insult and threaten him with the most cruel treatment. He was kept without food, and one day he had the pain to see poor little Mahmet unmercifully beaten for having given him some fruit.

A very remarkable circumstance in Kascambo's unpleasant situation was the confidence and esteem manifested for him by his persecutors. Though he had to endure incessant hardships and humiliations at the hands of these barbarians, yet they frequently came to ask his advice, and to make him their umpire in their concerns and quarrels. Among other disputes which he was called upon to decide, the following, from its singularity, is worthy of notice.

One of these people put into the hands of another, who was going to a neighbouring valley, a Russian bank-note of five rubles, requesting him to pay it to a third person. The traveller's horse died by the way, and he took it into his head that he had a right to keep the money as an indemnification for the loss which he had sustained. This reason, worthy of the Caucasus, was not relished by the man who entrusted him with the note. On his return,

the affair made a great noise in the village. The two men collected round them their relatives and friends, and the quarrel might have produced bloodshed, had not the elders of the horde, after endeavouring in vain to make up the matter, prevailed on the disputants to submit their cause to the decision of the prisoner; on which the whole population of the village thronged to the house where he was detained, impatient for the result. Kascambo was taken from his prison, and conducted to the platform which served as a roof for the house.

Most of the dwellings in the valleys of the Caucasus are partly sunk in the earth, and project only three or four feet above its surface; the roof is horizontal, and composed of a stratum of stamped clay. The inhabitants, especially the women, are accustomed to rest themselves on these terraces, and frequently pass the night there in the summer season.

The moment Kascambo appeared on the roof, profound silence prevailed. This extraordinary tribunal afforded the singular sight of furious litigants, armed with pistols and daggers, submitting their cause to a judge in fetters, half-starved and emaciated with want,

whose judgment was nevertheless definitive, and whose decisions were always respected.

Aware that the arguments of reason would be thrown away on the accused, the major ordered him to come forward, and to shame him and render him ridiculous, he asked him the following questions: "If the complainant, instead of giving you five rubles to carry to his creditor, had merely desired you to take him a good morning, would not your horse have died all the same?"—"Probably he might," answered the defendant.—"And in this case," rejoined the judge, "what would you have done with the good morning? Would you not have been obliged to keep it in payment, and to be content with that? I enjoin you, therefore, to restore the note, and the complainant to give you a good morning."

When this sentence was translated to the spectators, peals of laughter hailed the wisdom of the new Solomon. The defendant himself, after wrangling some time, was forced to submit, and gave up the bank-note, muttering, "I knew beforehand that I should lose, if this dog of a Christian had any thing to do with the matter."

This extraordinary confidence denotes the

high idea which these people entertain of European superiority, and the innate sense of justice which exists even in the most ferocious minds.

Kascambo had written three letters since his detention, without receiving any answer. A whole year had elapsed. The unfortunate prisoner, destitute of linen and of all the conveniences of life, found his health decline, and abandoned himself to despair. Ivan too had been ill for some time. The rigid Ibrahim, to the great surprise of the major, had released the young man from his fetters during his illness, and left him afterwards at liberty. The major one day questioned him on this subject. "Master," said Ivan, "I have long wished to consult you about a scheme that has come into my head. I think it would be a good thing for me to turn Mahometan."—"You must be crazy, surely."—"No, I am not crazy: but this is the only way in which I can be of service to you. The Turkish priest has told me that when I am circumcised I cannot be kept in irons any longer. I shall then have it in my power to serve you, to procure you at least wholesome food and linen; nay, who knows but——when I am once free——the God of the Russians is great——we shall see

——!"—"But God himself will forsake you, if you prove a traitor to him." Kascambo, angry as he affected to be, could scarcely refrain from laughing outright at this strange project; but when he peremptorily enjoined him to think no more of it,—"Master," replied Ivan, "it is no longer in my power to obey you. The business is done. Ever since the day when you supposed me to be ill and my fetters were taken off I have been a Mahometan, and my name now is Hussein. What harm is there in that? Cannot I turn Christian again as soon as I please, when you are at liberty? You see I am no longer in fetters: I have it in my power to break yours on the first favourable opportunity, and I trust it will not be long before one occurs."

They did indeed keep their word: he was no longer chained, and thenceforward enjoyed more liberty; but that very liberty had well nigh proved fatal to him. The leaders of the expedition against Kascambo soon became apprehensive lest the new Mussulman should desert. From his long residence among them, and his acquaintance with their language, he knew all their names, and might give a description of their persons at the Line, if he should ever

return thither, and thus they would be exposed individually to the vengeance of the Russians. Of course they highly disapproved the misplaced zeal of the priest. On the other hand, the pious Mussulmans who had contributed to his conversion remarked, that when he said his prayers on the house-top, according to custom, and as the mollah had expressly enjoined him, that the new convert might conciliate the favour of the people, he frequently intermixed, from habit and inadvertence, the sign of the cross with the prostrations that he ought to have made towards Mecca, on which, however, he sometimes turned his back—a circumstance that led them to doubt the sincerity of his conversion.

A few months after Ivan's feigned apostacy, he perceived a great alteration in the behaviour of the inhabitants, and the tokens of their displeasure were too manifest to be mistaken. He strove, to no purpose, to discover the cause, when some young men, with whom he had formed a more intimate acquaintance, proposed to him to accompany them in an expedition which they were about to undertake. Their plan was to cross the Terek, for the purpose of plundering the merchants who were known to

be travelling that way to Mosdok. Ivan assented to their proposal without hesitation. He had long been desirous of procuring arms, and was promised a share of the booty. He conceived that when those who suspected him of an intention to desert saw him return to his master, they would cease to mistrust him. The major, however, strongly opposed this design, and the *denshik* seemed to think no more about it, when, one morning, Kascambo saw the mat on which Ivan slept rolled up against the wall. He had set out in the night. His companions were to cross the Terek the following night, and to attack the merchants, of whose route they had been apprised by their spies.

The confidence of the Tchetchenges ought to have awakened some suspicion in Ivan's mind: it was not natural that men so crafty and so mistrustful should associate with themselves a Russian, their prisoner, in an expedition against his countrymen. He was actually informed, in the sequel, that they had made the proposal with no other intention than to murder him by the way. Being, however, necessitated to preserve appearances with him as a new convert, they resolved to keep a strict eye upon him during the march, and not to dispatch him till the mo-

ment of attack, to induce a belief that he had fallen in the conflict. Some few only of his companions were in the secret. Circumstances frustrated this arrangement; for just at the moment when their band had formed an ambuscade to waylay the merchants, they were themselves surprised by a regiment of Cossacks, who charged them so vigorously, that they had great difficulty to recross the river. The imminence of the danger caused them to forget their plot against Ivan, who followed them in their retreat.

As their troop, in the utmost confusion, was fording the Terek, the current of which is extremely rapid, the horse of a young Tchetchenge fell in the middle of the river, and was immediately carried away by the stream. Ivan, who was behind him, rode to his assistance, at the risk of his own life, and seizing the young man, when on the point of sinking, dragged him to the bank. The Cossacks, recognizing him by his uniform and foraging cap, for the day was beginning to dawn, took aim at him, crying, "A deserter! down with the deserter!" His clothes were perforated with balls. At length, after fighting desperately, and expending all his cartridges, he returned to the village, with the

glory of having saved the life of one of his comrades, and rendered good service to the whole troop.

If his behaviour on this occasion did not gain him the general confidence, it secured him at least a friend. The young man whose life he had saved adopted him for his *koniak* (a sacred title which the mountaineers of the Caucasus never violate), and swore to defend him against every foe. This new connection, however, was not sufficient to screen him from the hatred of the principal inhabitants. The courage which he had just shewn, and his attachment to his master, strengthened the apprehensions which he had excited. They could no longer consider him as a mere buffoon, incapable of any thing but antics; and when they reflected on the failure of the enterprise in which he had borne a part, they were astonished that Russian troops should have been just at that moment at a point so far distant from their usual residence, and suspected that he might have found means to apprise the enemy of their intentions. Though this conjecture was really unfounded, he was watched more closely than ever. Old Ibrahim too, fearful of some plot for the escape of the prisoners, prevented them from holding any

long conversation together; and the faithful *denshik* was threatened, nay, sometimes beaten, when he attempted to converse with his master.

In this situation the two prisoners devised an expedient for interchanging their ideas without awakening the suspicion of their jaoler. As they were in the habit of singing Russian songs together, the major took his guitar, when he had something important to communicate to Ivan in Ibrahim's presence, and sung what he had to say in a sort of recitative, which his attendant answered in the same manner, while his master accompanied him on the guitar. This arrangement was nothing new; the stratagem excited no suspicion; and the prisoners moreover had the precaution to resort to it but very rarely.

More than three months had elapsed since the unfortunate expedition adverted to above when Ivan thought that he could perceive an extraordinary bustle in the village. Some mules laden with powder had just arrived from the plain. The men furbished their arms and made cartridges. He soon learned that they were preparing for a great expedition. The whole nation was to unite for the purpose of attacking a neighbouring tribe, which had put itself under

the protection of Russia, and allowed a fort to be built in its territory. Their intention was no other than to exterminate the whole tribe, as well as the Russian battalion which covered the erection of the fort.

A few days afterwards, Ivan, on leaving the hut in the morning, found the whole village deserted. All the mules capable of bearing arms had marched away in the night. In the walk which he took through the village to make enquiries, he received fresh proofs of the ill-will that was borne him. The old men abstained from all conversation with him; and a little boy told him plumply, that his father designed to take his life. As he was returning quite pensive to his master, he saw on the roof of a house a young female, who raised her veil, and, with a look of the greatest alarm, motioned to him with her hand to begone, at the same time pointing towards Russia. It was the sister of the young man whom he had saved in crossing the Terek.

On reaching the house, he found the old gaoler engaged in examining the fetters of the major. A third person was seated in the room: it was a man who had been prevented by an intermittent fever from accompanying his coun-

trymen, and who had been sent to Ibrahim as an additional guard upon the prisoners till the return of the expedition. Ivan was soon aware of this precaution, but took care not to manifest surprise. The absence of the men furnished him with a favourable opportunity for the execution of his plans; but the increased vigilance of their gaoler, and, above all, the presence of the invalid, rendered their success extremely doubtful. On the other hand, he was convinced that if he awaited the return of the people, his death would be inevitable: he foresaw that the expedition would be unsuccessful, and that he should not fail to be sacrificed to their rage. He had no other alternative than either to abandon his master, or to set immediately about his liberation. The faithful Ivan would rather have suffered a thousand deaths than pursue the former course.

Kascambo, who began to lose all hopes, had for some time past given way to deep despondency, and observed an habitual silence. Ivan, more calm and in better spirits than usual, displayed unwonted alacrity in the preparation of breakfast, and while thus engaged, kept singing Russian songs, introducing now and then words of encouragement to his master.

"The time is come," he said, or rather sang, subjoining to each phrase the unmeaning burden of a Russian popular song—*Hai lulee, hai lulee;* "the time is come to terminate our misery or perish. To-morrow, *hai lulee*, we shall be on the way to a city, a delightful city, *hai lulee*, which I will not name. Courage, master! be not disheartened, *hai lulee!* Great is the God of the Russians."

Kascambo, indifferent alike to life and death, and ignorant of the plan of his *denshik*, concluded with merely saying, "Hold thy tongue, and do what thou wilt." Towards evening, the invalid, who had been well treated that he might stay the more willingly, and who, besides making a hearty dinner, had gratified himself all the rest of the day with eating *chislik**, was seized with a violent paroxysm of fever, that he could stay no longer, but was obliged to go home. He was suffered to depart without much difficulty, for Ivan had by his mirth lulled the old man's suspicions. To remove them completely, he retired at an early hour to the extremity of the room, and lay down upon a bench close to the wall, till Ibrahim should be asleep: but the

* Mutton cut in small pieces, stuck on a stick and roasted or rather toasted at the fire.

latter had determined to watch all night. Instead therefore, of taking up his quarters as usual on a mat by the fire, he seated himself on a block, opposite to the prisoner; he sent his daughter-in-law to bed in in the adjoining apartment, where her son also slept, and she locked the door after her.

From the dark corner where Ivan lay, he surveyed attentively the scene before him. By the flickering flame of the fire, he perceived a hatchet glistening in a recess. The old man, overcome by drowsiness, began to nod. Ivan, aware that this was his time, rose upon his feet. The suspicious gaoler instantly roused up. "What art thou about? said he gruffly. Without returning any answer, Ivan went up to the fire, stretching and yawning like one just awoke from a sound sleep. Ibrahim, to dispel his own drowsiness, now urged Kascambo to play the guitar, to keep him awake. The major hesitated, but Ivan brought him the instrument, at the same time making the preconcerted sign. "Play, master," said he; "I want to speak with you." Kascambo tuned the guitar, and both commenced the following duet, intermixed with the stanzas of a popular Russian song:

KASCAMBO.

Hai lulee, hai lulee! what hast thou to say? Beware what thou dost!

[After each question and answer they sang a stanza of the song as follows:]

What, alas! what shall I do?
My lover comes not yet to greet me:
Sure he cannot be untrue,
He would not else have vow'd to meet me.
Hai lulee, hai lulee,
Without my love, ah woe is me!

IVAN.

You see that hatchet, but do not look at it. *Hai lulee, hai lulee.* I will cleave that scoundrel's skull.

If the humming wheel I ply,
How the threads are always breaking!
To spin to-morrow I will try,
To-day I can't with heart that's aching.
Hai lulee, hai lulee,
Where, ah where, can my lover be?

KASCAMBO.

A useless murder! *hai lulee;* how should I flee with my fetters?

As the calf, or kid, or lamb,
O'er the herbage lightly bounding,
Seeks with anxious eye its dam,
While with its bleat the woods are sounding:
Hai lulee, hai lulee,
Just so, my love, do I seek thee.

IVAN.

We shall find the key to your fetters in the pocket of this robber.

When, each morning, from the rill
With my pitcher homeward wending,
Without thought, my steps are still
Tow'rd my lover's cottage tending :
Hai lulee, hai lulee,
To his door they carry me.

KASCAMBO.

The woman will raise an alarm, *hai lulee.*

While I linger here alone,
The ingrate cares not for my anguish ;
Nay, perhaps, inconstant grown,
He for some other maid may languish.
Hai lulee, hai lulee,
Can my love play false with me?

IVAN.

Let what will happen, should you not die all the same, *hai lulee*, of want and starvation ?

Still he comes not !—If the youth,
The truant youth, indeed forsake me,
Heedless of his plighted truth,
To the cold grave I will betake me :
Hai lulee, hai lulee,
For what is life, love, without thee ?

The old man became more and more attentive : they redoubled their *hai lulee*, while the major struck the strings with greater vehemence.

"Play, master," cried the *denshik*, "play the Cossack dance, while I will dance about the room till I can get at the hatchet. Play boldly, *hai lulee!*"

"Be it so, then!" rejoined Kascambo, "that his hell may have an end." He turned away his face, and began to play with all his might the dance required.

Ivan began those grotesque steps and attitudes of the Cossack dance with which the old man was particularly pleased, making a variety of antics, and shouting to divert his attention. Whenever Kascambo was aware that the dancer was near the hatchet, his heart throbbed with anxiety: it was in a sort of closet without door, formed in the wall of the house, but at such a height that Ivan could scarcely reach it. That he might have it handy for his purpose, he availed himself of a favourable moment, made a sudden snatch at the weapon, and immediately placed it on the floor, in the shadow thrown by Ibrahim's body. When the eyes of the latter were again turned towards him, he was far from the spot and continuing the dance. This dangerous scene had lasted a considerable time, and Kascambo, tired of playing, began to imagine that his *denshik's* courage failed him, or

that he judged the opportunity unfavourable. He cast his eyes on him at the moment when the intrepid dancer, having seized the hatchet, was advancing with firm step to strike the fatal blow. Such was the horror which seized the major, that he unconsciously ceased playing and dropped the guitar on his lap. The old man, stooping at the same moment, made one step forward to stir the fire: some dry leaves blazed up and threw a strong light about the room, when Ibrahim raised himself to resume his seat.

Had Ivan then attempted to execute his design, a combat man to man would have been the inevitable consequence; an alarm would have been raised, and this it behoved him above all things to avoid. His presence of mind saved him. Perceiving the agitation of the major as Ibrahim was rising, he set down the hatchet behind the very block which served him for a seat, and began dancing again. "What are you at?" said he to his master, "play away." The major, sensible of his indiscretion, again began to play. The old gaoler, having no suspicion, resumed his seat, but ordered them to cease the music and retire to rest. Ivan coolly fetched the case of the instrument, and set it down by the fire-

place, but instead of taking the guitar which his master held out to him, he snatched up the hatchet that lay behind Ibrahim, and dealt him such a terrible blow on the head, that the wretched man, without uttering a groan, dropped down dead with his face in the fire, which burned his long gray beard. Ivan drew him back by his legs and threw a mat over the corpse.

They listened, to ascertain whether the woman was awake, when, surprised no doubt at the sudden silence which had succeeded so much noise she opened the door of her room. "What are you doing here?" said she, advancing towards the prisoners, "and whence comes this smell of burnt feathers?" The fire had been scattered by Ibrahim's fall, and gave but little light. Ivan raised the hatchet to strike her; she had time to turn aside her head, and received the blow on the breast with a deep groan: another stroke, more rapid than lightning, overtook her in falling, and extended her lifeless at the feet of Kascambo. Horror-struck at this second murder, which was wholly unexpected by him, the major, seeing Ivan advance towards the room where the boy lay, stepped before the door to stop him. "What art thou about, wretch?" he exclaimed; "couldst thou

have the barbarity to murder that boy too, who has shewn me so much kindness? shouldst thou deliver me at this price, neither thy attachment nor thy services shall save thee on our arrival at the Line."—"At the Line," replied Ivan, "do with me what you please; but here is a business that I must go through with." Kascambo, mustering all his strength, seized him by the collar, as he endeavoured to force a passage. "Scoundrel!" cried he, "if thou darest attempt his life or to hurt a hair of his head, I swear by the Almighty God, that I will deliver myself up to the Tchetchenges, without benefiting by thy barbarity!"—"To the Tchetchenges!" repeated the *denshik*, brandishing the bloody weapon over the head of his master; "they shall never take you again alive: I will murder them and you and myself first. That boy may ruin us by raising an alarm: in the state in which you are, women would be strong enough to overpower and bring you back to prison."—"Hold! hold!" cried Kascambo—from whose grasp Ivan strove to disengage himself—"hold, monster! thou shalt dispatch me before I suffer thee to commit such a crime." Weak, however, as he was, and embarrassed by his fetters, he could not hold the ferocious

young man, who thrust him back so roughly that he fell on the floor, half fainting with surprise and horror. "Ivan," he cried, whilst his garments dripped with the blood of the first victims, as he endeavoured to rise—"Ivan, kill him not, I conjure thee! For God's sake, shed not the blood of that innocent creature!" He hurried, as soon as he could, to save the child, but at the door of the room he jostled against the *denshik*, who was coming out.—"Master," said he, "'tis all over: let us lose no time, and don't make a noise. Don't make a noise, I tell you," cried he in answer to the vehement reproaches with which the major loaded him. "What is done can't be undone: 'tis now too late to recede. Till we are free whoever comes within my reach dies or shall kill me; and should any one enter this place before our departure, I care not whether it be man, woman, or child, whether friend or foe, I shall extend him there with the others." He lighted a splinter of fir, and searched Ibrahim's knapsack and pockets: the key to the fetters was not there. To no purpose did he seek it in the woman's pockets, in a chest, and in every place where he conjectured that it might be concealed. The major meanwhile gave free scope to his grief; Ivan strove to cheer him

in his way. "You ought rather to weep for the loss of the key," said he," said he. "Why should you lament over this race of robbers, who have tormented you for more than fifteen months. They meant to murder us, but their turn is come before ours. How could I help that? May hell engulph them all, I say!"

The key of the fetters, however, was no where to be found; and unless means could be devised to break them, this threefold murder would be of no advantage. With the corner of the hatchet Ivan found means to rid his master of the ring at his wrist, but that which fastened the chain to his legs withstood all his efforts; for he durst not exert his whole strength for fear of hurting the major. On the other hand, the night was advancing, and the danger becoming more urgent. They resolved to depart. Ivan fastened the chain about the major's waist in such a manner as not to make a noise, and to incommode him as little as possible. He put into a knapsack a quarter of mutton, left from dinner the preceding day, and some other provisions, and armed himself with the pistol and dagger of his victim. Kascambo took his *bourka**. They then set out in silence, and

* A water-proof mantle of felt, with long hair, resembling

going round to the rear of the house, lest they should meet any one, took the way to the mountains, instead of following the usual route to Mosdok, foreseeing that they should be pursued in that direction.

For the rest of the night they kept along the foot of the heights on their right, and when day began to dawn, entered a beech-wood, which covered the hills and screened them from observation. It was the month of February: the ground on these heights, and especially in the wood, was still covered with snow, frozen so hard as to bear the travellers in the night and part of the forenoon; but towards mid-day, when it was softened by the sun, they sank into it at every step, and hence their progress was very slow.

In this manner they proceeded till they reached the margin of a deep valley, which they would be obliged to cross, and the bottom of which was free from snow. A beaten track, winding along the banks of the stream which ran through it, denoted that this spot was frequented. This circumstance

a bear-skin. It is the ordinary mantle of the Cossacks, and is manufactured by them only. In this wrapper they defy wind and weather, rain and mud, when they are obliged to pass the night in the open air.

and the fatigue of the major induced the travellers to halt there till night; and they concealed themselves among some detached rocks, which projected from amid the snow. Ivan cut branches of fir, and made with them a thick bed upon the snow for his master. While the latter rested himself, his attendant reconnoitered the country.

The valley which opened at their feet was surrounded by lofty hills, to which there appeared to be no outlet; he saw that it was impossible to avoid the beaten track, and that they must absolutely follow the course of the stream in order to get out of this labyrinth. About eleven at night, when the snow began to be hardened by the frost, they descended into the valley; but before they started they set fire to the branches which composed their couch, as well to warm themselves, as to make a supper of *chislik*, a refreshment which they much needed. A handful of snow was their drink, and a dram of brandy concluded the repast. They traversed the valley luckily without encountering any persôn, and entered a defile where the road and the stream were confined by perpendicular hills. Here they proceeded with all possible expedition, well aware of the danger they should incur if they were

met in that narrow pass, which they did not clear till about nine in the morning. The dark defile then opened all at once, and they discovered, beyond the lower ranges of hills which presented themselves, the immense plains of Russia, spread out like an ocean to their view. It is impossible to conceive the joy of the major at this unexpected sight. "Russia! Russia!" was the only word that he was able to pronounce.

The travellers sat down to rest themselves and to enjoy the prospect of their approaching liberty. This anticipation was mingled in the mind of the major with the recollection of the horrid catastrophe which he had recently witnessed, of which his fetters and his blood-stained garments strongly reminded him. With his eyes fixed on the distant object of his wishes, he calculated the difficulties which he had yet to surmount.

The prospect of the long and dangerous journey that he had still to perform, with fetters about his legs, which were swollen with fatigue, soon obliterated every trace of the momentary pleasure caused by the sight of his native land. To the torments of his imagination were added those of burning thirst. Ivan descended towards a stream that flowed not far off, to fetch

some water for his master. He found there a bridge formed of two trees, and descried a habitation in the distance. It was a kind of *chalet*, or summer-abode of the Tchetchenges, and then unoccupied. To the fugitives this lonely dwelling was an important discovery. Ivan roused his master from his gloomy reflections, conducted him to this asylum, and then began to seek the magazine belonging to it.

The inhabitants of the Caucasus, who mostly lead a half-vagrant life, and are often exposed to the incursions of their neighbours, have always near their houses subterraneous receptacles, in which they conceal their provisions and other effects. These places, in the form of a narrow well, are carefully covered with a plank or a large stone, and that again with mould; and they are always dug in bare spots, lest the colour of the grass should betray the secret. Notwithstanding these precautions, they are frequently discovered by the Russian soldiers, who strike the ground with the butt-end of their muskets in the beaten paths and bare spots near the houses, and the hollow sound betrays the excavations of which they are in search. Ivan discovered one in a shed contiguous to the house. Here he found some

earthen pots, a quantity of maize, a lump of rock salt, and several culinary utensils. He immediately went in quest of water for cooking, and set the quarter of mutton and some potatoes which he had brought with him, on the fire. While the repast was preparing, Kascambo roasted the maize; and a few nuts, which they also found in the magazine, served for a dessert. When they had finished their meal, Ivan having now more leisure as well as means, contrived to release his master from his fetters; and the latter, more comfortable and refreshed by what, under his circumstances, was an excellent meal, fell into a sound sleep, from which he did not awake till about nine in the evening.

Notwithstanding this rest, when he would have resumed his route, his swollen limbs were so stiff, that he could not stir a step without the most acute pain. It was necessary, however, to continue the journey. Supported by his *denshik*, he moved sadly on, despairing that he should ever reach the desired goal. The exercise, and the warmth diffused by it, gradually abated his pains. He travelled on the whole night, frequently halting for a short time, and then pursuing his route. Sometimes, too, giving way to despondency, he would

throw himself on the ground, and conjure Ivan to abandon him to his fate. His undaunted companion not only encouraged him by exhortation and example, but had even recourse almost to violence to drag him forward. In their way they came to a difficult and dangerous pass, which they could not avoid. To wait for daylight would have caused an irreparable loss of time; they therefore determined to proceed at all hazards: but before Ivan would suffer his master to expose himself to any danger, he insisted on reconnoitring this pass alone.

While he was descending, Kascambo remained on the brink of the precipice in a state of anxiety that baffles description. The night was dark: he heard below him the dull murmur of a rapid river which flowed through the valley; the sound of the stones, which, loosened by the tread of his companion, rolled down into the water, indicated the great depth of the precipice on the brink of which he was. In this moment of anguish, which might be the last of his life, the recollection of his mother darted across his mind. She had blessed him most affectionately on his departure from the Line. This idea revived his courage: he felt a secret presentiment that he should behold her again. "O God!" he ejaculated, "let not her bene-

diction prove unavailing!" As he uttered this short but fervent prayer, Ivan rejoined him. The passage was not so difficult as they had supposed. After descending for a few fathoms among the rocks, they had to cross a narrow sloping ledge, covered with frozen snow, beneath which was an abrupt precipice. Ivan, with his hatchet, cut furrows in the snow to facilitate the passage. They both crossed themselves. "Lead on!" said Kascambo; "if I perish, it shall not be at least for want of courage. I will now go as far as God shall give me strength." They cleared this dangerous pass without accident, and continued their route. The paths began to be more beaten; and they now found no snow but in spots having a north aspect, or in hollows where it had drifted. They were lucky enough not to meet with any person till daybreak, when the appearance of two men at a distance obliged them to lie down on the ground to escape their observation.

In these provinces, as soon as the traveller has passed the mountains, the woods cease; the country becomes absolutely bare, and he would look in vain for a single tree, except on the banks of large rivers, and even there they

are extremely rare, which is a remarkable circumstance considering the fertility of the soil. The fugitives followed for some time the course of the Sonja, which it was necessary for them to cross in order to proceed to Mosdok, seeking a place where the current, less rapid than usual, would permit them to ford it without much danger, when they descried a person on horseback coming straight towards them.

The country, being quite open, offered neither tree nor bush, behind which they might conceal themselves; they cowered, therefore, under the bank of the Sonja, close to the water's edge. The traveller passed within a few paces of their retreat. They determined merely to defend themselves in case of attack. Ivan drew his poniard and gave the pistol to the major. Perceiving then that the rider was but a boy of twelve or thirteen, he rushed suddenly upon him, seized him by the collar, and threw him on the ground. The youth made a shew of resistance; but seeing the major approach with the pistol in his hand, he scampered off as fast as his legs would carry him. The horse had nothing about him but a halter; and the fugitives immediately availed themselves of their prize to cross the river. This was a most for-

tunate circumstance; for they soon found that it would have been impossible for them to ford the river on foot, as they intended. The animal, though bearing the weight of two men, was nearly carried away by the rapidity of the current. They, nevertheless, arrived safe and sound at the opposite bank, which, unluckily, was too steep for the horse to ascend. They attempted to assist him; and as Ivan was pulling him with all his might to make him climb the bank, the halter came off and was left in his hands. The poor beast, hurried away by the current, after repeated struggles to get on shore, was engulphed and drowned.

Deprived of this resource, but henceforward less apprehensive of pursuit, they directed their steps to a hill covered with detached rocks, which they saw at a distance, intending to hide and rest themselves there till night. Judging from the space over which they had already travelled, they concluded that they could not be far from the settlements of the peaceable Tchetchenges; but nothing could be more perilous than to put themselves into the power of those people, whose probable treachery might still involve them in destruction. Owing, however, to the weak state to which Kascambo was

reduced, he could scarcely be expected to reach the Terek without assistance. Their provisions were by this time exhausted. They passed the rest of the day in silent dejection, neither daring to communicate his fears to the other. Towards evening the major saw his *denshik* strike his forehead with his fist, and at the same time he gave a deep sigh. Astonished at this sudden despair, which his intrepid companion had not hitherto betrayed, he inquired the cause. "Master," said Ivan, "I have been guilty of one great fault."—"God forgive it us!" ejaculated Kascambo, crossing himself, —"Yes," rejoined Ivan, "I forgot to take that beautiful carbine which was in the boy's room. It can't be helped now—but I never thought of it. You sobbed and groaned, and made such an ado, that I clean forgot it. Nay, don't laugh; it was the best carbine in the whole village. I could have made a present of it to the first man we may meet, and thus gained him over to befriend us; for in the state in which you are, I am not quite sure that we shall be able to finish our journey."

The weather, which till then had favoured them, changed during the day. The keen wind of Russia blew with violence, and drove the

sleet in their faces. They started again at nightfall, uncertain whether to seek some village or to avoid human habitations. A fresh misfortune, which befel them towards morning, rendered it absolutely impossible for them to perform the great distance which, on the latter supposition, they had yet to travel. As they were crossing a small ravine on the remaining snow that covered the bottom of it, the ice broke under them, and they were plunged up to the knees in water. In Kascambo's struggles to extricate himself, his clothes were completely soaked.

From the time of their departure, the cold had never been so piercing, and the whole country was white with sleet. After walking on about a quarter of an hour, he fell, overpowered with cold, pain, and fatigue, and peremptorily refused to proceed a step further. Convinced that it was impossible for him to reach his journey's end, he considered it as a useless piece of cruelty to detain his companion, who might easily escape alone. "Ivan," said he, "God is my witness that I have till this moment done all that lay in my power to profit by the assistance which thou hast afforded me; but thou must now see that it can no

longer save me, and that my fate is decided. Go on, then, to the Line, my dear Ivan; return to the regiment: I enjoin thee to do so. Inform my old friends and superiors that thou hast left me here to feed the ravens, and that I wish them a happier lot. But before thou leavest me, remember the oath sworn by thee over the blood of our gaolers—the oath that the Tchetchenges should never retake me alive: keep thy word." As he thus spoke, he extended himself at full length on the ground, and covered himself all over with his *bourka*, awaiting the fatal blow. "We have still one resource left," replied Ivan; "that is, to seek some habitation, and to gain over the master by promises. Should he betray us, we shall at least have nothing wherewith to reproach ourselves. Try to walk so far; or," added he, as the major returned no answer, "I will go alone, and make the attempt. If I succeed, I will come with the man to fetch you; if I fail and perish, and you find that I don't return, here is the pistol for you." Kascambo extended his hand from beneath the *bourka* and took the pistol.

Ivan covered him with dry grass and bushes, lest he should be discovered during his absence. He was on the point of departing, when his

master called him. "Ivan," said he, "listen to my last request. If thou shouldst repass the Terek, and see my mother again without me——"—"Master," exclaimed Ivan, interrupting him, "I will be with you again to-day. If you perish, neither your mother nor mine shall ever see me more!"

After an hour's walk, he descried from a rising ground two villages, at the distance of three or four wersts; but these were not what he was in quest of: he wanted to find some lone house, which he might enter unobserved, that he might secretly gain the assistance of its owner. The distant smoke of a chimney led him to the discovery of such a dwelling. He made the best of his way thither, and entered without hesitation. The master of the house was seated on the floor, mending one of his boots. "I am come," said Ivan, "to ask if thou hast a mind to earn two hundred rubles by the performance of a certain service. Thou hast no doubt heard of Major Kascambo, who was a prisoner to the mountaineers. Well, I have assisted him to escape; he is close by, ill and in thy power. If thou choosest to deliver him up again to his enemies, they will praise thee, I dare say; but thou well knowest

that they will bestow on thee no other reward. If, on the contrary, thou wilt agree to save him, merely by concealing him here for three days, I will go to Mosdok, and bring thee two hundred rubles in hard cash for his ransom: but," continued he, drawing his dagger, "if thou darest but stir to give the alarm, and cause me to be apprehended, thou art a dead man. Thy word this instant, as thou valuest thy life!"

The firmness of Ivan's tone persuaded, without intimidating, the Tchetchenge. "Young man," said he, coolly laying down his boot, "I have a dagger, too, at my girdle, and I am not affrighted by thine. Hadst thou entered my house like a friend, I would never have betrayed a man who had crossed my threshold: as it is, I promise thee nothing; sit down there and tell me what thou wouldst have." Ivan, perceiving what sort of person he had to deal with, sheathed his dagger, sat down, and repeated his proposal. "What assurance canst thou give me," asked the Tchetchenge, "for the execution of thy promise?"—"I shall leave the major himself with thee," replied Ivan: "dost thou suppose that, after fifteen months' sufferings, I should have brought my master

to thee for the purpose of abandoning him?"—"Well, I am satisfied as to that; but two hundred rubles won't do, I must have four hundred."—"Why not demand four thousand at once? it would be just as easy: for my part, as I mean to keep my word, I offer two hundred, because I know where to get them, and not a copeck more. Wouldst thou require me to promise what I might find it impossible to perform?"—"Well! be it so! go and fetch the two hundred rubles: and wilt thou return alone and in three days?"—"Yes, alone and in three days; I give thee my word: but hast thou given me thine?—Is the major thy guest?"—"He is my guest, and so art thou from this moment; I give thee my word." They shook hands, and then hastened to the major, whom they brought to the house half dead with cold and hunger.

Instead of proceeding to Mosdok, Ivan, on learning that he was nearer to Tchervelianskaya-Stanitza, where there was a considerable post of Cossacks, immediately repaired thither. He had no difficulty in collecting the sum which he wanted. The brave Cossacks, some of whom had been engaged in the disastrous rencounter which had cost the major his liberty, cheerfully contributed their quotas to complete the ran-

som. On the appointed day, Ivan set out to effect the final deliverance of his master: but the colonel commanding the post, apprehensive of some fresh treachery, would not allow him to return alone; and, in spite of the engagement made with the Tchetchenge, ordered some Cossacks to accompany the *denshik*.

This precaution had nearly proved fatal to Kascambo. The moment his host perceived at a distance the lances of the Cossacks, he felt convinced that he was betrayed; and, with the courageous ferocity of his nation, he took the major, who was yet ill, to the roof of the house, bound him to a stake, and posted himself in front of him, with his carbine in his hand. "If you advance," cried he, when Ivan was within hearing, at the same time clapping the muzzle of his piece to the head of his prisoner; "if you advance another step, I will blow out the major's brains, and I have plenty of cartridges for my enemies, and for the traitor who has brought them."

"I have not betrayed thee," cried the *denshik*, trembling for the life of his master; "I was forced to come back thus accompanied: but I have brought the two hundred rubles, and will keep my word."—"Let the Cossacks

retire, then," rejoined the Tchetchenge, or I will fire!" Kascambo himself begged the officer to retire. Ivan followed the detachment for some time, and then returned alone; but the suspicious Caucasian would not permit him to approach. He made him count down the rubles in the path, a hundred paces from the house, and ordered him to keep at a distance.

As soon as he had secured the money, he returned to the major and fell on his knees before him, begging his pardon, and entreating him to forgive the ill usage to which, for the sake of his own safety, he had been forced, he said, to have recourse. "I shall only remember," answered Kascambo, "that I have been thy guest, and that thou hast kept thy word; but before thou beggest my pardon, release me from my bonds." The Tchetchenge, seeing Ivan coming back, made no reply, but sprang from the roof and ran off like lightning.

The same day the brave Ivan had the gratification and the glory to conduct his master to his friends, who had despaired of ever beholding him again.

The gentleman who collected these particulars, passing some months afterwards at night by

a small house at Jegorievsky, of respectable appearance and well lighted, stepped out of his *kibitk**, and went up to a window to enjoy the sight of a dance on the ground-floor. A young subaltern was also watching very attentively what was going forward within. "Who gives this ball?" asked the traveller.—"It is the major's wedding-day."—"And what is the major's name?"—"His name is Kascambo."

The traveller, who was acquainted with the remarkable history of this officer, was glad that he had given way to his curiosity, and inquired which was the bridegroom. The young man pointed out the major whose eyes glistened with delight, and who had forgot at that moment both the Tchetchenges and their cruelty. "Have the goodness," resumed the stranger, "to tell me also, which is the brave *denshik* who saved his life." The subaltern, after some hesitation, replied, "I am the person."

Doubly surprised at this meeting, and still more to find that he was so young, the traveller inquired his age. He had not yet completed his twentieth year, and had just been presented with a gratuity and the rank of serjeant, as a recom-

* The ordinary travelling-carriage of Russia without wheels.

pence for his courage and fidelity. This brave youth, after having voluntarily shared the misfortunes of his master, and restored him to life and liberty, was now participating in his happiness by looking through the window at his nuptial festivities. The stranger expressed his astonishment that the faithful *denshik* was not one of the party, and even charged his former master with ingratitude in regard to him. Ivan cast a sidelong glance at him, and went into the house, whistling the tune of *Hai lulee, hai lulee;* and the inquisitive stranger returned to his *kibitk*, congratulating himself that he had not got knocked on the head with a hatchet.

THE BANDIT OF THE ESTRELLA.

The inhabitants of Drappo, in the vicinity of Nice, were returning home from the feast of a neighbouring village, when one of the young females of the party slipped into the Paglione, and the mountain-torrent, swollen by the bursting of a cloud, hurried her away with irresistible impetuosity. A shriek of terror issued from every spectator, but one youth only, of sixteen, had the courage to leap in after her and to save her at the risk of his own life. The damsel, named Clara, was a lovely girl, scarcely fifteen; being an orphan, she was brought up by a poor grandmother, and she was kind and affectionate, but at the same time obstinate, like most spoiled children. Giuseppe, the youth, was the son of Adriano, the village-

bailiff, a man in tolerably good circumstances, who was in high favour with the Marchese Malfi, the lord of the village, because he had once saved his consort, the marchesa, from imminent death, by stopping the horses which had run away with her carriage and were dragging it to the brink of the precipice; and after the decease of this lady, to whom he was tenderly attached, their daughter Bianca had been suckled and brought up by Adriano's wife.

Giuseppe was a handsome, spirited youth, but of a wild and unsettled disposition. His favourite occupation was wolf-hunting, in which he frequently spent several successive days, with his large shaggy dog, climbing the rugged mountains, and never thinking to return home till he could shew his more timid comrades in the village the head of a wolf, or, though more rarely, that of a wild boar, as a proof of his prowess and perseverance. He had rescued young Clara apparently lifeless from the roaring torrent, and in this state she was carried home and put to bed. By the next morning, however, she was quite recovered; she hastened at an early hour to Adriano's house, to thank her deliverer, but found that he had long been gone

on his usual sport; so that the grateful girl, vexed she knew not why, was obliged to return home without accomplishing her purpose.

Giuseppe was meanwhile wandering over precipices and through ravines, till, towards evening, according to a preconcerted arrangement, he joined, at the foot of the Col di Tende, a party of roving mountaineers, who were there tarrying in the only hut which the valley contained. They dwelt somewhere on the sea-coast, and were in external appearance rude and wild as the mountains over which they strolled; nor did any one seem to believe their assertion that they had come to those parts merely to purchase such necessaries as they wanted of the itinerant dealers who passed that way: nay, Adriano and the marchese had even warned Giuseppe against associating with these suspicious people. Nothing but these warnings had hitherto prevented him from accepting their repeated invitations to accompany them in their peregrinations; for in their independent and romantic way of life, there was something that strongly excited the susceptible imagination of the active youth. He found them busily engaged in reading a printed paper, calling upon the Piedmontese, in the name of

liberty and equality, to throw off the yoke of the clergy and the nobles, and to incorporate themselves with the French republic. Giuseppe had heard for some time past of these proclamations, without paying any attention to them; but the comments of these ferocious men, and their anticipations of the future equality of all ranks, when the peasant would have a right to aspire to the hand of the daughter of the first grandee in the country, inflamed his imagination.

He thought of Bianca, the daughter of the marchese, the beautiful, sweet, and gentle Bianca, his foster-sister, whom he had so long loved in secret, without confessing it even to himself—for, in what he had done for Clara, he was actuated solely by innate courage and an enterprising spirit—and the idea of the possibility that he might some day clasp the lovely girl to his bosom as his wife threw his blood into commotion, and opened his ear and heart to the pernicious councils of his rude companions. What tended to make him listen the more readily to their proposals was a grudge which he had for some time borne the marchese and his daughter, because she had complained to her father of a kiss which he had forcibly

given her; and the marchese, struck by the impolicy of suffering the two young persons to grow up together, had for the moment forbidden him the mansion, which in future he was to visit only at specific times.

Under the influence of these feelings, he was persuaded by the leader of the party to swear adherence to the new principles of liberty, which were to bring destruction on all tyrants. It was not till too late that he learned that the marchese, whose beneficence to his dependents they termed hypocrisy, employed to keep the people still longer in servitude, was at the head of the proscribed list; and he strove in vain to prevail on them to forego their intention in regard to him; for, notwithstanding the grudge which he owed the marchese, his gratitude maintained the ascendency. Finding, therefore, that he could make no impression on the barbarians with whom he had so improvidently leagued himself, he resolved to profit by his knowledge of their design, and to save his benefactor.

He had but too soon occasion to carry this resolution into effect. It was night, and some of the party were already fast asleep, when a man came in great haste, and announced that

"the accursed marchese and his daughter" would, the following morning, cross the mountains on their way from Turin. This intelligence produced general exultation, and they all swore that this time he should not escape with life. Giuseppe alone turned pale and trembled. "Recollect thy oath!" cried the leader to him, and immediately ordered one of the band to guard the door with loaded musket, lest he should give them the slip. The villain discovered what was passing in the youth's mind; for it was certainly his intention to steal away and warn the travellers of their danger.

Long did he watch in vain for a favourable moment; at length it seemed to have arrived. His companions were buried in profound sleep; the sentinel, leaning on his musket, stood with his face turned towards the door, which was ajar. Giuseppe ventured on a bold leap, the force of which overthrew the sentinel; in a moment he was outside the hut, and away he bounded among the rocks. His dog had scampered after him, and followed by this faithful attendant, he ran up the hill with such speed as in a few minutes to be out of hearing of the cries and execrations of the pursuing banditti. But it was not long before he had a new peril to encounter: he was approaching the only inn at

burst all at once on the view of the traveller. It was already late in the afternoon, and the marchese resolved to pass the night where he was. As, however, notwithstanding all his gratitude, he thought it not advisable to suffer young Giuseppe, who had accompanied them hither, to remain any longer in the society of his daughter, he persuaded him meanwhile to pursue his way home, and to put an end to his father's alarm on account of his long absence; and, to induce him to comply the more cheerfully, he promised that Bianca should dance with him at the next village feast.

Half rejoiced and half affronted, the youth hastened to Drappo, and announced the return of the marchese. The whole village was in joyful commotion, and a day was appointed for celebrating the happy event, peculiarly happy for Giuseppe, because it would so soon give him Bianca for his partner in the dance.

Next morning, therefore, he hastened to the mansion to intimate his expectation to Bianca. Her father received him very kindly, but would not permit him to see his daughter: she would fulfil her promise, he said, but he hoped that Giuseppe on his part would not forget what was as sacred as any promise, namely, the

respect due to his superiors. The youth sullenly turned away, and reluctantly obeyed the marchese, when he ordered him to assist the aged priest who had come up with him, down the steep declivity. On the way down, the housekeeper of the ecclesiastic related many things which she had heard from the count's servants respecting Turin, and among the rest what was whispered there concerning the progress of the French revolution, and that an army was expected in the neighbourhood. "The Lady Bianca, I am told," continued the loquacious old woman, "is not at all displeased at the prospect of our having troops in the place, for her lover is to be among them."—"Who?" cried the youth, as if starting from a dream.—"Why, the handsome young officer, to be sure, to whom her father has promised her."—"Then I am undone!" exclaimed Giuseppe in accents of despair, and leaving the priest to shift for himself, ran off like a maniac.

Like a hunted deer, the youth bounded over hill and dale, through woods and across rocks, till he stopped amid the ruins of an ancient aqueduct, and considered the whole extent of the loss with which he was threatened. His love for his foster-sister, which had unperceived

grown up with him and animated his bosom as unconsciously as the air he breathed, could not fail, in a mind so impetuous as Giuseppe's, to be heightened by the sudden opposition that it encountered at every step into the most vehement passion, which disposed him to join in the most hazardous schemes, if they but shewed him the way to Bianca's hand.

With joy he now greeted the Genoese, who has already been introduced as the leader of the conspirators, and who, at this juncture, advanced from among the ruins, and asked, whether he had considered better of the matter, and was now ready to renew his oath and strenuously co-operate in the liberation of his country, or to see the object of his affection in the arms of another. The inflamed mind of the youth needed no further excitement: he resolutely followed the crafty leader to a secret cavern, from which the report of its being haunted kept the common people aloof, and where he found five of his former colleagues assembled. Beneath the raised poniards of these ruffians he swore whatever they required, and was then dismissed with the assurance that a French army was on its march, and the recommendation of the

strictest caution and silence; on which he returned with feigned composure to his father's habitation.

The next day was Sunday, and the marchese, and his daughter were received at church with due solemnity by the bailiff and the congregation. The old pastor was assisted in the performance of divine service by a priest, who had been sent from Nice, with other missionaries, to counteract the effect of the new doctrines among the country-people; and at the same time to note, for the information of the magistrates, such persons as were considered to be most suspicious. The sermon of the pious ecclesiastic was full of energy and unction; but it made not the same impression upon all, for Giuseppe observed, that while many seemed devoutly to swallow every word of the pious priest's, others cast significant leers and smiled sarcastically at one another, when, towards the conclusion, the preacher launched out into menaces against the rebels. This circumstance convinced him that many more were infected by the new notions, and the discovery served to strengthen the hopes of the infatuated youth. The marchese and the priest also remarked the same thing, and Giuseppe's wild looks and

strange manner had not escaped the latter; on which account, he recommended to the nobleman to keep a strict watch over him as a dangerous character.

The same day the troops that were expected arrived in the valley, and Count de Rivoli was received as a welcome guest at the mansion of the marchese. Giuseppe saw him and gnashed his teeth, but had sufficient self-command to repress his rage: it was nevertheless obvious to every one that he was an altered creature, and the marchese deemed it the more necessary to keep him away from the mansion. Under these circumstances arrived the day appointed for the festivities, at which Bianca was promised him for his partner in the dance.

The whole village was assembled; the marchese appeared and his daughter, hanging on the arm also of the detested Count Rivoli. Giuseppe's blood boiled; but in spite of the count she should be his partner, and as soon as the music began to play, he walked boldly up to the young lady, who was at the moment engaged in earnest conversation with her lover. At this sight, such a multitude of conflicting emotions filled the bosom of the youth, that his features were quite distorted by their vehemence. "Who is this

young madman?" asked the count.—"Oh, 'tis only one of the peasants—my foster-brother," was her reply: "but he has lately become so strange that I begin to be afraid of him. I promised to dance with him, but——"—"To dance with him! Indeed, you must not. You will dance with me—won't you?" Bianca assented; she rose, and without noticing Giuseppe, advanced with the count to open the dance. "Strike up!" cried he to the musicians, and to Giuseppe, "Out of the way, young man!"

The youth obeyed with a terrible scowl, which was fortunately not observed by the other. At the next pause, however, he suddenly rushed before Bianca, and exclaimed, with eyes flashing fire, "You have broken your promise—you shall repent it!"—"Go to the devil, unmannerly clown," cried the count, shaking his fist, "or you shall repent your impudence!" Giuseppe's rage was on the point of bursting forth in all its fury, when he perceived amidst the crowd the Genoese motioning to him. Controling his unseasonable passion, he stole away from the village and entered a wood in which the Genoese had disappeared from his view. He soon found him, and received a severe reprimand for his hasty conduct.

"But come," said he, cheering him up, "the time is now not far distant when we shall all have an opportunity of revenging ourselves on our enemies. Savoy is already ours, and occupied by the French. It is now your turn to act: an army of one hundred thousand French is in the mountains between this place and Grasse; you must conduct it through by-ways into the rear of our rascally troops, and that this very night."

Giuseppe was staggered. His reason had hitherto been confined solely to words; but now that he was actually to set about what he had promised in the wild tumult of his passions, he felt himself thrilled with secret horror. He would have remonstrated; but at that moment they heard voices and saw weapons glistening between the trees. "Follow me or your are lost!" cried the Genoese, and sprang up the rocks. Giuseppe followed: shots were fired and several bullets whizzed behind him, but both escaped. A soldier had seen them both steal into the wood, watched them, and overheard their conversation, on which he had fetched some of his comrades to assist in securing them. Giuseppe, finding himself treated and pursued as a traitor, had no alter-

native; he took proper directions from the Genoese, and set out the same evening for the French head-quarters.

Two days afterwards the mountains about his birthplace re-echoed the thunder of artillery and the din of battle. The Piedmontese were posted on the high bank of the then nearly dry Paglione, from which the French sought to dislodge them. Thrice had they charged, and thrice been repulsed with considerable loss from the artillery on the hills, and especially in the elevated fortress of Montalbano, which covered the rear of the Piedmontese. They advanced the fourth time, and the assailed expected once more to witness their discomfiture, when the batteries of Montalbano suddenly ceased firing, and immediately afterwards the flag of republican France waved instead of their own colours from its pinnacles. Giuseppe had conducted them unobserved through a secret pass which he had discovered in his wanderings, and they had surprised the fortress, which was none of the strongest. This event decided the fortune of the day: the Piedmontese retreated into the mountains; and as soon as they quitted a place, the majority of the inhabitants declared in favour of the new liberty. Giuseppe again

of Bianca. She had heard that among the troops in the fortress there was a soldier who had once been quartered at her father's, and had always shewn particular kindness to her; and on this man she built her hopes. Without communicating her design to any individual, though Adriano's distress had well nigh induced her to make a confidant of the unfortunate old man, she stole away from the village early in the morning, and hastened up the steep path to the fortress. Luckily the soldier whom she sought happened to be just then on duty at the gate. She went boldly up to him, made herself known, and implored him with tears to admit her to her brother—for so she called the prisoner. The soldier assured her that this was impossible: "but," added he, "the priest is to come to him this evening; be in the way, and beg him to speak a good word for you; I shall then be on guard again, and if he says that I am to let you pass, I will even shut one eye."

This hint was enough for Clara: at the appointed hour she was again at the gate of the fortress, and seeing two priests approaching in the dark, she threw herself at their feet, and with tears entreated them to take her with them to see her poor brother, who was sentenced to

die, and to whom she could not otherwise gain admittance. The two friars were moved by the grief of the girl, and one of them granted her request, while the other, for money, accommodated her with the loan of his frock.

Meanwhile intelligence had reached Giuseppe that this very evening Count Rivoli was to lead the fair Bianca to the altar; and this intelligence had rekindled in his bosom all the hateful passions which were fanned into a furious flame by the villain who was confined with him, and who had not yet relinquished the hopes of escaping and revenging himself on his enemies. The youth was ripe for any crime into which his heartless fellow-prisoner might desire to lead him. "I love her still, the false one!" exclaimed he. "I love her to distraction; but were I only free, before I would see her in the arms of another, this hand should plunge the poniard into her heart!"

At this moment the locks and bolts grated, and the two priests entered. The door was again closed after them. Clara immediately went up to the object of her love. "Giuseppe," said she in a whisper, "I am come to save thee: they will not hurt me—make haste, put on this frock and escape; and when thou art safe let

me know, that I may come to thee." Giuseppe, as if thunderstruck, knew not in the first moment what to say or what to do. The Genoese, however, who had recognised the girl in spite of the disguise, instantly conceived a plan, to the execution of which he proceeded without delay. The friar approached him to hear his confession, when suddenly clapping his hand to his mouth to prevent his crying out, he threw him down, gagged him with a cloth, and bound him with a cord, which had been accidentally left in the prison.

All this was the work of a moment: having secured the priest, he drew a file from his bosom, released himself from his chain, and did the same for Giuseppe, before he and Clara had recovered from their astonishment. "Now we are free!" he whispered, wrapping himself in the garment of the friar, and approaching the door. Giuseppe hesitated to follow: he looked first at Clara, then at the Genoese. The latter, but too well acquainted with the weak side of the youth, said in a low tone, "Make haste, or we shall be too late for the wedding." These words operated like an electric shock: he took the frock brought by Clara, and threw it over him, while she retired to the farthest corner of the dungeon.

A violent storm raged over Nice, when the two false priests entered it by one of the gates, and mingled among the crowd pouring towards the cathedral, where, as they collected from the talk of the people, Count Rivoli was about to be united to his beauteous bride. This intelligence accelerated their speed: they threw off their friars' garb, and reached the church just as the service had begun. The bride and bridegroom were already kneeling by each other before the altar. Giuseppe saw Bianca: never had she appeared to him so lovely; and when the count put the ring on her finger, such was the tumult of his rage, that he would have sprung forward and betrayed himself had not the Genoese detained him. "Art thou mad?" he whispered to him; "it is not yet time; come with me!"

With these words he drew him to the door by which the people were retiring. Many stopped there, eager to obtain a close view of the bride. Giuseppe and the Genoese stood among them: the former trembled, for full well did he know why the wretch had led him thither; but an evil spirit had taken possession of his soul, and deprived him of the control over his resolutions. Still he

wavered, when he beheld the count and Bianca approaching arm in arm. The people extolled the beauty of the bride and the happiness of the bridegroom, and crowded close round the nuptial procession. All at once, a piercing shriek was heard, and the lady, stabbed by the knife of an assassin, sunk a corpse in the arms of her friends. In the confusion, the murderers escaped: no one was at a loss to guess who they [illegible] when, on the following morning, the flight of the two traitors from Montalbano became publicly known.

Poor Clara was soon apprized of the melancholy consequences of her generous deliverance of a desperado—she was informed of them in the prison where she was kept confined; but as the friar persisted that the Genoese had used violence, she was after a while released, and presently disappeared: nobody knew what had become of her. Adriano, the unfortunate father, did not long survive his misery; and the events which speedily succeeded, drove many of the persons mentioned in this narrative into exile, where they died one after another.

Several years elapsed and nothing was heard of Giuseppe or the Genoese. Tranquillity had

been meanwhile restored at Nice, which, after long and sanguinary conflicts, had been incorporated with the French empire. This tranquillity was, however, occasionally interrupted by the ravages committed in the adjacent country by a formidable band of robbers, which haunted the woody mountain of Estrella. Its leader was the terror of the inhabitants: it was said that he had frequent paroxysms of phrenzy, and that in one of these he had given himself the surname of Jesus, which he had ever after retained. Every attempt to take him and to disperse his band, which was composed of all the lawless characters in the country, had proved fruitless.

Information was at length received, that the leader, with part of his band, was in his usual lurking-place. The mountain was encompassed, and the *gens-d'armes* boldly clambered up the steep path, under the guidance of a man who seemed to be well acquainted with the retreats of the robbers, when all at once a smoke arose, and in a moment the whole wood around them was in flames. With great difficulty, they wound their way through the labyrinth of fire, and came suddenly upon the whole force of the banditti. Both parties

were nearly equal in number, and a tremendous conflict ensued. It was soon evident that all the combatants were likely to experience the same fate; for the conflagration, the progress of which had been somewhat retarded by a ravine, now burst forth with renewed fury, and in a moment all were enveloped in a sea of flame, which cut off from both parties the possibility of flight. Among the band the ferocious captain was distinguished by the crown of thorns which he was accustomed to wear over his hat; and he seemed at the time to be under the influence of one of his fits, for his cries were appalling: "Where is the accursed count who robbed me of my love? Where is the devil? Come with me to hell!" With these words he grappled the leader of the *gens-d'armes* and dragged him to the spot where the fire was fiercest. Each of the banditti followed his example, and the struggle continued amid the devouring element till it had enveloped all the combatants, and put an end to their inhuman rage by a death of torture.

It was not till the third day that the fire became extinct, nor till the fourth that it was possible to explore the field of battle. I must beg the reader to spare me the description of

the horrid scene which here presented itself. The fate of the captain, however, must not be omitted. He was found upright, jammed between two trees, one of which had fallen against the other; the officer, with whom he had fought, lay mangled and bloody before him, and not far from them was the singed carcase of a large shaggy dog. The feet of the bandit were consumed by the fire which had run along the ground and reached him; but the upper part of his body had suffered little from the flames. His agony must have been excessive; for in his efforts to extricate himself he had broken off a thick bough.

The remains of the slain were collected and conveyed to Cannes, where several persons from Nice recognised in the dreaded bandit-captain the once happy but headstrong Giuseppe. Very few *gens-d'armes* escaped, and it was they who communicated the particulars of the terrible affray. Not long afterwards, Clara again made her appearance at her birthplace; she looked at least ten years older than she really was, so that she was scarcely to be recognised. No one ever knew where she had been during her long absence, for she never would enter into conversation on the subject: but so much

was evident, that her bosom was racked by profound grief and painful recollections. She dragged on a miserable existence, till the grave closed over her also—the last person of this melancholy drama, which my feeble pen has here essayed to sketch.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

THE DINNER.

"CAPTAIN VON PFITTERSHAUSEN, as I'm alive!" exclaimed, with goggle eyes and nut-cracker jaws, my old acquaintance, Mr. Walter Waffle, the ship-broker, as I turned the corner of the Post-Office archway in Lombard-street, whither I had sped my steps from Panton-square in the Haymarket, to insure the safe conveyance of three pages of foolscap to my dear Frederika at Wolfenbuttel, circumstantially detailing the wound at the battle of Toulouse, and the consequent amputation above the knee-joint; but consoling her grief by the news of the liberal pension which, with half-pay and Spanish prize-money, would in six weeks' time enable me to fly to her arms, to be for ever united to the most graceful of her sex.

It was at a ball at the Casino my eyes first beheld her beautiful form, and received from *her* looks the silent assurance of favour. Like Lunar and her terrestrial companion in the firmament, we whirled swiftly and gracefully in amatory loveliness round the splendid saloon, the admiration of strangers and envy of friends.

Frederika was the *beau idéal* of waltzing. Would she had been less partial to that bewitching pastime!!

Alas! my three pages of foolscap, for the safe conveyance of which to Wolfenbuttel I had sped my steps from Panton-square in the Haymarket to Lombard-street, remained a dead letter, until Schwartz, the invalid corporal of von Detholm's company, shewed some sympathy for my corporal and mental anguish, by informing me, with corporal-like *naïveté*, that I must give up all thoughts of Miss Frederika, by reason of my incapacitation from future participation in the sports of saltation: "for," said he unanswerably, "your honour will allow that waltzing on three legs is inconvenient and unsightly; and so Miss Frederika, I understand, has determined to waltz to the temple of Hymen in as perfect a way as Counsellor Ninihoffer's healthy pedestals will let her."

O woman! woman!!

Fortunately for me, these deadly tidings were yet hidden under the veil of futurity, when, at the corner of the archway in Lombard-street, my old acquaintance, Mr. Walter Waffle, the ship-broker, exclaimed, with goggle eyes and nut-cracker jaws, "Captain von Pfitters-hausen, as I am alive; Dear me, a leg the worse for valour! Well, well, better a leg than a head; great saving in stockings and shoes, washing, and Day and Martin's. One ball goes as far as two."

O the broker-feeling! What a sympathizing soul!

Nay, peace to the manes of the broker! Mrs. Waffle's iron rule, after breaking his head once or twice a week during a term of years, I am sure broke the heart of invoices and charter-parties; for Mr. Walter Waffle has freighted his last cargo in the church-yard of St. Leonard's Shoreditch, where the bill of lading of pure marble, endorsed by his disconsolate spouse, enumerates all the parcels of virtues and mental endowments that are to be entered free of duty on t'other side the Styx.

"Mrs. Waffle," said the good man, will be

delighted to see an old friend of mine; you must come and dine."

"What, married?"

"Ay, and to the best of women, a young widow of forty-five or so; six thousand down, an annuity of two hundred, three children well provided for, and two of our own for the present. We have got a little *rum in urby* at Bethnal Green, with a spare sofy-bed; you must come and see us. By the by, where do you spend your Christmas-day, captain?"—"At home."—"Nonsense! We shall expect you to dinner, four o'clock! don't make it later, that we may have time for a little music and a rubber: we always have cards on Christmas-day. Perhaps there may be a little of the footing it too—(dear me, I did not think of your casualty! I ask a thousand pardons): never mind, we shall kill the time, I warrant you. You German gentlemen like cards, and Mrs. W. knows how to entertain her friends: her first husband, the sugar-baker, kept the best of company. Excuse me, I must run upon 'Change: so then, Christmas-day at four o'clock, or as much sooner as you like. Here's my card, though every body knows Walter Waffle's in

Wilmott Grove, Bethnal Green. God bless you, captain! *A propos*, if you like to come in your richmentals, so much the better. Mrs. W. delights in the military. Good bye, don't forget, four's the hour!"

It was not till after inquiries and laborious turnings and oaths innumerable, that the soaked charioteer of hacks discovered the domicile of Mr. Walter Waffle, "whom every body knows," by a brass plate indicating name, surname, and profession, peeping from under the shade of a portal of lattice-work, of enlivening and rural verditer, of the size of a sentry-box. The front court of the "rum in urby" had lost some of its best charms at this inclement season of the year: yet a cypress in the middle of an elliptical well-boxed parterre, surrounded by a curious mosaic of oyster-shells, washed clean by the incessant rain, and a neat privet-hedge within the rails, proclaimed the taste of the possessor.

No sooner had the coach halted, than the clangour of the steps enabled me to make some preparatory acquaintance with a great part of the family and of the neighbours: some prim faces in the first floor kept eying the settlement of the fare; and the windows in the second

were lined with the three darlings "well provided for and the two of our own." The *exterior* attractions, indeed, seemed to have made them forget the better opportunity of *internal* inspection: two successive knocks produced no other effect than bustle and confusion within, until a matron voice, from the stairs, sent forth a seasonable admonition to the careless crew below; adding, with becoming indignation, "Sally, why don't you take them pattens down in the kitchen? Would you have the captain break his other leg, too?"

The peremptory tone in which these orders were conveyed, rendered it quite natural that "them pattens" should be taken down before the "*French*" gentleman was taken into the house. After a little further compliment of the season, therefore, under the previous porch, to the great detriment of my single silk hose and pump, admittance into the interior of Mr. Waffle's domain was granted; the aperient party running before me, to announce the murdered name of my ancestors under the guise of Captain *Bickerstaff*.

This *erratum* being forthwith amended through the kindness of my old acquaintance, the broker of tonnage and primage, introduc-

tions showered upon me more plentifully, but less tangibly, than the previous rain under the verandah. All was a mumble-jumble of nouns proper of the masculine and feminine gender, in which they had greatly the advantage, inasmuch as "Captain Pfittershausen" was told over and over seven times, but the names of the seven reciprocities most unbecomingly slurred over to *me;* so that, excepting those of Mr. Jones and of Mr. and Mrs. Smith—which sounds had met my ears before—the rest of the company remained nondescripts to my intellects till the festivities had considerably "progressed."

Mrs. Biffin, a short inangular and vastly inquisitive lady from Mile-End Green, whose neighbour, in the expecting circle, chance had destined me to be, asked many questions about the battles and skirmishes on the Spanish "*main*," protesting that she should not mind seeing Mr. Biffin return with a leg the less from such glorious deeds as must have been achieved by the gallant Captain von Pfittershausen; and inquiring, by the way, whether I were any relation to the famous Baron Munchausen, whose travels she had had from the

library, but believed to be for the most part a pack of ——.

From these importunities I was happily released by the seasonable interposition of the lady of the house, the widow of "forty-five or so," a comely anthropophagan countenance of male aspect and dark complexion, yet over-rubicund withal—(alas! I then foreboded Mr. Waffle's fate!) That a *teint* thus favoured by nature should resort to the saucer to exhibit a complete *rouge et noir*, could only be accounted for by the "*plus habet, plus optat.*" The reverse, however, was probably the case with the auburn ringlets which hung, in profusion, but dry and ochry, from the Brussels cap adorned with poppies and passion-flowers of Italian artifice. Mrs. Waffle, in a delicate manner, condoled with me on the loss I had experienced, hoping that in the end my constitution would be *w*astly benefited by the "catistroph." "I suppose, captain," she added, "you are of the Protestant persuasion?—I thought as much! —Now if I may ask a foolish question, when a misfortune like your's occurs in the army, do they give the limb a Christian burial?"

"Dinner's on the table" was a welcome re-

lief; for Mrs. Biffin had joined in the catechization by asking whether in case of computation the king found the wooden leg, which it were a shame if he did not.

Every gentleman now took the hand of the lady in a very becoming and solemn manner, to hand her down to the parlour, but, owing to the narrowness of the staircase, the advance took place *en échelons;* parallel motion being out of the question. It was somewhat ludicrous to see the shifts and squeezes to conform to this piece of etiquette; and the parlour of Mr. Waffle's "rum in urby" being of too snug dimensions to hold *multum in parvo,* a sort of a pit-door crowd accumulated in the passage, until the clever dispositions of the lady within afforded a gradual vent to the stoppage.

Whether it was by an unlucky fatality, or from a desire of doing me honour, the seat assigned to me was within half a yard of half a bushel of Hepburn's main, crowned by a blazing "Christmas log," on which occasion, Mr. Basil Jones, the packer of Camomile-street, flatteringly remarked, that he felt sure this was the first time that the baron turned his back to fire.

Although the table seemed to groan under a

butcher's shop of enormous joints, Mrs. Waffle politely apologized for the scantiness of the fare, and more especially for the absence of a Norfolk turkey, which the brother of her late husband had promised, and she was sure had actually expedited, but which had not arrived this morning so late as eleven at the Spread Eagle in Gracechurch-steet, unless Mr. Vaffle, whom she had sent three times about it, had made one of his usual blunders; for one, he confessed, had been offered him there, with the direction three parts torn off, and he was too conscientious forsooth to take him home.

"The name, my dear, began with a V, as I told you," rejoined Mr. W. in his own defence; "and would you have me commit a robbery knowingly? May the bit——"

Mrs. W. did not suffer the defence to proceed, she had not patience with such finical qualms. —"Allow me to help you to a spoonful of warmyshell soup, Captain Bitterhouse; 'tis of my own making, and I hope you will find it good. I never trust them nicer things to the servant. You will find it warm you."

Warm me! What with the fire at my back, and the essence of pepper I swallowed within, not to appear uncivil, my frame began to burn

with fever. In this state, a general invitation to the ladies to take a glass of wine operated as a welcome relief to my parched gutturals. Here the respective parties, having first eyed each other with affectionate solemnity, cut a most demure face, and nodded their heads with slow gravity, a manœuvre which I imitated with tolerable success in favour of the lady of the house.

"How d'ye like this wine, captain?" exclaimed the self-complacent Mr. Waffle.—"Very pleasant drink;" and so it was, indeed, in my situation, for all its India-rubber twang. —"I think it *is:* a better glass of cape you will not find in London; I had it out of the Docks and bottled it myself; 'tis equal to any sherry."

Among the immense store of animal food which graced the festive board, and which at a moderate computation would have fed twice our number for a week, nothing gained more admiration than a colossal mound of roasted beef. The praises lavished on this mass of flesh were expressed with a sympathy and inward feeling, which a person, ignorant of the object, would certainly have taken for commendations bestowed on a friend or a near re-

lation. Mr. Philpotts, one of the quorum, triumphantly asked, "I say, captain, have you ever seen such a bit a beef at Wolfenbuttel?" —The usual stale puns were called forth by a pickled tongue served as a relish to four boiled fowls, so mature in years, that Mrs. Waffle herself candidly vowed, they should be the last Mother Shephard sold at *her* house. It was therefore no wonder that Mr. Basil Jones should anticipate some indemnity from the sight of three or four pair of pigeons' claws projecting out of a crusted dish in the centre. On his expressing his heart's desire, Mr. Waffle kindly asked, if any other lady or gentleman chose to taste the pigeon-pie; and no affirmative answer being received, Mr. Basil Jones was politely informed, that if he *particularly* wished it, the pie should be cut, although strictly speaking it was rather intended for supper. Mr. Jones, of course, was too much of a gentleman to press his request.

At this time, the maid whispered a confidential communication in her mistress's ear, which, from the appalling effect it produced, seemed to import a sudden calamity in the family. "There now, Mr. W." exclaimed the disconsolate spouse, "the mince-pies are not

come! You would not let *me* make them; you must forsooth order things in town, which I could have made better, and for a quarter of the money. *Have* you ordered them or not, Mr. Vaffle?—"Ordered them, my love, at half-past four precisely, and paid for them, too."—"*Paid* for them!" ejaculated Mrs. W. in an agony of distress. Here a note of preparation for the benefit of Mr. W.'s future guidance appeared to be fairly on its way; but whatever its intended import may have been, her overpowered feelings stifled every kind of utterance, except a deep sob or two, accompanied by a gentle tear, furrowing its way over the crayon carnation.

A female's tears, even on mince pies, could not fail to awaken all our sympathies; we spoke comfort all of us; we protested that after *such* a dinner, the delicacy in question must have remained untouched; and we succeeded by soothing words to recover in some degree Mrs. W.'s spirits, and restore the general harmony of the festive board.—"Thank Heaven," exclaimed Mrs. W. "I have not trusted the pudding to his management, too; It has a little crack, owing to the cloth bursting, but you will not find it the worse for that."

—Here the ladies entered upon a minute inquiry as to the quantum of ingredients employed to produce so vast and yet so perfect a specimen of culinary art, and ventured to beg the favour of being furnished with the written prescription for its confection, in order to transfer the mystery to my countrymen at Wolfenbuttel. My request not only was most obligingly promised to be attended to, but contributed wonderfully towards exhilarating the ruffled spirits of our hostess, which resumed their buoyancy to such a degree, that she promised to cut me a slice to take home to Panton-square, to eat at my leisure, cold or broiled.

In removing the cloth, Sally, in her zeal, to whirl with expedition through the narrow space left for her evolutions, had the misfortune, for I pitied her more than myself, to drop a tumbler with brown stout right on my back, the thorough saturation of which, with caloric from Hepburn's main and the Christmas log, was such that it preserved me totally from taking cold, and moreover gave rise to an interesting physical phenomenon; for in less than half a minute, the vapours ascended as visibly as from a Greenwich stage-courser on a frosty

morning, and induced Mr. Basil Jones, the packer of Camomile-street, to observe facetiously how "smoking hot" the baron's birth must be!

With the dessert were introduced the junior branches of the family, the "three of her own" being accommodated near the widow of "forty-five or so," and the two little Wafflings taking their station near their papa. The channels from which the several dainties proceeded were minutely and faithfully enumerated by Mr. Waffle, inasmuch as he had purveyed them *in propriâ personâ*—the oranges from Levy Lyons in Upper Thames-street; the apples from Leadenhall-market; and the almonds and raisins were samples presented him by his friend a fruit-broker. Whencesoever all these delicacies came, they seemed to be provided for the benefit of the junior branches, who fell upon them with unceremonious appetite, while the senior members regaled themselves over currant, raisin, and orange wines in healths innumerable, a solitary decanter of port in the middle of the table being unaccountably neglected by the master of the house.

Not being accustomed to these home brewed delicacies, the appearance of a bottle of cham-

paign promised some consolation; but when asked how I liked it, sincerity compelled me to hint, that Mr. Waffle's wine-merchant had not altogether done him justice; upon which he cast a tender glance at his better half, and said, with arch significancy, "*My* wine-merchant captain, has never yet done me injustice: the champaign you are drinking is of her own making, and I defy any man to distinguish her gooseberry-wine from real champaign: indeed, it's better than most of what we drink in this country as such. Take another glass, my good friend, it will do you good!"

During this time, the zealous competition of the little innocents for the good things had fairly waxed into a scramble, and little Jessy, in her eagerness to outdo her elder brother, unluckily disturbed the centre of gravity of my full glass of British Epernay. The liquid stream, with national antipathy, instantly made its way to the mazarine blue of Mrs. Philpotts' French silk dress, and the sudden leap she was mechanically induced to perform on the occasion, only lengthened the streaky current. Some half phrases obscurely muttered, of which the words "brats" and "done for" were all I could distinctly gather evidently shewed that this lady,

did not meekly bear her misfortune. To do Mrs. Waffle's brewing justice, I doubt whether real champaign would have been equally powerful in its effects, inasmuch as before the ladies withdrew, which was but a few minutes later, the seric garment distinctly exhibited the factious colours of blue and orange in great perfection.

This untoward accident no doubt hastened the departure of all our fair companions: a general rising, bowing, and squeezing, ensued; after which our host, asserting a degree of authority, which, in the presence of his better half, he had generously waved, marshalled his friends in new groups, and, exhorting all present to a free and easy joviality, gave toasts and bumpers in rapid succession. Mr. Jones's nostrils had for some time pantomimed a sense of smelling, which, although equally palpable to my olfactory nerves, I had the good-breeding to suppress, until our friend informed us that it was proceeding from Mrs. Waffle's smoking a lady's cigar, which her *delicate* health had obliged her to resort to for a length of time, and which he had no doubt was the means of preserving her alive.

TEA AND CARDS.

After innumerable healths and toasts, smart jokes, long stories, and long and animated discussions on the poor's-rates of Stepney parish, the often repeated summons to the upper house was at length obeyed; we rose to join the ladies. Narrow as the architect had planned the proportions of the staircase, the ascent just now proved a matter of importance to most of the jovials; and Mr. Philpotts trusting his sole to the slippery fulcrum of a Lisbon nut, dropt no doubt by some of the young amiables on the stair-carpet, had the misfortune to lacerate his black inestimables right across the knee; a *hiatus valde deflendus*, which, upon serious consultation, was pronounced to require a change of decoration from the wardrobe of our kind host, inasmuch as the sufferer, no doubt from dietetic motives, had all his lifetime been an enemy to the use of sub-estimables.

On entering the drawing-room, the sympathetic looks of Mrs. P. were, of course, the first to espy her spouse's change of costume;

and when she learnt the cause, instead of sympathizing in his escape from bodily harm, she cruelly animadverted upon the state of his mental functions, protesting, that such a Christmas as this she would have cause to remember all the rest of her days; for what with her ruined mazarine and Mr. P.'s satins, new last Lord Mayor's day only, there was as good as ten guineas out of Mr. P.'s pocket.

Mrs. Waffle made a thousand apologies, and in her endeavours to instil comfort, observed, that one new breadth of silk would do the business effectually. "*One* new breadth!" exclaimed her disconsolate friend; "then I hope ma'm, you will send to France for it; for my husband smuggled it from *Bullon* in the crown of his hat when we were there last August."—"That I did," added Mr. P. "and 'dash' me if I do again! I shall never forget the 'stew' I was in."

In order to divert the conversation to some more interesting topic, I directed my attention to a representation of Jacob and Rachael at the Well, worked in embroidery, and suspended, in a frame totally enveloped in silver paper, over the piano-forte. I respectfully asked Mrs. Waffle whether this was the work

of one of the young ladies. She smilingly replied, "I wish it was, baron: 'tis hardly to be expected; though they work prettily enough, and Dorothy, I am told, draws the best in her school. Go and fetch your portfoils, my dears, and shew baron Bitterhouse some of your human figures and foreign prospects.—But that there piece, baron, is of my own working. I was ten months a doing of it, and the number of colours in it would surprise you. Could you believe that I used one hundred and twelve different coloured skeins?" —"Is it possible?"—"A fact, baron; but most on 'em are so faded, that you can't hardly see a difference. The blues and reds, howsomever, have stood remarkably well."

Our hostess now proceeded with much formality to that solemn social office, the making of tea, taking care, in order to "make it good," to enforce the dose of ingredients, so as to produce an infusion superlatively astringent; a perfect styptic, which, if administered before dinner, would prove a great saving, by contracting the *primæ viæ*, so as to render them almost incapable of deglutition. It seemed as if I had a solution of alum suspended between my fauces, but there was no remedy but to

swallow the supersaturated green potion. The coffee, which at first I had declined, but which all present extolled to the skies, seemed to offer an antidote to the Chinese poison. Its colour and flavour certainly shewed it to have been concocted upon principles diametrically opposite to those followed in the confection of the tea. The coffee exhibited a dull aqueous appearance, and in its taste possessed a multitude of various twangs; one might taste every thing but coffee in it. I had the curiosity to ask Mrs. W. how this compound was fabricated; and she obligingly replied, "I thought you would like it, baron; you foreign gentlemen are fond of strong coffee, and our Sally has a name for making it good: to be sure I told her to put a spoonful or two more into it than usual. There is also isinglass and hartshorn shavings, and the yolk of an egg; but the flavour which you admire so much is owing to the mustard. 'Tis quite *another thing* with a good spoonful of mustard."—"There can be no doubt of *that*, ma'm," observed the sarcastical Mr. Basil Jones.

Miss Dorothy and her junior sister had by this time put their *portfoils*, as mamma called them, into a state of preparation, and the

contents passed with becoming regularity, like brickbats leaping through a file of Hibernians, from one hand to another; Mrs. Waffle, as an artist herself, explaining the subjects with classic accuracy and acumen.

"This here young woman, gentlemen, with the bow-r and harrows, I am told is *Diana*, the goddess of chaste-ity and hunting."—"Not of husbands, then," added Mr. Basil Jones.—"Upon honourable terms, I suppose Mr. J."—"True, ma'm, not a wild goose chase at all times."

"Here's as sweet a drawing as any Dorothy has done; they are the nine Muses, with their mother, Princess *Niopeh*."—"N or Q, no doubt," said the facetious Mr. Basil Jones; for which interruption Mrs. W. seriously reprimanded him, and he promised to "mind his P's and Q's for the future."

"This here—I declare, Dorothy, I am almost ashamed to shew it—I have told you so often, my dear, I don't wish you to draw them sort of figures; they may be all very fine, but in my time a young woman would, I'm sure, have hesintated to draw-r a thing of the kind. But Dorothy has a particular taste for the antic and anatommy, and so I don't like to

counterhact her genus. It certainly is a charming piece, and represents *Apollo Bell-weather*, the god of shepherds. Here is also *Marcury*, the god of doctors."—"Excuse me ma'm—of thieves and merchants according to mythology."—"May be so, too, Mr. Jones, but I wish you would mind your bales and cases, and not interrupt in this manner."—"My case is clear."—"That's more than your head is at this moment, Mr. Jones, or else I am sure you would not be so rude to a lady."

"These two youths are copied from a cast o' *Pollux* and his brother *Teaze us*; who lost his way while running after his beloved Harriet in a maze—the same as you may have seen at Mountpelier Gardens, Walworth Here is also a drawing of what is called the dying *Clod-eater* and one of *Wenus of Medicine*, the goddess of health and love. This is *Plato*, the god of the Tartars, with his spouse *Porcupine*. But I dare say, ladies and gentlemen, you have got quite enough of these theological subjects, so we will just have a few minutes' peep at Ellen's portfoil. Hers, you must know, is quite a different style of work; she is all for nature, such as landskips, wiews, and such like; more in her mother's taste,

for I loves nature, true uncivisticated nature, such as you see it in this here picture of Brier-farm, in Gloucestershire, done in black chalk."

"*Chalk-farm!* I protest," exclaimed the forward packer of Camomile-street; for which intrusion, he received an ineffable look of contempt at his ignorance of localities.

The portfolio of this young lady contained a numerous collection of very pretty specimens of real talent, of which her modesty seemed to be scarcely conscious. Among the drawings was a very interesting copy of a print of the fantastically grand Piranesi, representing the Campo Vaccino in Rome, which Mrs. Waffle's comment designated as "the capital of Rome, one of the finest provinces in the kingdom of Naples, where we got the Naples soap from, and the warmyshall for soup, if I am rightly informed."

"This large piece, baron, represents a prospect of the city of *Cantoon* in the East Indies; for there are as many as thirteen towns of the same name in different parts of the world, but none so famous as this one, because of the tea which comes from there, and the à-la-mode beef, which these people have learnt us to

make, and a capital dish it is when eat quite hot.

"Allow me, gentlemen, to request your particular attention to this coloured drawing of the town of *Weewee*, on the lake of *Geneva*, noted all over the world for its excellent Hollands.

Mr. Philpotts observed, with some surprise, that he was sure the Dutch Hollands came from a place called *Schiedam*, for he contrived now and then to get some of it in a sly way; but Mrs. Waffle explained the matter to his satisfaction. "It may be so," she replied, "with regard to Dutch Hollands, but the real Geneva Hollands comes no more from Sheerdam, as you call it, sir, than the Maidstone gin does. Those white mountains in the distance, you will please to observe, are nothing but ice from top to bottom all the year round; and in a sunshiny day they reflect the light like so many thousands of looking glasses, for which reason they are called glaziers.

"Worth a *frame*, I maintain," added the arch Mr. Basil Jones.

"And so it is,' replied Mrs. W.; "for Bonipart, do you know, and all his army,

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rally emit harmonies of the most chromatic kind, and that the discordance augments progressively as you diverge from the purlieus of Golden-square.

The performance of these young ladies, moreover, was quite in the free style, according to the quantum of notes allotted to each bar. When there were few, they had not patience to submit to unnecessary delays, and when the bar was well stocked with demisemiquavers, they took all the time which a consciousness of their proficiency seemed to suggest as requisite for the due execution of such crowded staves. And yet with all this variation of time, such was the perfection of their practice and execution, that these musical executioners were seldom what is called "out," the slightest lagging in one being immediately remedied by a sisterly demur and forbearance on the part of the other, much in the manner of the compensation-pendulum in modern timepieces. "Auld Lang Syne" and "Nos Galon" were successively given in the same style of perfection, and enthusiastically applauded. Miss Dorothy, lastly, was requested to favour the company with a specimen of her vocal powers; and after the usual coy formalities, excuses of

cold, hem hum hem's, and rosining of lips, she assumed the mournful countenance so engaging in vocal efforts, and began with stern solemnity a song of cheerful text, the name of which I have forgotten, my attention being exclusively directed to the music and the style of singing, which approached that of a solemn hymn. Not a muscle in the face moved, the lips excepted, and those scarcely formed an exception, unless a W occurred in the text, to which letter a goodly mouthful of aspiration was invariably devoted, in diametrical opposition to Mamma's more graceful system of enunciation, which softened the W's into V's. There were other peculiarities of pronunciation in Miss Dorothy's singing greatly deviating from common parlance, all no doubt dictated by the *bon genre*; but even to my foreign ears it sounded singular, to hear *smoil* instead of "smile," *tyune* for "tune" and *ka-yind* for "kind."

Towards the end of this performance, a sort of pedal-bass accompaniment grew more and more audible from behind; Mr. Philpott's, whether from insusceptibility or excess of enjoyment—for, strange enough, these two extremes frequently produce similar effects in

music—having gradually dropped into somnolency, and finally into a sound doze, in which latter state the *reed-stop* of his organ of respiration intonated double E flat, not only with great purity, but at intervals as regular as if he had been taught to snore by Maelzel's metronome; on which occasion, Mr. Basil Jones correctly observed, that Mr. Philpotts appeared to be more musical when asleep than when awake.

Mrs. Waffle, too, seemed less charmed with musicals than she had proved herself to be with the arts of design. Not that she followed Mr. Philpott's example, but she made noise another way; for in the ablution of her best set of China, the cups rattled incessantly, like the forty-three bells in the Antwerp chimes; and when that essential function was accomplished to her satisfaction, she felt the necessity of reorganizing the contents of the bright Rumford, in doing which she manifested the most tender sympathy for the brilliant polish of the steel weapon; for she devoted the cambric, exclusively intended for the manipulation of her nose, to the preservation of the poker, wisely weighing, no doubt, the financial difference between a mere atom of soap and a good pennyworth of refined emery.

The effect of the music suffered considerably also by the arrangement of the card-tables; indeed the concert was altogether broken up as soon as their preparation was completed, one table being appropriated to whist, and the other to a round game. It was by a mere fortunate chance that I became the partner of Mrs. Waffle, who during her first marriage had made a vow never to play at the same table with her husband; and the same pacific reasons, no doubt, operated a temporary separation in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Philpotts; that lady only, with a Mr. Bustlethwaites, being destined to be our adversaries.

Our hostess, in opening an elegant embossed card-case ("the work of Dorothy,") made a thousand apologies for the veteran appearance of the pack, all owing to Mr. Waffle's putting every thing off to the last day, so that when he yesterday applied to the waiter at the —— tavern, every pack was gone, which could be no wonder at this season of the year. Mrs. Philpotts *kindly* observed that if she had known it, she would have brought a supply with her; at the same time apologizing for dispensing with the use of her white kids, and requesting a smell at my box as an antidote to that of the

cards, which "was by no means *flagrant*."—"That will all be gone in two or three deals," remarked the comfort-dealing Mr. Bustltehwaites: "it's their being confined in the case, ma'm, gives 'em that particular flavour. You should see, ma'm, what we play with sometimes at the Artichoke!"—"I'm sure I have no wish."

Mrs. Waffle being appealed to to regulate the points, proposed "twopence a corner;" which stakes being declined by our fair adversary, on the ground of her never playing coppers, an offer of "silver-three-pences" was made, without meeting with more success. Mrs. Philpotts protested she never could render herself mistress of that complicated computation, and went so far as to propose "sixpenny points." To these enormous stakes Mrs. W. had no notion of submitting; "it was sheer gambling." The ladies were thus completely at issue, and the rubber in all probability would have been broken up, had not a lucky expedient entered my thoughts. I ventured with the utmost diffidence to hint to my partner, that if it were no offence, I would with pleasure go halves in her points. This suggestion must have greatly raised me in her estimation, for she looked me in the face, and

shaking her head with a winning smile, exclaimed, "You *are* a gentleman, baron, every inch on ye!"

Matters now went on with proper decorum for some time, until a continued succession of good cards shewed that the fickle goddess had for this evening, vouchsafed to take my partner and me under her special protection. Perhaps, too, a superior knowledge of the game on my part (and considering the calibre of our adversaries, this is certainly no great boast,) may have contributed to our signal success; for in less than half an hour we won a bumper, to the great mortification of our fair antagonist, who desired to cut again for partners. This expedient, however, was productive of no change. Mrs. Waffle and I were indisseparable, as she termed it, and our luck continued so constant that we won another double game. This was too much for Mrs. Philpotts to brook. Her *savoir vivre* had not reached that point of perfection which enables the outward man to feign hilarity while the heart is near bursting with vexation. She declared we knew each other's game; an assertion so totally gratuitous, that Mrs. Waffle vowed this was the first day she had had the

pleasure of setting eyes upon the baron. Defeated in this inuendo, Mrs. Philpotts was pleased to lay all the blame upon the "nasty filthy cards."—"Give me clean *christian-like* cards," she exclaimed, "and I'll play against any body."

Mr. Smith, who stood behind, and was rather of a serious turn, deprecated in strong terms the application of such an epithet to a publication, generally supposed to proceed from the profanest possible source, the enemy of all mankind.

"Then let him play them," she indignantly replied; "they look as if they *had* been in some such hands. They smell of pitch and brimstone, and not another will I touch; so much for that!"

Mrs. Waffle must have been compounded of the most neutral materials, if she could have remained indifferent to remarks so pointedly levelled at her domestic arrangements. The tokens of a storm were manifest, the head assumed a variety of quick gallinaceous motions, the double chin worked divers contortions, the cloud was on the point of bursting, when Mrs. P. more from disdain than cowardice, rose from her seat, to throw herself on the Grecian

couch (as it afterwards appeared). At that instant Mr. Smith, not aware of the injured fair's intentions, and judging the couch to be in her way, with a laudable, but very unfortunate wish to be serviceable, drew it back, and thus was the innocent cause of Mrs. Philpotts' effecting a momentary settlement on the carpet direct.

The oddity of this scene, altogether the affair of an instant, produced a curious psychological phenomenon. The condensed charge of vexation imbibed to the brim by my ex-partner, and the explosion of which I expected with dread, all at once vented itself in a burst of half-suppressed laughter. Fortunately, this unforeseen catastrophe was productive of no other harm than what might be fancied to proceed from the attitude itself; for the absence of all salient angles and the general rotundity in the sufferer's contour acted as a valuable safeguard, somewhat upon the principle of strength in arches. The Doric diastyle, at all events, forthwith manifested its perfect integrity, by the ready service it yielded in conveying Mrs. Philpotts out of the room, which she did not enter again. Mrs. Waffle, of course, followed, to attend her good friend,

and a few minutes afterwards Mr. P. was called, and took *his* final leave. Their *walk* home, although a small distance, must have completed their "merry Christmas," for the rain had not ceased since dinner.

Both card-parties being thus unseasonably broken up by the "strange behaviour" of the fair deserter, the two young ladies urgently pressed their mamma for a dance. This request being acceded to, after some difficulties on the score of the new carpet, Miss Ellen proposed a quadrille, and kindly offered her service in getting up *la Colombe* or *le Papillon*, the figures of both of which she was sure would easily be comprehended by all present: but here the juniors were outvoted hollow by their betters. "Nonsense with your catreels!" exclaimed Mrs. Waffle; "I hate them French dances. Can there be any thing more helegant than a good English country dance, such as 'The Grinder,' 'Maggie Lawder,' 'Drops o' Brandy,' or 'Go to the Devil and shake yourself?'" The two young ladies were alternately to preside at the piano-forte, but as the battle of Toulouse had incapacitated me from participating in the amusement, I offered to

contribute my mite towards it by taking the instrument.

"Blesh ye, baron," said Mrs. W. "you are the pink of genteelity; if I was a single woman, I would have ye for a husband, for all you're an invalid."

"Don't be so foolish, my dear," ejaculated my good friend, with a half-pleasant smile.

"I say it, Mr. Vaffle, and I mean it; and if the baron should have a fancy by and by for either of my girls, he need but say the word."

This began to look rather serious; so without further ado I struck up "Go to the Devil and shake yourself," and set Mrs. Waffle's toes in motion instead of her tongue.

But a certain fatality overhung all the efforts of the house of the Waffles to enjoy the sports of the season on this unpropitious day. Had the *corps de ballet* used a common degree of decorum and moderation in enacting the prescribed figures of "Go to the Devil and shake yourself," the pleasures of "the fantastic toe" might have continued for hours; but it seemed as if the parties conceived the name of the dance implied particular injunctions for bodily exertion. They shook themselves lus-

tily, they shook the floor, the whole house shook. The heels, too, appeared to be infinitely more fantastic than the toes; for although the MS. I played from contained no directions to such effect, the figurants, especially those of the male gender, seemed to vie with each other in giving to every $\frac{6}{8}$ bar a pedal *ben marcato*, so much the more effective, as, with the exception of the two young ladies, the gravitating momentum of the rest of the performers was of the goodly citizen average of twelve or thirteen stone a head.

No wonder, then, if the landlord, unfortunately next door neighbour, justly alarmed for the permanency of his joists and rafters, took the trouble of penning a friendly communication, reminding Mr. W. of a clause in the covenant, which, under a penalty therein expressed and set forth, forbade in distinct terms any dancing whatever "on the premises aforesaid." The *billet doux* in question, as if by magic, laid the frisky ardour of the *corps de ballet*, whose good wishes for the polite letter-writer were so abundant, various, and humane, that if he chanced to experience the fulfilment of but a small portion of them, he would not fail to remember this merry Christmas.

To drown this woful disappointment, it was agreed to walk down forthwith to supper; but the extreme lateness of the hour, and the indifferent health of the lady of Mr. Basil Jones, the packer of Camomile-street, induced him to forego a taste of the pigeon-pie and the *beaux restes* of the dinner fare, and to beg a coach might be sent for; in which request I thought proper to join, as the rain still fell in torrents. But Mrs. W. with every mark of sincere distress, informed us that such a luxury was not to be procured for love or money in Bethnal-Green at this late hour. Mr. Jones, although a tender husband, was capable of punning on this melancholy occasion, but his spouse appeared in utter despair. After much deliberation, my kind-hearted friend, the broker of tonnage and primage, expressed some hopes of being able to procure a species of small craft for the passage, inasmuch as his baker at the corner of the row was possessed of a covered cart and horse. Mr. Waffle put on his hat, and soon returned with the glad tidings, that he had chartered the vessel at the enormous freight of fifteen shillings to Camomile-street and Panton-square.

To this rude vehicle of loaves and gingerbread we were too happy to consign our persons; its jolting was not calculated to benefit our fair fellow-traveller, whom her spouse comforted by observing, that *rolls* must be expected in a baker's cart. A sudden scream on the part of Mrs. J. excited the sympathy of a watchman in Church-street to stop our progress, who no doubt harboured sinister ideas of our behaviour towards the good lady in the dark. Mr. Basil Jones himself felt incapable of a joke until he ascertained the insult to have proceeded from a black beetle, one of the privileged tenants of this receptacle of flour and bread-dust. He begged Mrs. Jones not to look so *mealy* at a trifle; and on taking leave in Camomile-street, and looking at our garments, declared them to be *double milled* with a vengeance.

FERDINAND XIMENES.

A SPANISH TALE.

At the time when Charles V Emperor of Germany, reigned in Spain, there lived at Barcelona, in Catalonia, a wealthy gentleman, named Ferdinand Ximenes. He was a distant relation of the famous Cardinal Ximenes, the greatest minister that Spain ever produced, who, during the preceding reign, had rendered important and manifold services to his country, and acquired celebrity and respect, not merely by his extraordinary talents, but also by his unimpeachable integrity. A ray of the glory of this name was reflected upon Ferdinand. When therefore he repaired from his country seat, where he had passed his youth, to the city, he was every where received with open arms,

and treated with particular regard. This favourable prepossession was not diminished on a closer acquaintance. His elegant figure, his courteous demeanour, his high moral character, and his generous hospitality, which his wealth enabled him to indulge to the top of his bent, all served to procure him a multitude of acquaintance, who eagerly sought his society. His house became the rendezvous of the best company in Barcelona, to which his young and beautiful wife, Isabella, imparted what he could not—life and spirit—for she was not less accomplished than beautiful.

This lady, in fact, to whom he was but recently married, had been the chief cause of his removal to the city. The solitude of a country life could not furnish sufficient entertainment for her mind. Though bred in the country, she never had any relish for rural occupations; and a particular circumstance, to which we shall presently advert, had inflamed her desire to live in the great world to an ardent passion. She had, however, been obliged to relinquish all hope of its gratification, when, unexpectedly, she became the wife of Ferdinand. From him she could not long withhold this her fondest and long cherished wish; and Ferdinand complied, not merely without

reluctance, but even with pleasure, partly because he rejoiced in the opportunity to gratify his beloved Isabella, and partly because the change was conformable to his own inclination: for he was himself fond of pomp and external show, and well aware that he should be better able to indulge this propensity in town than in the country.

The first year in Barcelona passed in a series of enjoyments. Ferdinand drank copious draughts from the exuberant sources of delight, which the amiable qualities of his wife, and the unwonted charms of a luxurious town life, opened to him. They were accounted the happiest pair in all Barcelona. All eyes were fixed upon them, and many with envy.

In the second year Ferdinand's friends observed a decrease of his cheerfulness. He seemed no longer to take so hearty an interest as formerly in the conversation and pastimes of the merry circle about him, either at his own house or in the entertainments given by his friends. He began to stay away from the public amusements, which he had never before missed; and the theatre, his favourite diversion, ceased to attract him. A similar change was perceived in Isabella.

This alteration gave rise to various conjec-

tures. It was attributed to every cause but the right one. It was at length agreed that a misunderstanding must have taken place between Ferdinand and Isabella; but people could not so easily decide which of them was in fault. No rational grounds could be alleged against either of the two; but, as is usual in such cases, Isabella was condemned by the women, and Ferdinand by the men. Some, impelled by curiosity, others by cordial sympathy, sought to learn the true state of the case from Ferdinand and from Isabella, excusing the inquiry, by a sincere desire to restore harmony between them by a friendly mediation. Ferdinand declared that there was no occasion for their good offices; but Isabella, while declining them with dignity, could not always conceal her vexation, or the tear that, in spite of her, would sometimes glisten in her eye. This served to confirm the suspicion, that Ferdinand and Isabella were dissatisfied with each other.

In the two succeeding years, the change in both became more and more apparent. At length they began to avoid society: they seemed to take no interest in any thing that did not immediately concern themselves: their friends, in spite of all their efforts, could not

obtain from them one cheerful look, one kind word; they had become quite intolerable. One after another forsook them. Their house, late the temple of social pleasure, and the rendezvous of wit and fashion, was deserted, and its inmates became anchorites.

The real cause of this melancholy alteration in Ferdinand and Isabella was, that they were not blest with children. This would of itself have deeply oppressed Ferdinand's spirit; for he was the last of his family of which he was not a little proud, and the extinction of which he could not think of without the keenest mortification; and it would have sufficed to render Isabella extremely unhappy, because she tenderly loved her husband, and sincerely sympathized in his sorrows. But, what was still worse, both were thoroughly convinced that a curse pursued them, and that it was this which deprived them of the most delicious of earthly enjoyments, of the now hopeless object of their most ardent desire. The circumstances in which that notion originated were these:

Ferdinand's father, Pedro Ximenes, had a friend, to whom, from his youth, he had clung with his whole soul. His daughter, Margaret, was to have wedded Ferdinand. This was the

fondest wish of his heart. Margaret acquiesced in it: Ferdinand had early made an impression on her, and she was attached to him. Her father's sentiments coincided with Pedro's; and both looked forward to the union of the young people as an event that would crown their happiness in this life. Ferdinand alone was averse to this plan. He could not endure Margaret. Not only had her person no attractions for him, but she was of a sullen, reserved temper, which he exceedingly disliked. At first, he merely kept aloof when he discovered the intentions of the old folks in regard to him. He shunned as much as possible all opportunities of meeting Margaret; and, when he could not avoid her, he paid her less attention than formerly, manifested more and more indifference for her, and at length treated her with such reserve as he hoped would cool her heart and ween her affections from him. He was wrong in his calculation. The preference in Margaret's bosom grew to love, and from the difficulty of obtaining its object, love became an intense passion.

Ferdinand now disclosed his sentiments to his father. He frankly confessed his decided aversion, and implored to be left at liberty.

The father calculated as falsely as the son. Intercourse and habit, thought he, will diminish this aversion; friendship will succeed, and friendship will turn to love; or the latter may even be dispensed with. He was loath to relinquish his favourite scheme. Ferdinand left him in deep dejection. His heart was divided between the duty of filial obedience and a feeling of unconquerable dislike. Accident all at once produced a total change in his situation.

On a small estate on the frontiers of Catalonia resided Don Antonio Pacheco, an old acquaintance of Ferdinand's father. He had borrowed of the latter, for the purchase of this estate, a considerable sum of money which he had long promised to re-pay, but had not kept his word: of this Pedro had several times reminded him to no purpose. Now that he was thinking of an establishment for his son, this matter naturally recurred to his mind. He directed Ferdinand to take a trip to Don Antonio's, and, if possible, to obtain payment of the debt.

Ferdinand accordingly set out. He performed the journey on horseback. After travelling three days, on approaching Don Antonio's mansion, he observed a footpath, which seemed to lead through a wood to the house.

He alighted, and ordered his servant to take the horses round by the road, while he himself followed the path through the wood. It was a hot day, and the cool shade diffused by the spreading oaks was refreshing. He sauntered slowly along, and came to a by-path leading into a thick shrubbery. Soft plaintive tones all at once struck his ear. They seemed to proceed from a sequestered bower formed out of wild bushes, which he perceived at some distance. It was a female voice, and its effect on him was magical. With a delicacy according with the chivalrous spirit of those times, he instantly paused and turned back, lest he should disturb the lovely damsel, whom his imagination pictured as the inmate of that bower. In going, he heard the words, "Farewell then, beloved bower! farewell for ever!" uttered in a tone of the profoundest melancholy, which made a still deeper impression on his heart. He quickened his pace, and another path conducted him out of the wood to the mansion.

Pacheco received him so kindly, and welcomed him with so cordial a salutation, that at first he had no heart even to allude to the errand on which he was come. It was not long, however, before Don Antonio himself intro-

duced the subject. "Twice already," said he, "have I nearly collected the sum which I owe your father, for the purpose of discharging my debt; but ill luck pursues me. The first time I was cheated by a merchant, who prevailed upon me to place the money in his hands, and next day stopped payment. I now began saving again with greater economy than before, and to this end made every possible retrenchment in my expenses. When I had again scraped together a considerable sum, my house was set on fire by lightning, and, with the outbuildings, totally consumed. All the money I had saved, and more to it which I borrowed, I was obliged to apply to the purpose of rebuilding. Now, when I had just begun to recover myself, I have lost a law-suit by means of the false evidence of suborned witnesses, and am stripped of every thing. But —" continued he after a pause—"be under no concern. Nobody shall be a loser by me. I have sold my estate, as I can no longer afford to keep up such an establishment; and the produce will be sufficient to satisfy all my creditors. I shall seek some humble retreat, where I may lay down my grey head in peace in the grave; and my daughter, my only, my

darling child"—here his eyes filled with tears—"is going to-morrow into a convent."

Ferdinand was powerfully affected by this address. He now comprehended the meaning of what he had heard in the lonely bower. "Worthy man," said he with deep emotion, "despond not under your misfortunes. Perhaps ——"—succour may not yet be too late, he would have said, for that was his only thought—but at that moment the lovely candidate for the veil entered the room, and the word expired on his lips.

"My daughter, Isabella," said Pacheco.

Ferdinand made a silent obeisance.

"Are you well, my dear?" asked her father.

Isabella returned no answer. She, too, stood seemingly absorbed in thought, and cast her tearful eyes to the ground, as though dazzled by some brilliant apparition.

The blooming beauty of her majestic form, and the spell diffused around her by her charms, which were heightened by the expression of grief that dwelt upon her countenance, seized Ferdinand's heart with irresistible power.

To Isabella, the monastic vows appeared at this moment more terrible than ever. It was not without a severe struggle that she had

renounced the pleasures of the world. This idea now wrung her bosom with unwonted anguish.

Ferdinand's resolution was soon formed; or, more correctly speaking, he acted unconscious of any resolution. Consideration, and more especially the thought of his father's wish, would probably have led to a different result. The very same day his ardour triumphed over Isabella's scruples of conscience, which represented to her the promise that she had given to the convent. Her inclinations were on his side; these would have embraced any means of escaping a monastic life, and Ferdinand's person and manner had made at first sight an equally strong impression upon her. On the evening of the same day, the father's assent was obtained without difficulty, and rendered the lovers supremely happy.

The superior of the convent for which Isabella had been destined, on receiving the next day, instead of the new bride of Heaven, a letter communicating this change in her prospects, threatened her marriage with the wrath of the Almighty. Isabella, in the first intoxication of happiness, cared little for this denunciation, and Ferdinand still less.

After two days of rapture, the latter returned to solicit the consent of his father, and to make arrangements for bringing home his bride as speedily as possible. His father received the intelligence, which at once annihilated his favourite scheme, with considerable displeasure, which it cost him a hard struggle to conquer. At length, however, he yielded, and gave his consent, considering it as his duty to sacrifice a pre-concerted plan to the happiness of his only child.

When the news reached Margaret, she was seized with a violent fever; and her father, beside himself with rage, wrote to Ferdinand, abusing him as a murderer, and cursing him and the woman to whom he was about to be united.

Ferdinand had not expected such an effect from his resolution, and at first it gave him great pain, but the impression soon subsided. When, however, a few weeks afterwards, just as he was about to celebrate his nuptials, his father to whom he was tenderly attached, suddenly fell ill and died, the thought that the curse of Margaret's father and the threat of the abbess had already begun to operate, pressed like a heavy weight upon his heart. He was

of course obliged to defer his marriage; during the intermediate time this idea never ceased to torment him; and one day he had the imprudence to reveal to his bride, who knew nothing of the matter, the cause of his disquietude. Indeed, he could not well have avoided it, for she perceived that something ailed him, and anxiously inquired what it was. Kind words were not sufficient to pacify her; he could not stoop to falsehood, and was of course obliged to confess the truth.

Isabella took it deeply to heart that she had been innocently and indeed ignorantly the cause of Margaret's misery; and, though she had clearer notions of the dispensations of Fate than Ferdinand, still she could not wholly banish from her mind the idea, that the blow which had so unexpectedly fallen upon her lover might be the beginning of the fulfilment of the curse pronounced against them. The transports of the honey-moon somewhat dissipated these gloomy ideas: Ferdinand, too, forgot his griefs. Then followed their removal to town. The new amusements of all kinds that awaited them there, and their mutual tenderness, which daily increased, spread a charm over their life. Their minds wholly recovered

their cheerfulness, and they passed a happy year. In the sequel, however, when their most ardent wish was disappointed, the recollection of the curse which pursued them revived with new force in their souls, and at length reduced them, when all hope seemed to have vanished, to the miserable state of mind into which, as already related, they were now plunged.

It was about this time, in the year 1535, that the Emperor Charles V was equipping his first expedition to Africa, which conferred so much additional glory on his name and arms.

The Dey Heyradin Barbarossa then governed Algiers, professedly under the supremacy of the Grand Signor, but in reality as an independent sovereign. Not less subtle and crafty, than bold and enterprising, he was a formidable warrior, and one of the most dangerous corsairs that Barbary ever sent forth. He harassed all the coasts of Spain, France, and Italy; destroying the hope of the merchant, in vain awaiting the return of his captured argosies, and carrying many thousands into the most oppressive slavery, in which they languished for life, amid hunger, thirst, and intolerable labour; and were, moreover, subjected to the most cruel treatment, and even to

death itself, if they refused to renounce their religion. All Barbarossa's ships, even when he was not present, fought with the courage of despair; for such as suffered themselves to be beaten, he himself plundered, causing the officers to be executed as cowards, or traitors, and making galley-slaves of the crews.

Stimulated by his rapacity and fondness for war, he had, on some trivial pretext, attacked Muley Hassan, Dey of Tunis. The latter, of a much more peaceable disposition, having less practice in the art of war, and being moreover unprepared for such a contest, had been obliged to give way, after a short but valiant resistance. Barbarossa had driven him from his dominions, and reduced them under the nominal authority of the Porte.

In this emergency, Muley Hassan applied to the Emperor Charles, promising that, if he would reinstate him in his territories, he would hold them as a fief from him, swear allegiance to him, and, for further security, admit an imperial garrison into his most important fortress, Goletta.

This proposal was agreeable to Charles. Ambitious as he was, he felt stimulated by the hope that this enterprise would crown his

glory; for it was attended with extraordinary difficulties, and required, of course, extraordinary talents and resources. It was, besides, of consequence to him to humble Algiers, and to deliver the coasts of Spain and Italy from its piracies; and of still more importance to mortify the Turk, the arch-enemy of his religion, by wresting the state of Tunis, and perhaps Algiers itself, from his supremacy.

He caused therefore a very considerable fleet to be equipped with incredible activity. It numbered more than four hundred ships, which assembled in the harbour of Cagliari, in Sardinia. An army of thirty thousand men was drafted from the best troops of Germany, Italy, and Spain, to be transported to Africa; and it was liberally provided with every thing requisite for such an undertaking. The Marchese del Guasto was appointed to command it, and Doria was the admiral of the fleet. Nobles, knights, and gentlemen thronged to take part in this crusade, impelled by the love of glory, and the notion that it was meritorious to fight the infidels.

No sooner had Ferdinand received tidings of this expedition, than he too hastened, but from very different motives, to solicit an ap-

pointment in the army. He hoped to find tranquillity in the turmoil of war, conceiving that it would serve at least to divert his mind, and render the burden of his life somewhat more tolerable.

The emperor, flattered by the solicitude that was manifested to participate in this expedition, assured Ferdinand, in reply to his offer, of especial favour. In the month of July, shortly before the fleet sailed from the port with the troops, Ferdinand arrived at Cagliari, and immediately went on board.

The success of the enterprise, or at least the rapidity with which the contest was terminated, surpassed the emperor's expectations. The fortress of Goletta was taken by storm, in spite of the obstinate resistance of the garrison, which was very strong, and comprehended six thousand Turks, who were brave veteran troops. In the field, Barbarossa was defeated, and his army wholly annihilated, while he himself narrowly escaped being taken. His personal intrepidity impelled him into the thickest of the fight; and when his troops began to be thrown into disorder, he did all that valour, skill, and presence of mind were capable of accomplishing, to prevent the disgrace of flight.

Several times was he encompassed by foes, and obliged to cut his way through them; but the gigantic strength with which he wielded the sabre, the undaunted courage with which he met every contingency, and the excellence of his horse, enabled him to escape. Several thousand Christians were delivered from the slavery in which they had languished at Tunis. The emperor took a peculiar interest in their situation, and caused them to be liberally supplied with all that was necessary for their return to their respective countries, where they contributed not a little to diffuse his glory.

Muley Hassan, reinstated in his dominions, took an oath of allegiance to the emperor, according to his promise, and delivered up to him the fortress of Goletta, which commands the port of Tunis. To the emperor this was a doubly important acquisition; for it not only gave him the key to Tunis, but afforded a secure retreat, in which the ships of his subjects could take refuge from the corsairs.

The city of Tunis, it is true, was totally destroyed. Before the emperor arrived, the infuriated soldiers had plundered all the houses, and massacred their inhabitants without distinction, to the amount of perhaps twenty-five

thousand souls. Charles, justly indignant at this slaughter, deeply lamented that the glory of the day was stained with so much innocent blood.

Whoever feels cheerful and happy, is disposed to kindness and compassion towards others; while the miserable are apt to be cruel and misanthropic. In the massacre at Tunis, none was more active in sacrificing the unfortunate inhabitants than Ferdinand. The torments within his own bosom rendered him deaf to the shrieks and lamentations which arose around him; nay, the sight of the horrors that reigned on all sides seemed to alleviate the feeling of his own wretchedness.

During the scene of confusion, he was turning a corner out of one street into another, when he met a young man, a Tunisian, as his costume indicated, endeavouring to escape from some Spaniards who were pursuing him. Ferdinand had already raised his sword to dispatch him, when the fugitive threw himself at his feet, and, in broken Spanish, implored mercy.

His countenance was so expressive, and his eye so penetrating, that Ferdinand's hand was suddenly arrested, and, for the first time, he

felt a horror of slaughter. He involuntarily dropped his weapon, and took his prisoner under his protection. He then kept him about his person till the conclusion of the bloody business of the day, in which he had no further share; and it was not long before it was over, for the emperor appeared and put an end to the atrocities of his troops.

Ferdinand then proposed, as the danger was over, to dismiss his *protégé*, but the latter refused to leave him. "To you," said he, "I owe my life, and to your service I will devote it. Take me along with you. I will be your slave, though not born for that condition."

Ferdinand was ashamed of himself. He was fully sensible how little merit he could claim in the preservation of the young man's life. From his religious principles, too, he wished to have nothing further to do with an infidel. Besides, there was something in the piercing glance of his eye and in his features, that was particularly disagreeable to him. He therefore declined the offer and bade him go home. "Never!" said Hussein, for that was the name of the young Mussulman. "What should I do at home? My father, my mother, and my brothers and sisters, are no more.

Your swords have slaughtered them. The habitation of my father, who was a wealthy merchant, and all his warehouses, also are no more. Your flames have consumed them. Wherefore, then, should I remain here? Here is none to afford me shelter. Which way soever I look, I behold nought but ruins to remind me of my inexpressible wretchedness. To you fate has directed me. I shall not leave you; you must take me along with you."

At these words, Hussein fell on his knees, and renewed his solicitations with such urgency, that Ferdinand at length yielded, and, half-reluctantly, promised to take him with him. Hussein manifested the liveliest joy, especially when he learned that Ferdinand abhorred slavery, and that he meant to treat him like the rest of his household.

This indulgence doubly stimulated him to shew his gratitude. During the short time that the imperial army still remained in Africa, he contrived to ingratiate himself with Ferdinand. His extraordinary officiousness and constant attention to anticipate all the wants of his master soon won his affection, and rendered him indispensable, especially in a country where wide-spread devastation made it difficult

to procure subsistence, and Ferdinand's inexperience would have plunged him into a thousand embarrassments. Ferdinand now rejoiced that he had found such a servant as Hussein; the disagreeable impression which the latter had at first produced upon him gradually wore off; he conceived a liking to, nay, a confidence, in him, and soon gave him proofs of it. One thing alone puzzled him. When Hussein was about him, he always appeared cheerful, lively, and talkative; and this seemed to be so natural to him, that it was impossible to suppose it to be the effect of dissimulation or constraint. But when Ferdinand sometimes came upon him unawares as he sat alone in the tent, he would start up as if alarmed; it was evident that he had been absorbed in gloomy reveries, and that he did violence to himself in striving to assume the appearance of his accustomed cheerfulness. On one occasion, Ferdinand even thought he saw him, as he sprung up, conceal under his garments something that had been lying on the table before him; but, as he was not sure that his eyes had not deceived him, and had no great curiosity about the matter, he forbore to question him on the subject. From that time Hussein took good care not to be again sur-

prised alone, though Ferdinand determined within himself to watch him more narrowly.

The army received orders to embark for the purpose of returning home. The weather was favourable, and the voyage short and prosperous. Ferdinand hastened to rejoin his Isabella. He arrived at his residence, but he brought back with him the same corroding care which he had hoped to drown in the waves of the sea and in the bustle of war. For the first day, indeed, the joy of meeting again and the drolleries of Hussein had the effect of cheering up his spirits and producing forgetfulness of his sorrows; but on the very next day he relapsed into his former state.

Hussein insinuated himself more and more into his favour, and at length gained his entire confidence. He was not so successful with Isabella; in vain did he exert all his art to please her. She had at the first moment conceived for him an aversion which was not diminished by habit, but which daily increased, and at length became absolute horror. She warned her husband most earnestly to be on his guard against Hussein; but he paid no attention to her. He considered Isabella's zeal as a woman's whim, which, however, he could well excuse,

as the first impression made by Hussein upon himself had been very disagreeable, and he was obliged to admit, that the female mind cannot so easily conquer such impressions as the stronger mind of the other sex.

One day, in one of the solitary rambles which he was accustomed to take in the most sequestered parts of the environs of Barcelona, when he could no longer endure the house, and his melancholy thoughts became too oppressive, he ordered Hussein to follow him. They were soon engaged in brisk conversation. Hussein artfully contrived to direct it to the cause of the gloom whch overspread the mind of his master, and which he had long suspected.

Reserved as Ferdinand was on this subject, he at length became communicative, and disclosed to the African the real cause of all his sorrows.

"I could be of service to you in this case."

"You?"

"Yes, I. Doubt me not, master. To be sure, you must earnestly desire that I should."

"Would to Heaven that earnest desire were all that is required! Never was wish so ardent."

"Who knows? A strong resolution is ne-

"Every year," he again res
siderable pause, during which
at a loss how to express himsel
my father an Arab, who broug
ductions of Arabia Felix, and
exchange for them, heavy purs
snow-white hair floated over h
wisdom dwelt upon his brow.
to me, and in those days—it w
that he passed with us, he inst
arts and sciences of the East
learned how man can make t
nether world subservient to h
them to fulfil his most fervent

"Mere mountebank's tricks
have made spirits subservient t
would not have knelt before
begged your life. It would ha

their aid in a similar predicament. If then you think proper, I will teach you how this is to be done."

Ferdinand declined his instruction. He would have nothing to do with Arabian necromancy; for the bare idea of holding intercourse with the foul fiend and incurring obligation to him, thrilled him with horror. The pains of everlasting perdition were present to his soul, as well as the scaffold of the Inquisition, which, as he well knew, was assiduous in searching out sorcery, and exterminating it from the earth with fire. These things were not to be joked with.

He could not, however, drive the matter out of his head. The thought of seeing his long-relinquished hope fulfilled was too flattering. The power of conviction, exerted by passion, operated. He became more and more uneasy. In a few days, he again led the conversation imperceptibly to this subject, and inquired, as though out of mere curiosity, in what manner spirits may be made subservient to a person's wishes. When he learned that there was no formal compact to be entered into with the Evil One, and that nothing more was requisite than to use certain mystic figures and

words, unaccompanied by any ceremonies which could excite the least notice, his scruples were much weakened, and the voice of conscience became more faint. Hussein, who remarked this change, redoubled his persuasions; but Ferdinand was not to be urged to any resolution. A few days afterwards, he called Hussein, and told him that he intended to venture upon the trial. Hussein then formally instructed him how to proceed: at midnight, when Isabella was asleep, he was to draw a variety of magic figures round her bed, and to repeat, in a low voice, certain mystic incantations, when a spirit would appear, or manifest his presence some way or other; he was then to solicit the fulfilment of his wish, and the very same night the desired result would infallibly take place.

Ferdinand complied with these directions; but the next morning his conscience was again awake. He cursed Hussein for having seduced and exposed him to the pains of eternal perdition, of which indeed, during the night, he had already had a foretaste: for, in spite of the intoxication of the senses which deprived him of the power of reflection, he felt but too plainly that an infernal fire was circulating in

all his veins. His state of mind now became more intolerable than ever.

The promised effect did not fail in due time to manifest itself. When Isabella was certain of it, she seemed to be invigorated by new life. Her spirits returned; she felt oppressed by no guilt; the world appeared to her in the same colours as it had formerly done, and she grasped with double avidity at the pleasures which she had long renounced. Her extraordinary vivacity operated on Ferdinand also; the gloom which overspread his soul began to give way. She strove to devise means to accelerate this effect, and her fertile mind and delicacy of feeling, and, above all, love, more sagacious than any thing else, soon enabled her to hit upon the right expedients. She again rallied around them their old acquaintance, who cheerfully returned; and their house was, as formerly, the theatre of social pleasures. Ferdinand contrived to stifle more and more the reproaches of conscience; and in the confident expectation of a father's joys, he was once more happy.

Isabella looked forward with impatience to the day that was to make her a mother, and to compensate for all her past sorrows and morti-

fications. Alas! she knew not what she wished for! Short-sighted creatures that we are, how seldom are we aware what the next moment will produce! After an inexpressible painful labour, which reduced her to the utmost extremity, she was delivered of a son: but on his forehead there was a large dark red mark, resembling in shape the magic characters which Ferdinand had employed. Isabella was struck with such horror at the sight of this mark, which hideously disfigured the child's face, that, exhausted as she was, she sunk under the shock and expired.

Ferdinand stood by in silent, tearless despair. On his guilt-oppressed soul the ghastly mark had produced a totally different impression from what it had done on Isabella, who considered it as the effect of the old malediction which still pursued her; for he beheld in it, at the same time, the malignity of the infernal spirit to whom he had had recourse. This idea burst upon him like a thunderbolt. When he saw his beloved wife, his only solace, pale and lifeless, he felt himself alone in the wide world, forsaken by God and man, and in connexion with hell alone. He was nearly distracted.

It was some days before he recovered his

reason sufficiently to be sensible of the consolations which friendship was solicitous to offer. They might perhaps have made some impression upon him, had not Hussein counteracted their effect; for he was either indiscreet or malicious enough to declare plumply, that Ferdinand had nobody to blame for his misfortune but himself. According to the directions which he had received, he should have demanded of the spirit a *blameless* gift. This condition he must of necessity have omitted to add; and all the fault therefore was his and his alone. Ferdinand recollected that he had indeed forgotten this part of his instructions, and he was again reduced to the brink of despair; for Isabella's death now aggravated the load of guilt which oppressed his conscience.

His remorse was, in the sequel, embittered by a circumstance which he regarded as a fresh punishment, and by which his already lacerated heart was still more tortured. He soon perceived that the hellish fire which the magic arts of that unhallowed night kindled within him, had been transferred into his child. Philip, for so he had named the boy, became every day more and more obstinate and untractable. Unhappily deprived of the endearments of

affection, for his mother was no more and his father had no heart for him, he grew up a stranger to love and to the kindly feelings of humanity. No wonder that, with a disposition naturally wild, he should soon begin to manifest a strong propensity to mischief. To such a length was this carried, that his only study seemed to be what tricks he could play others, and how he could spoil their pleasures. To torment living beings, was his delight. Remonstrance and reproof had no effect upon him; and least of all from his father, towards whom he was most refractory. To Hussein alone did he manifest any attachment; but he used his influence with the boy, not to amend his faults, but to render him still worse; not only assisting him secretly in the execution of his wicked pranks, but even leading him into all sorts of mischief.

Ferdinand at length perceived that no means were left for his amendment but force and corporal chastisement; and, notwithstanding his natural aversion to these, he deemed it his duty to have recourse to them. Accordingly, he threatened to punish the boy severely for the next offence which he should commit. Philip, as if by way of challenge, played some wicked

trick or other on the spot. The father, who had probably been too indulgent before, was provoked to execute his menace. He laid hold of the boy, and gave him a sound beating. The latter extricated himself from his father's grasp, and, beside himself with rage, rushed to the window, which was on the second floor, and leaping out of it, broke his neck.

Petrified with horror, Ferdinand stood aghast. This was the second life that he had upon his conscience. "Behold your work!" cried Hussein, with a hideous grin, laying the shattered body at his feet, and rousing him with a shake, to contemplate the ghastly object.

Ferdinand would not have had strength to endure all these strokes of fate; he must have succumbed under them, had not an unexpected occurrence served to divert his thoughts from his misfortunes. On the very same day, news arrived at Barcelona, that the emperor had determined upon another expedition to Africa. It was destined against Algiers: for that piratical state had regained strength; its corsairs again harassed, as formerly, the coasts of Spain and Italy, and obstructed commerce over the whole of the Mediterranean. The complaints of his subjects, who on all sides solicited suc-

cour and protection, roused the emperor. He was impelled still more by the mortification of finding that the effects of his former expedition against the Barbary pirates had subsided; and that the fame he had won by it would naturally decline in the like proportion. He hoped, moreover, by an attack on Algiers, to draw off the Turks from Hungary, which was hard pressed by them, or at least to cause them to reduce their army in that quarter; for Algiers, which acknowledged their supremacy, was of such consequence to them, that they would not fail to hasten with a considerable force to its relief. For these reasons, the emperor resolved to accelerate the enterprise. Experienced seamen, indeed, recommended to him to defer it till the ensuing spring, but he persisted in his plan. He was bent on carrying it into execution that same year, and the autumn was then far advanced. All the preparations were therefore made with the utmost expedition, and some of them with too great precipitancy.

To Ferdinand, this intelligence was like a gleam of light penetrating the night of despair. The very same evening, he quitted his house, with a determination never to enter it again, and hastened to the rendezvous of the nearest

division of the army to offer his services. Hussein was charged to provide for the funeral, to make other necessary arrangements, and then to follow him as speedily as possible.

It was not long before orders for embarking arrived. The army, consisting of thirty thousand men, comprised the flower of the nobility of Spain and Italy. Ferdinand began to breathe more freely when he had turned his back on the country of his misfortunes, and felt the bracing effect of the refreshing sea-breeze. He was, moreover, not a little flattered, for he was still susceptible of ambition, to find that he was not forgotten by the emperor, by whom this new offer of his services had been accepted in a peculiarly gracious manner.

Considerations of a very different nature soon forced themselves upon him. The tempestuous winds of autumn, which are wont to agitate those waters, began to rise, as the veteran seamen had predicted; the waves were piled up into mountains, the passage became extremely dangerous, the ships were separated, and the sailors prophesied nothing but disaster.

Ferdinand was not naturally timid; but under these circumstances he was seized with a terror which he could not conquer, partly

arising from his total inexperience of this kind of dangers, but principally from his guilty conscience. The thought that he ought not to sink into a watery grave till he had made his peace with God, haunted him like a spectre.

After a long and severe struggle with the tempest, the ships successively arrived at Algiers; but the landing proved still more difficult and perilous than the voyage. It required the utmost skill of the most expert mariners to make head against the continued storms; and it was not without the greatest dangers and hardships that the disembarkation was effected. The whole of the troops were not yet landed, neither were the provisions, the tents, and other necessaries carried on shore, when the wind rose to an absolute hurricane; the ships, driven from their anchors, were hurried among the raging billows, and dashed in pieces against each other. More than one hundred and fifty vessels foundered; ten thousand men perished; and if an individual here and there strove to save himself by swimming, he was cut in pieces as soon as he reached the shore by the vigilant Algerines.

The troops which had been put on shore stood ancle-deep in mud, and beheld this hor-

rible destruction. Here the men could scarcely keep their legs; they were obliged to thrust their spears into the ground and to cling to them for support, so great was the fury of the hurricane. Had the Dey of Algiers taken advantage, or rather had he been able to take advantage, of the first confusion, he might have have cut off the whole army; but he, too, was confounded. The sudden landing, especially at that season of the year, which was not at all suited for it, had taken him by surprise, and he had not a sufficient force collected. Thus, with the exception of some skirmishing parties, which were soon repulsed, the army remained all night unassailed, and had to battle with the elements alone.

As soon as day dawned, and the fury of the tempest—the like to which Admiral Doria, in his long experience of the sea and its perils, had never witnessed—began to abate, the emperor Charles had recourse to every practicable expedient that could be devised for saving the army. His firmness in this desperate situation, his coolness, his presence of mind, were so much the more admirable, inasmuch as on the one hand he had been a constant favourite of Fortune, and was a stranger to adversity; and, on

the other, he could not but be sensible that he was himself to blame for this disaster. He felt with the keenest regret, that he ought to have listened to the experienced mariners, who would have dissuaded him from the enterprise at that late season of the year.

Admiral Doria exerted all his science and skill to save the relics of the fleet, and to collect them again. Actuated by ardent zeal for the service of his sovereign, and for the preservation of his countrymen, whose only hope depended on his success, he was favoured by several fortunate and unexpected circumstances. With incredible promptitude, before the Algerines durst venture upon a regular attack, he assembled so many ships, all the heavy articles in which he caused to be thrown overboard, that the troops still on shore could be embarked in them. Notwithstanding the incessant danger with which they were threatened, this business was accomplished without further loss.

Most of the brave warriors, accustomed to victory, sat silent and thoughtful in the departing ships, deeply oppressed by the feeling of disgrace at being obliged in this manner to quit the enemy's coast; and by the reflection, that

they should now be the scoff of the barbarians, who loudly exulted in their discomfiture. Some few congratulated themselves on having escaped with their lives; but these were soon awed into silence, for the tempest again rose in its might. It was less furious indeed than before, but still vehement enough to separate the fleet: several ships were driven far out of their course, some were lost, and the rest arrived singly in the ports of Spain.

The vessel in which were Ferdinand and Hussein, was driven by the storm to the greatest distance. The steersman no longer knew where they were; though to be sure this was a point of little consequence, because the ship was quite ungovernable. Such was the violence of the tempest, that the crew were obliged to abandon her to her fate. The waves increased to mountains. Some prayed, while others blasphemed with horrid imprecations. They expected every moment to be dashed upon a rock. One cursed his ill fortune, and another the emperor, who had brought them into this situation. At this crisis, the wind seemed to change; a violent blast from the opposite quarter carried the ship far away from the perilous spot. Hope again dawned upon her

crew; and Ferdinand rejoiced that at least his ears were no longer shocked by their profane and blasphemous language. For his own part, he had no hope, being firmly convinced that he was destined to perish, and having resigned himself to his fate, which he awaited in silent meditation.

He was suddenly roused by horrid yells from the crew. The ship had sprung a leak. She had sustained injury during the landing at Algiers, but it had passed unnoticed in the confusion that ensued; and, besides, there had not been time or opportunity for repairs. All hands were set to work to clear the ship of water, but to no purpose. The utmost efforts of despair were insufficient to reduce it, or even to prevent its increase. It rose higher and higher. The strength of the people began to fail, and with it the last spark of hope was extinguished.

Hussein stepped up to Ferdinand, "We are sinking," said he, with the utmost composure; "that you must be well aware of. I will summon my spirits to my aid. They have never yet saved me from drowning; they cannot refuse me their assistance. And you, are you determined to throw away your life? Have

you so strong a desire to furnish food for the fishes and sea-monsters? To die upon the bed of honour would be a totally different affair; but to drown ignominiously in villainous salt water, cruelly sacrificed by another's imprudence and folly! No, no; he must be mad who will not save himself if he can."

Ferdinand shuddered at the idea of incurring a fresh obligation to the spirits of darkness. He had indeed a thousand times felt life to be a burden to him. But now, at the moment when death, death too in so hideous a form, stared him in the face—at that moment, the love of life asserted its natural right, and it proved victorious in Ferdinand's bosom.

"Make haste, then! there is not a moment to lose."

"But how can I do what is requisite here?"

"Take this—it is a mirror. Draw it out of the case, pronounce the words which I taught you, look in it, and your deliverer will appear.

Ferdinand took it. Hussein turned from him with an infernal smile. "Recollect," said he, "this is only to be done in the last extremity," and disappeared.

The last extremity soon arrived. The water rose higher and higher. All were plunged in

sullen despair. The ship was fast sinking. Ferdinand drew the mirror from its case. Oh, horror! he beheld his son Philip, as he appeared when he had thrown himself from the window. The mark glowed hideously on his brow, and hideously were the features of his face distorted. He started, and fell backward, never to rise again. At that moment, the ship was engulphed by the devouring deep.

THE GIANTS OF THE SHARKA VALLEY.

The last heir of the ducal house of Bohemia had fallen in battle with Ottiko, the neighbouring prince of Boji, who, in consequence, became master of the whole country, and, like its native sovereigns, held his court at Prague. He removed all the servants of the late duke from their places, lest their attachment to the latter might render them dangerous to himself; with the exception, however, of one man, who tended the ducal flocks, who was beloved by all for his piety and integrity, and whom he did not dismiss, under the idea that he had nothing to fear from an humble shepherd.

The wife of this shepherd had borne him a son, who received in holy baptism the name of Jaroslaw: such was the beauty of this child, that all who saw him were enchanted; and, as

he grew up, he was universally allowed to be the loveliest boy in the whole country. When Jaroslaw had attained his seventeenth year, his father, feeling that his end drew near, called his son to his bedside, and said, "My dearly beloved son, it gives me great pain to part from thee. I have little to leave thee but precepts and exhortations to pursue the path of virtue, which I have so often repeated; but I have one more gift to make thee before I die. Thou must know that many years since, one bitter stormy night, a pilgrim knocked at the door, and solicited a lodging: we cheerfully admitted him into our humble cottage: thy mother, who was still living, quickly prepared for him some refreshment and a couch. The stranger, who must have been a very wise man, took the will for the deed, and humble as were the best accommodations that we poor people could afford him, he was so well pleased with them, that he led me to the cradle where thou wast soundly sleeping, and presented me with two invaluable jewels, which he desired me to keep for thee. The one was a lute, by means of which thou wilt be able to accomplish the most extraordinary things: whenever thou beginnest to play a merry tune upon it, every one who

hears thee will be compelled, even against his will, to leap and dance; and by soft and tender airs thou mayest dispose the heart to love, and to all the gentle affections. The other was this little ivory staff: when thou art in imminent danger from an enemy who is stronger than thyself, thou needest but touch him with the end of it, and he will instantly sink lifeless at thy feet. The stranger added, that if thou shouldst know how to make a proper and seasonable use of these gifts, thou mightst attain high honours, and even a throne—but I have scarcely occasion to tell thee, that this was only a figurative expression, and to warn thee against indulging expectations that can never be realized. Take these last gifts of thy dying father; abuse not the power over others which they confer on thee; but let thy conduct be invariably governed by virtue and integrity, that I may look down with satisfaction upon thee from those abodes of bliss to which I am about to be removed."

The old man's strength was exhausted by the exertion: his lips quivered convulsively; he closed his eyes, and expired. Jaroslaw wept bitterly. After he had consigned the remains of his beloved father to the earth, he repaired

to the ducal castle at Prague, with the flock committed to his care, for the purpose of applying to the prince for the place held by his deceased father: but, as he still was very young, he was justly apprehensive that the duke would object to trust him with so many valuable sheep. It was not, therefore, without some anxiety that he entered the city, resolving in his own mind, in case he should not obtain the appointment, to go abroad into the wide world, and try what he could effect with his wonderful lute.

When the handsome shepherd-boy was conducted into the presence of the duke, the latter was so well pleased with him, that, notwithstanding his youth, he had no hesitation to commit all his flocks to his charge. He immediately appointed him his chief shepherd, and concluded the directions which he gave him for his conduct with the following words:

"If I intrust thee with the care of my sheep, I must also, as thou art still so young, warn thee of the dangers which threaten both thyself and my flocks. Not far from my pastures, in the quarter in which the sun sets, lies a narrow valley inclosed by rocks and pleasant hills: there the cunning Sharka, by dishonest arts,

made Zeman Ctirad her prisoner; and since that time this valley has been the haunt of all sorts of monsters and demons, who take delight in doing injury to all who come within their reach. Beware, then, of ever setting foot in that valley: for shouldst thou even escape with thy life, my flocks would certainly fall a prey to these mischievous demons; and I swear to thee that thou shouldst pay me with thy life for this loss."

Jaroslaw promised to obey the duke's injunction, and returned home from the city highly pleased with his flock. He faithfully performed the duties of his office, and lived quiet and retired. He sometimes made trial of his lute, and, when he played a merry tune on it, his lambs would leap and frisk about, and he was convinced that all his father had said concerning it was true: but he could not make the same experiment with the ivory staff, for he was too kind-hearted to kill even a brute animal wantonly, and he relied with confidence on the assurance of the good service that it would render him in case of need.

The winter was past; the icy chains which had bound all nature were dissolved; the birds cheerily warbled on the sprays; the earth was

covered with a robe of new verdure; the trees began to display their tender foliage; lovely flowers were bursting into blossom; in short, all was gaiety and joy—when the duke's shepherd fixed his wistful eyes on the beautiful valley which he was forbidden to enter. When he contemplated the delightful aspect of the hills, clothed with the freshest green, he could not suppress an inward impulse to drive his flock to these rich pastures, which were much finer and more luxuriant than the duke's; and he would often have yielded to it, had he not been deterred by the rigid injunction of his master.

One night he had retired to rest, and had not been long asleep, when he dreamt that a tall majestic female figure, wearing a long silken robe, over which was a cuirass of polished steel, and a bright helmet on her head, approached his couch, and cried, "O silly boy! why dost thou not follow the powerful impulse of thy prophetic spirit, which urges thee to enter the valley inclosed by yon lovely hills, where such good fortune awaits thee? Why dost thou suffer the gossip of a timid old man to deter thee from seeking certain glory and honour?" Having uttered these words, the majestic figure instantly vanished. Jaros-

law awoke, and the thoughts of this extraordinary vision prevented him from closing his eyes again for the rest of the night.

Next morning, when he drove out his flock, the forbidden valley appeared more delightful and lovely than ever, so that he could no longer withstand the invisible power which impelled him to conduct his sheep to its rich pastures. What ill can befal me? thought he. My father's bequest secures me from danger of every kind; and, should an enemy threaten me, I can either set him a-dancing, or in case of extreme emergency, deprive him of life. Suspending his lute by a blue ribbon from his neck, and putting his ivory staff carefully in his scrip, he boldly drove his flock before him into the charming valley.

Jaroslaw had not advanced far between the lovely hills, studded with trees covered with fragrant blossoms, and his lambs skipped merrily about in the luxuriant pasture, when he all at once perceived a giant, who was so tall, that he himself scarcely reached to his waist. His colour was black, and his features were distorted and hideous to behold; a black garment was loosely thrown over his shoulders, and in his right hand he carried a massy club

of ebony. In a terrific voice, the giant cried to the shepherd-boy, "Audacious dwarf, darest thou enter my domain? Have I not long since forbidden thy detested race to approach my palace? But instant death shall be the punishment of thy presumption." With these words the giant, brandishing his club, hastened towards Jaroslaw, who fearlessly struck the cords of his lute, and sung aloud the following song:

'Tis late—Sir Oluf speeds away,
To bid the guests to his wedding-day;
When, lo! as he passes the haunted green,
A troop of elfin sprites are seen.
The Erl-king's daughter was one of the band,
She stepp'd forth, and tender'd the knight her hand:
"Welcome, Sir Oluf! what hurry?" said she;
"Come join our ranks and dance with me"—
"I may not dance, I must not stay,
For to-morrow is my wedding-day."—

"But hark ye, Sir Oluf, come dance with me,
And a pair of gold spurs I'll present to thee,
And a shirt of silk most fair and white,
By my mother bleach'd in the pale moonlight."—
"I may not dance, I must not stay,
For to-morrow is my wedding day."—

"But hark ye, Sir Oluf, come dance with me,
And a purse of gold I will give to thee"—
"Your gold," said Sir Oluf, "were welcome I trow,
But I may not stop to dance with you now."—

"Not dance, Sir Oluf! and wilt thou not?
Then sickness and sorrow shall be thy lot."
She struck him on his manly breast,
So sore a weight his heart ne'er press'd;
Then rais'd him faint on his steed, and cried,
"Speed thee now, if thou wilt, to thy bonny bride!"

And, when he reach'd his castle-gate,
His mother all trembling there did wait;
In anxious tone, said she, "My son,
Why art so pale? Why lookest so wan?"—
"Wan, mother, and pale! Ah! well I might;
I have been in the Erl-king's domain to-night."—
"Dear, my child, say not so," she sighed,
"Or what shall I tell thy buxom bride?"—
"Tell her with horse and hound I'm gone
To the forest, but shall be back anon."
Next morn, or ere the dawn of day,
Came the bride and wedding-folk so gay;
The wine-cup circled, with good cheer;
"But where tarries Sir Oluf, my bridegroom dear?"—
"Sir Oluf with horse and hound is gone
To the forest, and will be here anon."
To his chamber soon the damsel sped;
There lay Sir Oluf—he was dead!

At the first note, the giant dropped his club, and when Jaroslaw began to play a lively interlude, he immediately fell to leaping and capering, as if he had been bitten by a tarantula; and, by the time the shepherd had finished the song, his enemy sunk to the ground completely exhausted with the severe exertion. Jaroslaw,

thinking it not advisable to allow so strong and dangerous an adversary time to recover his strength, ran up to him, and touched him with the ivory staff, on which he instantly expired. The conqueror could not suppress his curiosity to search the garment of his vanquished foe, and found in his pocket a golden key. Haha! thought he, to this key there must certainly be a lock somewhere in this valley, and to the lock a house, or some other building, and it would be a shame to return without discovering it.

He therefore collected his flock, and drove it forward in high spirits. He had gone scarcely a mile when he perceived a magnificent palace, built of black marble; he went up to it, and, behold! the key exactly fitted the lock of the door, which he opened. At that moment, he heard a loud neighing in the stable, which was exactly opposite to the entrance, and, when he reached it, he saw an exquisitely beautiful coal-black horse, which pawed the ground, as if impatient of inactivity. The bold youth, delighted with the handsome spirited animal, sprung upon his back, and trotted him round the spacious court-yard. When he had thus amused himself for some time, he conducted the horse back to the stable, and as-

cended the stairs. After passing through several sumptuous apartments, he entered a spacious hall, the walls of which, like all the rest of the palace, were hung with costly tapestry, and in the middle stood a round table, upon which were a large sword, a bowl, and a crystal flagon filled with black wine. On the black marble table Jaroslaw read the following inscription in letters of gold: "Hail to the hero who shall drink off the contents of this flagon without being overcome by the potent beverage! he and no other can wield this sword."

Near the table on black velvet cushions lay a bright suit of black armour, together with shield and lance, and other requisite accoutrements. The youth examined every thing with great pleasure, and then tried to lift the sword, but was unable to raise it a hand's breadth from the table. He was almost tempted to empty the bottle, but an inward voice seemed to say, that there would come a time when he should have occasion for such extraordinary strength.

The shepherd at length quitted the splendid hall, and, having descended to the court-yard, found all his sheep assembled round a small low door: no sooner had he opened it than out

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cretion; but, I repeat my injunction, and advise thee to beware of again rousing my displeasure."

When the duke had thus spoken, he retired, and Jaroslaw went quietly to his sheepfold: but he felt by no means disposed to obey the renewed command of his master, for he had been too successful in his first visit to the valley not to feel desirous of trying his fortune there once more. Apprehensive, however, lest the duke might have been watched for some days, he waited a whole fortnight before he ventured to drive his flock again into the forbidden valley. He then proceeded through the same pastures as he had done on the former occasion, and a few hundred paces beyond the black palace he came to a plain surrounded by delicious hills.

Presently a giant advanced towards him: he was much taller than the other, so that the youth could have walked upright between his legs. In other respects, he was not so hideously ugly as the other; he was of the ordinary colour of men, and dressed in a white woollen garment, and armed with a sickle of polished steel. This white giant called out as furiously as his black brother to the shepherd, when at the distance of several hundred paces,

asking, how he had come thither, and what business he had on his domain. Jaroslaw, not in the least intimidated, replied, "Take my advice, Mr. Giant, and don't be quite so haughty. I have humbled the pride of one such as thou already. I am come hither because I had a mind to see this valley, and to let my sheep graze in these rich pastures; and if thou dost not molest me I will neither rob thee of any thing, nor do thee any other injury." The giant was too much astonished at the hardihood of the diminutive intruder to be able to reply, but raised his sharp sickle to dispatch the young shepherd.

Jaroslaw immediately began to play on his lute, and to sing a jolly hunting song; and the white giant fared no better than his black brother: he began to leap and caper, but was able to continue the exercise much longer. The shepherd several times repeated his song, and played till his arm sank with fatigue from the instrument; but the giant had not yet danced away all his strength. When the music ceased, he recovered himself, stepped up close to the youth, and again raised his tremendous sickle; but Jaroslaw nimbly slipped between his legs, at the same time touching one of them with his staff, on which his enormous

antagonist immediately dropped down dead, and would have crushed him in his fall, had he not sprung aside with all his agility.

Jaroslaw, as before, searched the garments of the giant, and found a key cut out of a single precious stone; and he had not gone much farther when a wonderful palace of crystal appeared before him. The key opened the gate, and he found every thing arranged here in the same manner as in the other: a noble horse, a fold full of sheep, all sorts of costly furniture; in the hall a complete suit of armour, with shield, sword, and lance, and also a table, upon which was placed a flaggon of wine, but every thing of a white colour. On the table was this inscription in black letters: "Drink without fear: he who can empty this flaggon may defy the devil himself."

After the shepherd had well surveyed the palace, he carefully locked the doors, and began to consider whether he should take the fat white sheep with him or not; he was so pleased with the beautiful creatures, that he could not resolve to leave them behind him; especially as he thought within himself, that the duke would not so soon again count his sheep, which, moreover, were not likely to betray him as before by the difference of colour.

In this manner, he again increased the number of his master's sheep, and returned in safety to the fold; nor was this new disobedience discovered for some time, when one day the duke, chancing to be standing at the window when the sheep were passing, observed that his flock had again received a considerable accession. He sent for the shepherd, and thus addressed him: "How durst thou, disobedient varlet, again presume to go, in defiance of my orders, into the valley of Sharka? Aggravate not thy guilt by an obstinate denial of it, if thou wouldst avert my just indignation, but confess what wicked spirit has impelled thee to such an enterprise."

The shepherd, sensible that his denial of the charge would be of no avail, threw himself at the feet of the duke, and confessed that he had been again in the valley; but took good care not to mention a syllable concerning the two palaces, and the wonderful things which they contained. The duke, who, at the bottom, was not displeased with this increase of his flock, again pardoned Jaroslaw's offence; but threatened him with the severest punishment in case he should a third time transgress his commands.

Jaroslaw returned home, firmly resolved

never to venture more into the valley, lest he should again excite the wrath of the duke: but he was deeply dejected, and nothing gave him so much pleasure as to sit under an oak-tree before his cottage, where he had a view of the valley to which he was so powerfully attracted.

One evening, he tarried so late at his usual place, that he at length fell asleep. He dreamt that he heard the solemn sound of funeral music issuing from the valley. A singular procession presently approached: on a bier carried by black bearers lay the first giant whom he had killed; and these were followed by white figures carrying the second giant. Stopping not far from the shepherd's cot, they made two fires to consume the corpses, and when the flames of both the funeral piles rose aloft in the atmosphere, there stood between them a man, as tall as an ordinary tower, whose face and apparel were entirely of a ruby red. He eyed the shepherd youth with angry gestures, as though he designed to kill him, to avenge the death of his brother giants; while a stately female at some distance pointed to the valley, as if exhorting him to pay it a third visit. A tremendous peal of thunder was heard, the vision vanished, and he awoke from his slumber.

Next morning, unable to contain himself any longer, he set out for the valley, firmly resolving not to bring back from this excursion any thing that might be likely to betray him. Before the stars had quite disappeared in the firmament, he drove forward his flock, and by the time that the sun began to gild the tops of the distant hills with his rays, Jaroslaw had made considerable progress up the valley. He reached the crystal palace; but after he had passed it, the valley gradually narrowed; an impetuous torrent dashed over a rugged bed, and high beetling crags rose on either side, and obstructed the way.

Jaroslaw, however, bent on seeking a new adventure, climbed over them with the agility of a chamois, and did not rest till he descried a castle seated on a rock: it was of a dark red colour, and seemed as though it had been cut out of a single ruby: it had, nevertheless, the appearance of being empty and uninhabited. The shepherd ascended a hill opposite to the castle, and began to play on his lute, which he accompanied with his voice. Before he had finished his song, there appeared on the tower of the castle a giant with a blood-red face, of such immense stature, as to look

like one tower set upon another. He exactly resembled the monster whom the shepherd had beheld in his dream. This terrific colossus was armed with a sword of the same colour as himself, and of proportionate dimensions; and, as soon as he perceived the stranger, he hastened down from the castle and the rock towards him. Jaroslaw struck up a merry tune, just at the moment when the giant was striding across the torrent, and he was immediately obliged to begin dancing, till the glowing weapon dropped from his hand, and sunk to the bottom of the stream. The shepherd then ceased playing, and the giant, without taking the trouble to pick up his sword out of the water, advanced straight to the hill on which the youth was seated, with the intention of seizing him and dashing out his brains against the rocks. But, behold! no sooner did he extend his hand to grasp Jaroslaw, than the latter held forth his ivory staff and touched the giant, who instantly fell dead on the ground with a shock that rocked the neighbouring hills to their very bases.

Jaroslaw observed at a distance that the giant, in his hurry, had left the door of the ruby-red castle open: he descended from the

hill, swam across the stream, and scrambled up the rock on which the castle was seated, to the entrance. Here a wild steed, of a blood-red colour and prodigious size, ran neighing and snorting to meet him, but quietly suffered Jaroslaw to catch and lead him back to his stable. The interior of the castle was precisely like the two others in every respect excepting colour: here, all was red, and the armour, of a species of metal unknown to the shepherd, was so bright as to dazzle his eyes when he looked at it. On the table, of red marble, stood a flagon of red wine, and there was the following inscription in white letters: "When the generous purple beverage is mingled with thy heart's blood, thou shalt be invincible: Satan himself shall not prevail against thee, but acknowledge thy superiority, and proclaim thee his master."

The shepherd locked up every thing securely, and, as he was departing, peeped into the sheepfold, which was full of red sheep with the finest fleeces imaginable: much as it grieved him to leave them behind, he determined not to take a single sheep, lest the duke should again guess where he had been; but he had scarcely reached the foot of the rock, when

the red sheep, leaping over the walls, ran after him as though they had always been under his care. In spite of all his efforts to drive them back, they would not leave him, but mixed with his flock as familiarly as if they had been old acquaintances, whom they were glad to see again after a long separation.

The shepherd knew not what to do in order to conceal his disobedience from his master: he therefore waited till it was quite dark before he drove home his flock. Next morning, with great labour and fatigue, he separated the red sheep from the rest, and shut them up in a fold by themselves, while he drove the others out to pasture: but scarcely had he proceeded a few hundred paces, when the prisoners, creeping like mice through the chinks in the door of the fold, followed him, and mingled again with the white and black sheep. All the passengers who met them stopped and surveyed the blood-red sheep with great astonishment: this extraordinary phenomenon became the talk of the whole city, and the story reached the ears of the duke. Burning with indignation, he summoned the shepherd before his throne. When Jaroslaw entered the hall, "O thou rebellious boy," cried the prince in a voice of thunder, "thrice

hast thou transgressed my command, and thy temerity would not fail in the end to bring some signal calamity on thyself and me: I will therefore set a vigilant watch upon thee: to-morrow thou shalt be placed under the care of my gardener, that hard labour may wean thee from thy fondness for adventures. Go and acquaint thy future master with my orders."

Jaroslaw withdrew in deep despondency; his mind aspired to higher occupations than digging the ground and planting cabbages and flowers: but he communicated the duke's commands, as he had been directed, to his gardener, who received him kindly, and assigned to him a small apartment in his house. The youth at length became resigned to his lot, and manifested such docility, that the gardener and all the inmates of the ducal palace conceived an extraordinary regard for him. He nevertheless frequently felt most severely the restraint to which he was subject, and solicited the gardener's permission to go abroad: but the duke had strictly forbidden him to suffer the youth to pass the garden-walls. To such a degree, however, had he ingratiated himself with the old man, that he allowed him occasionally to take a short and secret stroll in the adjacent country. At such

times, Jaroslaw would ascend a lofty hill, the summit of which commanded a view of his beloved valley; and often was he tempted to obey the voice of fate, which seemed to summon him thither, but he was restrained by the thought that he had promised the kind and honest gardener to return, and that the good old man might perhaps be severely punished for his flight. Influenced by these considerations, he always went back, and consoled himself by playing on his lute plaintive airs, which gained him every heart.

One day, when he was singing his favourite ditty, the beautiful princess, the duke's only child, happened to be just then walking in the garden. She was so deeply affected by the tender melancholy of the song, and so strongly interested in behalf of the youthful singer, that she determined to solicit her father's permission to have him to sing for her in her own apartments. Jaroslaw, for his part, was always highly delighted when the lovely princess visited the garden; and, on the other hand, he was quite unhappy whenever she missed coming down from the palace.

Early one morning, the young gardener rose from his bed and went to his work. While he was engaged in preparing a nosegay for the

princess, he observed a most delicate flower, which, tinged by the first rays of the sun, surpassed all the others in beauty: so exquisite was its fragrance, that it would have refreshed even a patient at the point of death. A gentle breeze played about it, and the lovely flower waved to and fro on its slender stalk, like a little bird bound by a golden thread. "O how pre-eminently beautiful art thou, sweet flower!" said Jaroslaw, "and more magnificent than king Solomon, who, in all his splendour, was not so richly attired as thou. The bees hum around thee, and flutter about thy soft cheeks in order to sip thy honey; the children of men also have pleasure in beholding thee. But soon wilt thou lose all these charming hues; and the sun, which, like a tender mother, has hitherto cherished and fostered thee, will launch its burning darts to pierce and destroy thee. Better die on her lovely bosom a death which I shall envy thee."

When the nosegay was ready, the old gardener came to carry it to the princess, and was delighted with its freshness and beauty; but when the maiden received it, she could not remove her eyes from the peerless flower in the middle, which far eclipsed all the rest. Whenever the princess looked at this wondrous flower,

it seemed to declare to her, that she was loved above all things by an amiable youth; but a voice in the inmost recesses of her heart told her, that could be no other than he who had gathered the nosegay; and she began to make a warm return for the silent passion of the poor gardener.

The youth had once laboured hard the whole day, and went home in great uneasiness, for he had seen nothing of the princess; and, to judge of the distress manifested by her maids, he was even apprehensive that she was dangerously ill. On entering the gardener's house, he found its inmates in great affliction; and, on inquiring the cause of their grief, the gardener's wife broke out into this lamentation: "O the poor duke! how much he is to be pitied!"—"But tell me," said Jaroslaw, "what has happened to our lord and master?" The woman replied, "Only think what must be his distress: he is in danger of losing his only child, his beloved daughter; and what is worse than all, it is to Satan himself that he is bound to deliver her." Jaroslaw, in the utmost alarm, entreated the gardener's wife to proceed with her explanation. "You must know," said she, "that many years ago, Duke Ottiko and his consort

had no prospect of having children. Prayers and pilgrimages proved as unavailing as the means recommended by physicians from far and near; and Ottiko and his duchess had almost relinquished all hopes of issue, when a cunning man, who came, as he gave out, from the distant kingdom of Persia, arrived at the ducal court.

This stranger won the confidence of the prince, and, when the latter once complained bitterly of his disappointment in not having an heir to his throne, the other promised to remedy this evil; adding, however, that he should require a very high price for the exercise of his art. The duke solemnly affirmed, that he should think no price too high for the fulfilment of this his most ardent wish, for which he would even cheerfully sacrifice half his dominions. But the cunning man answered, "It is neither gold nor land that I demand of thee, but thou must promise that thy first child shall be my property, which, on attaining its seventeenth year, I will come and claim. Though the duke thought this a very severe condition, he nevertheless complied with the demand of the stranger; and—O the deplorable infatuation that blinded him to this snare of Satan!—he signed the contract with his own

blood. The duchess afterwards bore her husband three daughters, only the eldest and most lovely of whom is now living. As nothing was heard of the stranger during all this time, the duke thought no more of the dreadful contract; but he has just been reminded of it in the most serious manner. In a week, the fair princess will attain her seventeenth year, and last night the stranger presented himself before the duke, to give him notice that he should appear on her birth-day to receive his property. He was in the attire of an Eastern knight; but only conceive the horror of the duke, when, in spite of the length of the stranger's robe, he distinctly espied a cloven hoof!" On finishing this narrative, the woman renewed her lamentations, crying, over and over again, "Alas! the poor princess! in a week she will be the prey of the wicked one!"

Jaroslaw felt much keener sorrow than he durst express, lest he should betray the vehement passion which glowed in his heart. He thought, however, of his three palaces in the Sharka valley, and confidently hoped to deliver the princess from such imminent danger; nay, he was impatient for the day when he should contend with Satan for so fair a prize. Mean-

while public supplications were offered up in the churches, and all the inhabitants of the duchy prayed from morn till night for the deliverance of the lovely and virtuous princess from the clutches of the devil; for she was universally respected on account of the excellent qualities of her heart. Thus the birthday of the princess arrived amid prayers and lamentations; and Jaroslaw, whose impatience would not allow him to close his eyes the whole preceding night, solicited permission of the gardener to go and see the procession which was to escort the princess to the spot where the odious stranger intended to wait for her, promising at the same time to bring him a faithful report of all that passed. Curiosity at length overcame the old man's scruples; he gave Jaroslaw leave to go, earnestly exhorting him to take care of himself, and to keep out of danger.

The youth hastened with all possible speed into his beloved valley, to equip himself for the perilous conflict: repairing to the black palace, he took the horse out of the stable, put on the suit of armour, and, when he had emptied the flagon, he found himself able to wield the ponderous sword with ease, and felt so strong, that he conceived himself already to be more than a

match for the foul fiend. As it had been agreed upon by the duke, the princess was conducted to an open place, situated between the city and the Sharka valley, where the stranger had promised to attend to receive her. When she had been arrayed in bridal attire for this her last excursion, and her weeping attendants brought flowers to adorn her bosom and her beautiful hair, she chanced to cast her eyes on the nosegay which some days before the handsome young gardener had gathered for her. All the flowers were faded and withered, excepting that one which she had so much admired, and which was still as fair and as fresh as ever. She removed it, and placed it in the nosegay in her bosom: tranquillity and hope revisited her heart; and, after taking the most affectionate farewell of her father, she prepared with great resignation to go forth to meet the detestable stranger.

The priests of all the convents, and all persons of both sexes who possessed the reputation of extraordinary piety, accompanied the princess and swelled her train. They carried sacred relics along with them; the whole procession joined in prayer; but no miracle took place, and the prince of darkness, in the figure

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dismount; whereupon so tremendous a conflict ensued, that all present were nearly petrified with astonishment, and even the oldest men did not recollect any parallel to it. The combat had lasted with the utmost fury above an hour, when Satan, weary with the exertion, cried, "It is enough for to-day, and I appoint to-morrow morning to decide the matter." The black knight approved the proposal, and, without waiting for the thanks of the princess and the applauses of all the spectators, he vaulted upon his steed, clapped spurs to his sides, and away he galloped to the mysterious valley. The prince of darkness disappeared, and the princess was conducted back in solemn procession to the palace of her father, who, astonished and in the highest degree rejoiced at the appearance of so valiant a champion, again ventured to conceive an idea of the possibility of his daughter's deliverance from the clutches of Satan.

Jaroslaw, having hastily exchanged his knightly accoutrements for his own humble apparel, returned to the ducal gardens, and related to the good-natured old man the particulars of the combat. He then resumed his usual employment, and, after working the

remainder of the day with the greatest alacrity, retired to rest at night with the most agreeable anticipations. With the first dawn he quitted his bed, and begged the gardener's permission to witness the ensuing combat. The gardener was too anxious to learn the issue of this extraordinary affair to refuse the indulgence solicited by his young assistant; but he again admonished him to take good care to keep himself out of danger.

Jaroslaw, in high spirits, hastened by the shortest way to the crystal palace, emptied the flagon, put on the white brilliant armour, and away he galloped on the snow-white steed, beautiful as the day to the field of combat. The princess and her train had already arrived; and Satan appeared in the shape of a hideous dragon, with four heads, from each of which he vomited flames of fire against his adversary. Fortunately, however, Jaroslaw was protected by his enchanted armour from all injury. He boldly began the conflict, and laid about him so stoutly, that in half an hour the field of battle was covered with dragon's heads which he had cut off; but though they were immediately replaced by others, yet the monster could not gain any advantage over him, and after they

had again fought a whole hour, Satan once more desired to defer the decision of the contest till the following morning. Jaroslaw, mindful of the red wine that was left in the red castle, assented to the proposal, rode back to the valley to transform the knight again into the gardener's lad, and as such to give his master an account of the second combat. The princess was re-conducted to the city, and looked forward to the morning of the third day with anxiety, but yet with hope; for her unknown champion had already performed such prodigies, that she entertained little doubt of her final deliverance: besides, the wonderful flower in her bosom still continued quite fresh and lively, as if to confirm her hopes and to announce a happy futurity.

On the third morning, Jaroslaw repaired to the red palace. The duke and the princess, with their train, meanwhile proceeded to the appointed place. At length, a knight in ruby-red armour, and mounted on a red charger, like the god of fire, was seen approaching. On his arrival, the earth opened, and flames burst from its bosom as the precursors of Satan, who this time appeared in his own proper terrific shape. All present were horror-struck, and the princess

swooned: Jaroslaw alone was not daunted, and prepared for the conflict. For two long hours were the formidable combatants engaged, till Satan's strength forsook him; Jaroslaw demanded the contract, which his adversary was obliged to surrender, and which he lighted at the flaming eyes of the evil one and reduced to ashes.

The prince of darkness vanished with a tremendous noise, and Jaroslaw fell on one knee before the duke: but he had received so severe a wound in the elbow of his left arm, that he bled profusely, and, before he could utter a word, sank senseless to the ground. All hastened to his assistance, and the princess herself bound up his wound with a handkerchief which she had embroidered with her own hand. The knight, being still too faint to move, the duke returned with his daughter and their retinue to the palace, with the intention of sending his own surgeon to administer relief. When the duke was gone, Jaroslaw recovered, and the attendants whom the prince had left with him would have conducted him to the palace, but he mounted his horse, and without so much as bidding them farewell, posted to the mountains. The men gazed in astonish-

ment after the mysterious knight, and went to inform the duke, who was sorely grieved that the valiant deliverer of his daughter did not afford him the pleasure to manifest his gratitude for so signal a service.

When Jaroslaw returned home, the gardener, who had been seriously alarmed at his long absence, desired to know what had detained him. The youth related all that had happened, and added, that he had tarried in the field of battle till the red knight had recovered from his swoon, upon which he followed him to the entrance of the valley, where he ascended a hill, from which he watched him ride into a magnificent red palace, that shone with such brilliance, as if it had been cut out of a single ruby.

The youth then returned contentedly to his work, and was always doubly delighted whenever the lovely princess came to walk among the flowers. One day, on visiting the garden, she found the lad asleep on a shady bank, and observed her handkerchief tied round his left arm, which was otherwise uncovered. Astonished at this sight, she wakened Jaroslaw, and inquired how he had come by the handkerchief. Convinced that he should never have a more favourable opportunity for revealing his

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signified his assent, and anxiously awaited his return. He was seated at table with his whole court, when a messenger came to inform him, that a stately knight, in brilliant white armour, was seen issuing from the Sharka valley and approaching the palace. The whole company instantly rose; and the fair princess, running impatiently to the window, instantly recognised the champion of the second combat. The knight was conducted into the hall, and, on removing his helmet, discovered the features of the handsome young gardener. The duke clasped him affectionately to his bosom, and promised him a princely reward; but when he observed Jaroslaw's tender looks, and the modest flush that mantled on the cheek of his daughter, he easily divined the sentiments of the lovers, and determined to celebrate their nuptials that very day.

When Jaroslaw imprinted the first kiss of love on the chaste lips of the princess, she silently presented to him the flower, which he instantly recognised: he would have laid hold of it and pressed it to his lips, but it was gone, nor did he see it again till the evening of their wedding-day, when, contemplating the firmament, in which the stars seemed to emit increased

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SIWALD AND HIS ELEVEN SONS

FAR away in the north there is a country called Iceland, because it is on all sides encompassed with ice. The men there are stout and robust, and their wives bear them sound and healthy children. In this country dwelt in ancient times a peasant, who was the most expert smith far and near, but, at the same time, extremely poor. His name was Gaumer the Strong; for none of his neighbours had such muscular limbs, or such extraordinary bodily strength. At last, growing old and weary of life, and seeing his smithy, like himself, somewhat the worse for wear, for when he used the great hammer, the roof threatened every moment to tumble over his head, he called his son Siwald, who, in defiance of his father,

assumed his surname of the Strong, and thus addressed him: "When thou seest that mine eye is ready to break, let me lie still that I may die in peace; but when thou perceivest that my heart has ceased to throb, and that no life is left in me, then lift up my pillow, and take what thou shalt find; for it belongs to thee."

When Siwald heard this, he was confident that it must be gold, or something of great value to which his father alluded; and, as he was not the most dutiful son, but, on the contrary, rude in his manners, he had no rest till he had possessed himself of what was deposited for him there. He found nothing, however, but a sledge-hammer. Enraged at this disappointment, he threw it against the door with such violence, that the roof sank still lower. The old smith was extremely vexed, and pronounced a curse on Siwald's posterity. That the hammer with which he had forged many a good sword might not be left, as not worth picking up, at the door, he said to his son, "Thou oughtest by no means to despise the inheritance that I leave thee, though thou vauntingly callest thyself the Strong; for wert thou not mine own child, thou wouldst

not be able to lift my hammer." Siwald angrily seized the hammer by the shaft, and gnashed his teeth as he raised it from the ground. "Know, Siwald," proceeded the old smith, observing his dissatisfaction, "that thine is a valuable inheritance, so surely as Thor in Trudvang has spoken a good word over my hammer. As long as thou carriest it, the gods will be with thee, and vigorous as thou already art, thy strength shall increase every day. But no sooner shalt thou part with it, than in vain shalt thou style thyself the Strong; for thy strength shall daily decrease, and then, I verily believe, that thou wilt be induced to change thy gods."

Siwald then threw the hammer over his shoulder, and travelled many a long mile over ice and snow, and found his father's words confirmed; for, when he had thus journeyed many days, the hammer felt as light in his hands as a knife. It chanced one day that he came to a smithy, where twelve grimy fellows were labouring at the anvil. Here he solicited employment, promising to do as much work as all the twelve, if the master would pay him the wages of twelve. But, when he was going to give a specimen of his professional abilities,

it appeared that he was too strong to use such a hammer; for he shattered the anvil to pieces like glass, and destroyed with one blow what the twelve others had been a whole week knocking together. The smith thereupon insisted that he should work with a smaller hammer till he had made compensation for the mischief he had done; which so enraged Siwald, that, beating down the smithy about the ears of the master and all his men, he pursued his route.

The farther he went, the stronger he found himself, so that by the time he reached the next smith's, the hammer seemed as light as a feather. The door was locked, for it was late, but he hit against the wall with the shaft of the hammer, so that the beams gave way, and the smith perished in the ruins. It was evident enough that he had nothing to expect here. Reflecting on past events, he considered that it was but a miserable life to do nothing but mischief wherever one went; for his provisions were quite exhausted, and he was in great need of meat and drink. He took the hammer peevishly from his shoulder, and flung it with violence upon the ground, in which it made a deep hole, and a pigmy

figure instantly sprung forth amidst a shower of sparks that issued from the flint-stones. This dwarf, like the smiths in general, was black, and clothed in a thick bear-skin. He stood still before Siwald, and asked what he wanted. "Wert thou not so shabby a smith," replied Siwald, "I would offer myself to thee for a journeyman: as it is, it would be of no great service to thee, if thy house were to tumble about thy ears, as soon as I should throw my hammer upon the ground."

It was soon agreed upon between them, that if the dwarf could swing the hammer, it should be his, but he should give Siwald in exchange as much gold as he could lift; if he could not, Siwald was still to receive the gold, but to retain the hammer. The dwarf thereupon seized the shaft with both hands, and swung the hammer thrice over his head as if it had been a straw. At that instant, Siwald recollected his father's words; but it was then too late to retract. He therefore put his gold into a sack, travelled farther, and he said to himself. "Now I am equal to the richest of them."

His strength, however, daily decreasing, according to his father's prediction, while he had

still the same weight to carry on his back, he soon grew weary, and was obliged to stop in order to rest himself. It so happened, that when he was about to pursue his way, he found himself, to his no small mortification, unable to lift all his gold. He, therefore, divided it into four parts, buried one of them, and marked the spot, that at some future time he might fetch it away. He continued his route with the rest; but this soon became too heavy a burden for him, and he was obliged, however reluctantly, to bury a second portion. Going farther, his strength declined more and more, and unable any longer to carry the half of the gold which he had received, he was necessitated, much as it went against the grain, to bury the third fourth part. He then resolved to divide it into many small parcels, and when he felt fatigued as he journeyed along, he buried one of them after another; and hence the origin of the treasures found in many places in the bosom of the earth, especially towards the north.

Meanwhile he had proceeded far to the south, and the heat greatly contributed to make his burden oppressive to him. When he had still three small parcels left besides the

last fourth, it happened that, at midnight, while he was sleeping with his gold under his head, a beautiful female appeared to him in a dream, holding in her hand a superb horn, carved out of a single precious stone. Grasping eagerly at the horn, he awoke, and heard a raven croaking over his head. Here he was forced to bury another portion of his treasure; and he travelled a great way before he came to the next spring. He was sorely vexed at his disappointment with the beautiful female. He again fell asleep, and again she stood before him, holding a gold horn in both hands. Again Siwald eagerly stretched out his hands to seize the horn; but awoke, and again heard the raven croaking over his head. He was compelled to bury another portion of his treasure; but now he did it without any reluctance, for he cared but little for the gold, and would cheerfully have given all he had for another sight of the lovely damsel.

He travelled this day only till noon before he grew weary, and was forced to bury another portion of his treasure; hoping, at the same time, that he should be able to retain the remaining fourth. At night, as he was sleeping in the open air, the same

female stood beside him, holding in her hand a silver horn, on which strange characters were engraven. She dextrously removed the last fourth part of the gold from under his head, and deposited the silver horn in its place, calling him by name, and saying: "Now thou hast nothing left but thine inheritance, and art relieved of the gold of thine ancestors. In its stead, I have given thee a horn, which is more valuable than thine inheritance, and more powerful than thy gods: for what is bound on earth by enchantment it can loose, if but a single tone be produced from it. This, however, cannot be accomplished but by a good Christian, and whoever would be a good Christian, must travel eastward. As soon as thou canst blow this horn, thou shalt see me again, and have reason to rejoice at it."

When Siwald awoke, his face was turned towards the East, but what had been told him in his dream was enveloped in profound obscurity. He extended his hand to pick up his gold, with the intention of proceeding farther; but before him lay a bright silver horn, and the gold was gone. He felt somewhat chagrined; for it seemed to him that the horn was too dearly purchased. When he once

more beheld the coal-black raven flying away over his head, he bethought him of the beauteous maiden, and he longed more ardently than ever to see her. He now perfectly well recollected that he was to see her when he blew the horn, and nothing, thought he to himself, can be easier than that. All his attempts to produce a sound from it, however, proved fruitless. He tried at least ten times a day, but heard only the hoarse cry of the raven: the thoughts of his love engaged him more and more, and in this mood he repented him of all the heinous sins which he had committed.

Travelling onward he met a pilgrim, and rejoiced exceedingly that he had some one to whom he could communicate what he suffered. The pilgrim was filled with amazement at the sight of the horn, because it was covered with religious signs and emblems. These he was capable of illustrating and explaining, for he was versed in every branch of learning. Siwald, therefore, took great delight in his society, and they travelled on together. When they had at length arrived in the East, Siwald's mind was so soothed by all the pilgrim had told him, that he had nearly forgotten the

lovely damsel, for whom he had previously felt so ardent a passion. The pilgrim thence inferred that such a man could not fail to be a Christian, and admired the power of love, which was thus capable of changing the human heart. Siwald himself being earnestly desirous to become a Christian, the pilgrim took water out of the sacred river Jordan, and poured it over him, on which the unclean spirit departed from him.

They then set out on their return, and had traversed many fair countries together, when Siwald came one morning to the spot where he had had his remarkable dream. The idea darted across his mind, as if by inspiration, that if he could sound the horn, he should see the maiden who was the object of his passion. He applied it therefore to his lips, and, lo! it sounded so loud, that the very earth shook under his feet, and at the same time the raven dropped like a seagull into the water. They were both astonished at this circumstance; but the pilgrim was of opinion that it was a propitious omen. Having proceeded a little farther, they were met by a damsel more beautiful than imagination can conceive. Siwald could scarcely believe his eyes, for she exactly re-

sembled her who had so long engaged his thoughts. It was then evident to both travellers, that she had long been spell-bound by the raven; and Siwald rejoiced with exceeding joy at the wondrous power of his horn.

The pilgrim commanded Siwald to fix his abode on this spot, and gave him moreover this advice: That when his wife should have her first child, he should build a sacred house in the forest, but leave it without roof till the birth of her last. After this exhortation, he took leave of Siwald, and pursued his way.

The blessing of heaven rested on Siwald and his wife, and when she had borne her first child, he built a lofty portal, to serve as an entrance to the sacred edifice; and over the door he placed a black raven, as a grateful memorial. When they had led a pious life together for ten years, Siwald found himself the father of ten sons, and thought that he might now cover in the building. But it so happened that in two years more Siwald's wife produced her eleventh son; and he was troubled in spirit, because the edifice was already roofed, believing that this child was destined to fulfil the curse pronounced by his grandfather. He therefore resolved to overlay the

roof with plates of gold, so that it might appear to be still unfinished; and he strove by all the means in his power to collect as much gold as he possibly could. A very large quantity being required for this purpose, he longed for the gold which he had buried in his northern native land. As a punishment for indulging this desire, the father's former passion was infused into his eleventh son, who would grasp at gold while yet in his cradle. The ten seemed to vie with each other in virtue and piety, but the youngest grew up in sin, to the destruction of them all: for when both Siwald and his wife were dead, they divided the whole property.

Now the father had directed, that the sacred house should be set apart for the accommodation of pious travellers: all his sons were satisfied with this arrangement, excepting the eleventh, who declared that it was unjust, and plotted mischief against his brothers. He slew five of them in the forest, and buried them there. This happened before midnight; but after midnight he killed the five others in the sacred edifice, and interred them in the middle of the court-yard. Prompted by avarice, he then removed the

gold plates from the roof, and exulted in the possession of the rich booty. But when he went forth into the forest, he felt as if a sword had pierced his heart; for, on the spot where he had buried his five brothers, five oak-trees had sprung up from their blood, and from that moment he could not abide in the forest. In a very short time, five more oak-trees grew up in the middle of the court-yard, out of the blood of the other five murdered brothers, and thereafter he could not enjoy any peace at home. In vain did he endeavour to cut down the trees with a keen axe, the steel would not so much as penetrate the bark, and the memorials of his guilt were not to be removed.

Henceforward, he could not remain either in the forest or in the house: he therefore formed a subterraneous abode for himself, taking with him his gold and his other effects, among which was the silver horn, and avoiding the light of day. Ever since that time, the house has been held accursed by men. Tradition adds, that he at length sold himself to Satan for a certain term of years, in which he was engaged in seducing men into all sorts of wickedness: but some believe, that he is still

minded persons to the w

Such is the history of

sons.

NEW NEIGHBOURS.

SCARCELY twelve months have elapsed since our whole neighbourhood was thrown into a ferment at a report that a small, but delightful residence, which had long remained unoccupied, had been actually purchased by a gentleman who was a stranger to every body in the country. The painters, the carpenters, the upholsterers, the gardeners were directed to meet the *gentleman* on a certain day and hour, and receive instructions to commence operations forthwith. Glad enough were they of the *orders*, as they are called; for the mechanics and operatives of Longbrook cannot boast of being overburdened with business, and every man of them would

suspicions amongst then
"they ought to know th
before they gave away
hands;" although he had
stranger, hat in hand, all
in a cold March wind, a
commands with, "Yes, sir
A great improvement, sir-
a few flowering shrubs to
sir,—It shall be done, si

Yes, if it had not been
pairs and alterations at F
been completed with su
alacrity as were never b
the gardener is looked
by all his companions,
toe, the carpenter, decla
"drive a single nail till
thing *sartain consarning*

possibly "shoot beyond the mark." However, the gentleman having finished his arrangements left Longbrook, with an intimation that he should be down again in a fortnight, and hoped to get into the house in a month.

Day after day passed and everything remained in *statu quo* at Fair-hill; for the gentleman having travelled by the stage-coach without an attendant, James had no opportunity to exercise his talent of "fishing" the servants, and, as he pondered over the case by day and night, he became still more fearful of engaging in the undertaking. "I cannot hear who he is," said he, "he may be the devil himself for what I know, and come what will I'll never own him for a master."

At length the deliberations of these worthies were concluded by the re-appearance of the stranger at the end of the time proposed; he bustled from the inn to the house, and found all as silent and dreary as when he left it, turned upon his heel, bustled back to the inn again, and sent for James the gardener to explain, who answered his question with, "Why, sir, Frank Timbertoe has been ill, sir—Mr. Furnish has lost his wife, sir—young Brush the painter has married—and as for me, sir—I—I did not know what name to charge the shrubs

to, sir—so—so I thought I'd just wait and ask you, sir."

A cloud had been gathering on the stranger's brow, but, when old James had finished his speech, rubbing his hands, and bowing low, it dispersed itself in a loud laugh, which prevented his replying for at least two minutes, and kept the old man staring in mute astonishment, wondering "what next was to come;" a space of time sufficiently long to allow a passing thought to cross his mind, that "Frank and the rest of them should *pay him well* for being put in such bodily fear." But, when the gentleman could command his countenance, he said, "Oh! the name—I am not ashamed of it—it is well known—charge the shrubs to the Honourable Mr. Devereux, gardener."—"Very well, sir—certainly, sir—I beg your honour's pardon, sir, for troubling you, sir, said James, and, with many low *salams*, left the room, lifting up his eyes at the idea of being once more in the service of the nobility; for James in his youth, as he loves to tell, lived in the family of Sir George So-and-so and Lord Such-a-one, and far from thinking himself obliged to the inhabitants of Longbrook for employing him, considers he does us a favour to settle himself

amongst us, conceiving that his profound skill in the rural art is somewhat degraded by being exercised in the garden of Mr. Drench, the apothecary, or even in that of Mr. Preachwell, the curate.

Forth he went, and having assembled all the runagates, he erected his head an inch or two higher than usual, (James is more than six feet high, lean, gaunt, bony, with an eye whose expression varies between that of the fox and the tiger,) and told them, in a loud and sonorous voice, which was strangely contrasted with the subdued and servile tone in which he spoke to the stranger, that "they ought to set to work directly; the new-comer was a gentleman born, the Honourable Mr. Devoroo; the family used to visit at Sir George's when he lived there; and *therefore* they need not fear but that he would remunerate them handsomely." This class of inquisitors being satisfied that the gentleman was not without a name, he again departed; informing them, however, that "if his wishes were not immediately complied with, and, moreover, if Fair-Hill were not made habitable in a month, theywould find themselves the worse for it:"

but, as Sir Peter Teazle says, "he left his character behind him."

His name being generally understood to be Devereux, notwithstanding the disguise put upon it by James's pronunciation, another class of unbelievers began to question what right he had to it: "It was a noble name—strange that he was not known to Sir Thomas at the Hall—strange that he came unattended—stranger still that no friend accompanied him to look at the house—very mysterious—something wrong behind—could not expect he would be much acquisition as a neighbour—visiting him would be out of the question, unless something more satisfactory could be heard about him"—so said a card-playing dowager, who thinks herself versed in the history of every family within twenty miles of her residence.

"It was remarkable that no lady had come to make choice of the furniture, which, from what the upholsterer had said, was not to be of the most elegant description—surely Mr. Devereux must be a bachelor, who had just taken the house for a shooting-box"—so said a lady who has not made up her mind to "single

blessedness," although she has but little chance of being blessed any other way; while all the Longbrook lords of the creation were on the tiptoe of expectation to hear whether the stranger were a sportsman and a dinner-giver, or whether the neighbourhood were to be bored with a miser and a misanthropist. Oh! the everlasting changes that were rung upon that name—the stress that was laid upon *the honourable!*—my ears tingle at the recollection to this minute.

At length, the month expired, and the following notice, addressed to James Root, gardener, Longbrook, screwed curiosity to the highest pitch: "Mr. D. intends to arrive at Fair-Hill on Thursday; his servants will be there to prepare dinner; but James is requested to see that the house is well aired."

When the five o'clock coach arrived, every window of every house in Longbrook, was thronged to see the *entrée* of the supposed bachelor; but the coach rattled on without setting down one single passenger. Then the gossips declared that they had been hoaxed, and began to cheapen Mr. Devereux's *honour* roundly.

Another half hour passed by, when "smack

"Who were in the car
alone? no lady?" was
"I saw an immense qu
said a wag, "in the corn
it was such a shapeless
determine whether it w
of luggage."

Indeed some days ela
official was known as t
real living woman at
Mrs. Finesse, the card
a bold stroke, and dro
offer any thing her hous
a *ruse* that Mr. D. littl
ling forward, he begged
gized for the "rough
introduced her to "his
scene for Hogarth to pa
grey eyes of Mrs. Fines
new neighbour, and see

"when they married, he could span her waist," sat, with rosy cheeks and a pair of eyes almost stupidly soft, quietly wondering at her visiter's easy impudence, but feeling too indolent to shew any resentment.

As for Mr. D. a little active, gentlemanly figure, about fifty, his face so deeply tinted that one of the Longbrook wits has said it must have cost him many *pipes* of old port to colour it so richly, he stood by highly amused, and when Mrs. Finesse took leave, "hoping she should have the honour of *Mrs. Devereux*'s company as often and as soon as possible," he could scarcely restrain a fit of laughter, and hurried the lady away to her carriage, leaving his wife to conjecture what could be meant by giving her a name to which she was not in the least entitled. Then, taking his new friend aside, in a confidential whisper, he began to say, "My dear madam, I think you and I both love a joke, a hoax, and I have very unintentionally put one upon the Longbrook *natives*. I was obliged to give the old gardener a name before he would trust me with a cauliflower. Devereux popped out before I was aware of it, which was only one letter in it similar to mine. Here is my card," said he,

dear madam, set me in
with the people here, a
to my plebeian cognon
name ?' "

Mrs. Finesse smile
lighted to find that h
vering, on which she
lost upon the stranger
would do every thing i
having quite altered he
propriety of visiting a
D. hastened to inform
gem, telling her " he h
man in his service ;" l
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cited such an unnecessa

The news of Mrs. I
abroad ; accordingly th

carried her housekeeper's receipt for veal-curry, which Mrs. Finesse had so much admired at her last dinner; Mr. Drench's two dashing daughters went to inquire whether she had lost her cold—"Civility," said they, "costs one nothing;" Mrs. Latitat, the attorney's wife, took a specimen of rare china to add to her friend's cherished store, which Mr. L. had obtained at a recent sale of a client's effects; the rector's and curate's ladies, on *charitable* deeds intent," called to beg Mrs. Finesse's assistance in support of a benevolent institution about to be established; and she has since declared that she had more patterns for ladies' work, work-boxes, and work-bags, and more offers of loans of books, that morning, than she had ever before received, although she had resided amongst us thirty years.

However, she knew to what account she might place such an influx of kind offices, and maintained a very general conversation, to the great annoyance of her friends, determined that no remark of *hers* should lead to the subject so much desired to be discussed. At length, a carriage passed the windows: "Whose is that?" said Mrs. Antigua, "does it belong to the new people? By

the bye, my dear Mrs. F. did not you drive to Fair-Hill yesterday?"—"I did."—"Well, who are they? What are they? Very nice people: Devereux is the name, I think."—"Devereux?" said Mrs. Finesse, raising her voice in a note of astonishment, "what could make you think of that? Dobbido: see, here is a card." Dobbido! Dobbido! echoed through the room in so many different tones, that Mrs. Finesse was at some trouble to keep herself from indulging in a hearty laugh. But Mrs. Antigua returned to the charge with "Well, but are they people one would wish to know? Have they a good establishment? any style about them? Very strange such a different name should have been given at first."

Mrs. Finesse waited patiently and answered, "I shall like to know them; I cannot answer for your taste. As to the establishment, I saw only one servant; I was not admitted to the kitchen, you may suppose: their house is in great confusion, therefore I cannot judge of their style, but they have the ease of well-bred people; and as for the name, you surely did not rely upon the report of such an old goose as James Root?"—"I do not think I shall visit them," said Mrs. An-

tigua, giving her head a haughty toss—"a mystery about them, and I hate mysteries."—"Well," said Mrs. Finesse, "I would not part with my new neighbours for half my old ones." and added, seeing Caroline Drench about to go over to the enemy's camp, "My dear, you must ask your papa to go and see them; they will make him better patients than *I* can; they are both gouty."—"They are elderly, then," said Caroline; "have they no family?"—"Family, my dear! to be sure; three or four sons in the army, two of them captains in the Guards." The last recommendation acted like a talisman on most of the party; while Caroline exclaimed, "O dear, what an acquisition! I'm glad Fair-Hill is occupied; really it has looked so desolate, that one could not walk by it without a fit of the *blues*." Mrs. Finesse's visiters having obtained their object, soon departed, anticipating the time when they should be admitted to a sight of these Longbrook *lions*.

The following Sunday, a bright, bustling, sunny March day, saw the "new people" drive cheerfully to church in a comfortable four-wheeled open-carriage, drawn by a horse as fat as his mistress, saw them shewn into the pew

appointed for all living at Fair-Hill, with every eye in the church fixed upon them. Our good rector failed on that day to keep alive the attention of his congregation; every feature, every action, every article of dress, from Mrs. Dobbido's elegant reading glass to Mr. Dobbido's gold-mounted spectacles, underwent a scrutiny, and I am ashamed to say, half the ladies had the vapours the whole day, because they had to pass so many hours before they could pay a morning visit on the Monday.

However, the morning came; none of the expectants died or were taken sick, although they had suffered so much "hope deferred;" each person had an opportunity of gratifying his curiosity, and left Fair-Hill with the same feelings that a child has when it has broken a favourite toy, "to look inside and see what it is made of;" a feeling of disappointment, that the sight is over, and nothing wonderful discovered.

In spite of Mr. Dobbido's hoax, he is generally visited; some few there are, who, like Mrs. Antigua, wishing to be singular, and being troubled with too large a quantity of pride, have declined an acquaintance, on the ground that Mr. D—— is "not much known;"

but as he gives the best wines and the most superlative dinners, is the best chairman to be found at a convival meeting, plays an excellent game at whist, has an immensity of anecdotes relating to persons in the highest walks of life, and often invites his gallant sons to Fair-Hill "as a treat for the country belles;" he is a very popular character, and every party looks blank if his merry face is not to be found in it. As for his *better half*, whom he commonly calls Mrs. D. unwilling to repeat the offending name, she plays a very good second to his *primo*, and I have seldom heard her voted a bore except at a quadrille party, where some unfortunate dancer, with no "light fantastic toe," may have set foot upon her gouty extremity, and occasioned the good lady a fortnight's retirement.

In short, our new neighbours are quietly settled down into very sociable people, and as they favour us occasionally with belles from town (as well as beaux), are reckoned a great acquisition: by the way, one of their visiters, sweet Rose Donaldson, is such a gem, that I shall make a sketch of her at another opportunity.

THE THREE WISHES.

The Starost, Vincentius Czernowolski, being destined for the church, was placed for education in a college of the Jesuits. On the death of his elder brother without issue, he was suddenly removed from the monastic seclusion in which he had passed his youth, into the tumult of the great world, just in those years when youth is advancing to manhood. Endowed by nature with robust health, a vigorous constitution, and a very handsome person, and being moreover the heir to extensive possessions, he was every where courteously received.

His every wish was gratified by his fond parents, whose sole hope he now was; and every mother of daughters would have felt proud in an alliance with him. The only fault found with the young man was an extraordinary bashfulness, owing to his former solitary way of life. His

parents frequently admonished him to shake it off; and many a female, under pretence of rallying him out of it, indulged in provoking pleasantries, which soon swept away all traces of his original shyness, and urged him by degrees into vice and dissipation. The impressions of early education, and the reproaches of conscience, would sometimes disturb him in his career of iniquity; he would then form resolutions of amendment, but, owing to the want of firmness, and the intercourse with young men of his own age, mostly educated by French preceptors, these resolutions were soon forgotten, and pleasure became the sole object of his pursuit.

His deluded parents rejoiced at the polish which his manners were daily acquiring; and they determined that a visit to Paris, for which accident furnished an opportunity, should give him what was still wanting to form the finished gentleman. A brilliant embassy, destined to solicit the hand of the beautiful Maria Louisa Gonzaga for Uladislaus, King of Poland, was just at this time about to be dispatched to the French capital. This embassy was joined by youths of the first families in the kingdom, and among others by Vincentius. The opportunity

which he thus enjoyed of being introduced at court, and becoming acquainted with the young nobility of France, was highly gratifying; and an emulation to rival them in all points plunged him into the most expensive pleasures. In this manner he passed two years at Paris: his father died during the first of them, and all the ready money which the frugal old gentleman had amassed, was sent by the fond mother to her son, and speedily squandered. Considerable sums, obtained on bonds, followed; and, when his mother at length informed him that her credit was exhausted, he returned, peevish and ill-tempered, to the embarrassed estates.

The solitude of a country life was rendered still more irksome by the importunities of creditors: mother and son had recourse to convivial indulgences to cheer their spirits; but the means of prosecuting this course of life soon failed, and it was proposed that a marriage with some rich heiress should furnish a further supply. Prudent parents, however, refused to give their daughters to a man who was known to be a spendthrift and debauchee; and journeys to Warsaw, undertaken with a view to deceive by a brilliant appearance, and thus to attain the proposed aim, drained the last resources, and

hastened the end of the previously ailing mother, who, in the last days of her life, sought and found comfort in religion.

The Starost was now left to himself. The recollection of the past was accompanied only by remorse, and a dreary prospect was before him. He strove to forget both. The reading of French works, which served to confirm his levity, and the society of young men of neglected education, whose supreme enjoyment consisted in the gratification of sensual pleasures, at length stifled every virtuous sentiment which he had still retained from his early years; and the chase, to which he had not previously manifested any partiality, was now followed by him with ardour as his only remaining diversion.

There was upon his estate an extensive forest, where one day, when in close pursuit of a stag, he was parted from his attendants. It was autumn. A heavy rain soon began to fall from the gloomy atmosphere, and contributed to prevent him from finding his way home. Completely drenched, he involved himself more and more in the mazes of the forest, often breaking forth in the most vehement

execrations. Thus did he continue wandering about till near midnight, when all at once he espied a distant fire. He urged his weary steed through the wood: the flame appeared brighter and brighter.

Three blasts of a horn were suddenly heard, and he found himself surrounded by a number of ragged fellows, each armed with a gun or a large club; and by the light of the fire, he could distinguish them to be gipsies. He knew that a strong band of these people was wandering about in those parts. He was sensible that to oppose them by force would be the height of imprudence, and that he had no other course than to try the effect of persuasion. He mentioned his name, told them by what accident he had come thither, assured them that he had neither valuables nor money about him, but promised a liberal reward to any of them who would conduct him out of the forest, and put him in the right way to his castle.

The gipsies then consulted together in their own language, and afterwards desired him to dismount, and seat himself by their fire. Men, women, and children were cowering round it, and some of them were engaged in cooking

victuals. They set before him a large piece of broiled meat, which, as he was hungry, he ate with a relish, and then repeated his request.

"Grandmother Zulebebbe!" cried the gipsies, respectfully rising to make way for a hideous old woman, who went up to the Starost. Though bowed by the weight of years, she was still remarkably tall: her meagre body, covered with tatters, resembled a skeleton; and her gray hair, which floated loosely, heightened the sallowness of her complexion. Her small animated eyes seemed to disagree with the wrinkles of her face; and a ghastly smile gave a peculiarly horrible expression to her features. "Not only," said she, "shall my children conduct thee out of the forest, but I will reveal what is to befal thee: I will predict from thy hand thy future prosperity and misfortunes, and teach thee important secrets." She took his hand. "Thou wilt be elected deputy to the diet, and obtain money for thy journey. Ah! what success among the ladies! and a wife, exquisitely beautiful and very rich. Luck, good luck, but—— let that pass." She loosed his hand. "What is to be our reward?"

"Name it!" cried the Starost, regardless of

all her prophecies, and only solicitous to get away. "If it be in my power, your terms shall be complied with."

"Well, then," replied the hag, "thou shalt permit us to dwell here unmolested in thy forests; thou shalt take Gurreck, my grandson, who shall conduct thee home, and is an excellent shot, for thy huntsman; and shalt send word to us by him when the neighbours complain of us, and insist on our apprehension. If thou wilt swear, after our fashion and in our language, to perform these conditions, thou mayst return home in safety as soon as thou wilt; and we will moreover be ready at all times to serve thee with our secret arts, which are not so contemptible as thou mayst imagine."

The Starost was rejoiced to get off so easily, and cheerfully assented to these terms. Gurreck then stepped forward, and embraced his knee. He was a robust well-looking youth; but yet his sallow complexion and roguish smile had in them something repulsive. "When can I set off?" asked the Starost.—"As soon as thou hast taken the oath," replied the hag. He assured her that he was ready to do so immediately, on which she made a sign to her band. They instantly struck up a wild kind

of song, and whenever the singers paused, horns, that yielded howling tones, filled up the intervals.

The old woman then mounted upon a high stone, round which were laid four firebrands towards the four cardinal points. Two gipsies laid hold of the arms of the Starost, and knelt before the stone. They recited words in an unknown language, of which he understood nothing but the names of Christ and the Virgin Mary, and desired him to repeat them slowly after them.

When he had finished, the witch burst into a loud laugh; and this laughter was repeated by all present. A secret horror pervaded the Starost; but, when Gurreck rode up on a stately steed, and offered him his services as a guide, all his fears vanished. The beldam drew forth from her basket a well-sealed parchment. "Beware of breaking it open," said she; "it would bring upon you great misfortunes. It contains nothing but a copy of the oath which you have taken. Preserve it with great care." The Starost promised to comply with these injunctions, put it in his pocket, bade adieu to the gipsies, and gallopped away.

On reaching his residence, he found his people in great alarm respecting him: he told

them that he had met with the gipsy-lad in the heart of the forest, and promised to take him into his service, if he would conduct him home in safety. No one objected to this arrangement, especially as Gurreck, who was an arch wag, was daily playing all sorts of diverting pranks, by means of which he soon became a favourite with all the household.

Father Protasius, chaplain to the Starost, alone shook his head doubtfully, because Gurreck never went to church; and, when he asked the youth whether he was a Christian, and had been baptized, he would reply, that he could not tell. The pious monk then strove to teach him to pray, and to make the sign of the cross, but without success; for Gurreck seemed so impenetrably stupid, that his reverence could not always suppress a smile; and at last he rather angrily sent him about his business, declaring that he would not cast pearls before swine.

Meanwhile, the valet of the Starost, finding the parchment in the pocket of his coat, carried it to his master, who, without taking any further notice of it, locked it up in his bureau. Not a creature had the least idea that a diet was about to be assembled; but when, in a few days, circulars were issued, convoking the nobles and gentry for the purpose of electing

deputies, the Starost recollected the prediction of the old gipsy. He had never yet felt any desire to be a deputy; but now he could not suppress a wish that he might be elected. He gave entertainments to his neighbours, in order to solicit their votes; but he received upon the whole so little encouragement, that, to his severe mortification, he was soon convinced that he had no chance of obtaining a seat.

Vexed at his disappointment, he went out a-hunting, aud had no ears for the merry tunes which Gurreck, who rode after him, whistled and sung. His attendant at length took the liberty to inquire what was the matter, and why he appeared to be so low-spirited. "That does not concern thee," replied the Starost; "thou canst not do me any good."—"If I cannot," answered Gurreck, "perhaps my grandmother can." All present laughed at this answer, regarding it as one of his usual sallies. It made, however, a profound impression on the Starost; and having, on some pretext, sent off the rest of his people to a little distance, he asked Gurreck if he really believed that his grandmother could be of service to him. The youth replied, that he was certain of it; on which his master ordered him to fetch his

grandmother to the castle. Gurreck remarked, that her appearance there would be sure to attract the notice of Father Protasius, and of the whole household; and suggested, that it might be better to go out about midnight, when they were all asleep, to meet her on the high-road.

The Starost approved this plan. Gurreck rode off into the forest; and, on his return, after an absence of about two hours, informed his master in private, that he had arranged every thing for the interview. The Starost sometimes felt ashamed of himself for being so weak as to expect assistance in such an affair from an old woman; but, when pride and hope regained their sway, and especially when Gurreck was about him, he felt as if attracted to the hag by some secret spell. The same afternoon, he was informed by an acquaintance, who accidentally called upon him, that the Castellan Lipkowski, with whom he was at law, was expected to be the deputy for their district; and this intelligence rendered him quite impatient for the appointed interview.

When therefore all the household had retired to rest, he quietly quitted the castle. Gurreck was in readiness with the horses, and they hastened away to the forest. They discerned the

fire at a distance; and Gurreck, pointing to it, told his master that this was the preconcerted signal, to denote that Zulebebbe was waiting for them at the cross-road. There they accordingly found the old woman seated by the fire.

"I am already acquainted with your errand," said she to the Starost; "and I can do for you infinitely more than you desire. Mention any three wishes, and if you agree to the conditions which I propose, they shall all be fulfilled."

"Well," said the Starost, "if such be thy power, give me honour and distinctions, as much money as I want, and the favours of every female to whom I take a fancy."

"Trifles!" exclaimed Zulebebbe, "you shall have them all: but you must, in return, promise me to comply with three wishes, which you have it in your power to grant."

"What are they?" asked the Starost.

"I know not," answered the old woman, "what the spirits will require of you."

"Spirits!" repeated the Starost, who now began to be somewhat staggered.

"What!" rejoined the hag with a horrid grin, "do you suppose then that an old gipsy-

woman can perform wonders? I will call up three mighty kings of the spirits; each will confer on you a gift, and you must give each of them something in return."

"But, perhaps, they may require my soul."

"You will have a right to except three things, which the spirits cannot demand: but if you refuse any of the things demanded, the spirit who claims it may then substitute in its stead any one of the excepted things that he pleases. I will not hurry you: take three days to consider of the matter: you will then find me at midnight at this place; or if you do not come, our bargain is at an end."

The old woman rose and went towards the forest: the Starost called after her, but she heard him not, and presently disappeared among the trees. The Starost rode home in silence, and not without a vehemently throbbing heart. He tossed all night in sleepless anxiety on his bed; and, when he awoke in the morning from a short unrefreshing slumber, it seemed as if he had been under the influence of a fearful dream, till his memory recalled all the circumstances that had happened, with such force as to convince him of their reality.

At first he had thoughts of communicating

the affair to Father Protasius; but, as he determined to have nothing more to do with it, this step soon seemed unnecessary, more especially as he had so frequently ridiculed the weakness of asking advice of priests and confessors. On the second day, it occurred to him, that he might except his soul and his body, and then the three gifts need not be rejected. On the third, he farther considered, that he might exclude the lives of all his fellow-creatures; and then there could be nothing very objectionable in the business.

The same day, he received two letters from creditors who threatened to institute legal proceedings against him, and whom he was quite unable to pay. He had nevertheless still come to no decisive resolution; but when Gurreck, whom he had not set eyes on during these three days, came to him on the evening of the third, and asked if he should saddle the horses against midnight, he replied in the affirmative. He would afterwards have countermanded this order, but Gurreck was no where to be found; and when, towards the appointed hour, his imagination represented to him all the promised prosperity, and the signal was given by Gurreck, he hastily

wrapped himself in his pelisse, and posted away to the place of rendezvous.

They soon saw the fire, and found the old woman sitting by it as before. She ordered Gurreck to retire to a little distance with the horses, and desired the Starost to stand by her in the circle which she traced upon the ground with a stick. He was about to speak, but she motioned him to be silent; and, drawing forth a black book from under her garments, read in a mumbling voice. A tempest instantly swept through the forest, so that the sturdy oaks cracked again; murky clouds overcast the moon; not a single star remained visible in the firmament; and a sound was heard like the rumbling of distant thunder. "Machiel," cried the hag, "appear!"

A gigantic figure, clad in a complete suit of black armour, richly adorned with gold, over which flowed a purple mantle, advanced from the contiguous forest. He was mounted on a black horse, decorated with trappings of purple and gold: on his arm, he bore a sable shield, on which were three deaths' heads in gold. In his right hand, he carried a long lance, which he extended towards the circle, and cried in a voice of thunder, "Vincentius, what wouldst thou with me?"

The old woman jogged the Starost. "Honours and distinctions," said he in a tremulous voice.

"Granted," replied the spirit, "on condition that I have a gift from thee in return. Thou mayst except three things."

Prompted by the hag he answered: "I except my body, my soul, and the lives of my fellow-creatures."

"Be it so!" rejoined the spirit; but if thou refusest the gift, which I demand of thee, then I shall have a right to choose any of the exceptions I please. Answer!" cried the terrific voice.

"Yes," stammered the affrighted Starost.

The spirit threw a small book into the circle. "Open that," said Machiel: "whenever thou desirest honours and distinctions, it will shew thee how to attain them."

He then turned his steed and bounded away. The witch repeated the words of her incantation, and called the name of Apiel. Subterraneous thunders rolled; the earth shook; an abyss opened close to the circle, and from it issued the figure of an aged man. Upon his head he wore a diadem of gold and precious stones, and he was covered with a royal mantle. The questions and answers were exactly like

the preceding, except that the Starost now desired money.

Apiel drew a ring from his finger, and threw it into the circle. "So long," said he, "as thou wearest that ring, any one will trust thee with all that he possesses: but if what thou canst thus obtain be insufficient, knock thrice with the ring upon the table at midnight, and demand whatever thou mayst want. There will, however, scarcely be occasion for this, as thou wilt be able to borrow enough to supply thy wants."

The incantation was repeated for the third time, and the name of Asmodi invoked. A youth, half enveloped in a cloud, descended to the earth. The same questions and answers ensued: the Starost demanded reciprocity of love, and Asmodi threw a phial into the circle.

"Whoever," said he, "swallows nine drops of the liquid in that phial, will be inflamed with the most ardent passion for thee. But no more than nine drops, or I am not answerable for the consequences."

He disappeared.

"Take the three infernal gifts," said Zulebebbe, "thy wishes are fulfilled."

"And what am I to do in return?" asked the trembling Starost.

"That you will learn in due time," replied the old woman.

At this moment, Gurreck came up with the horses; the Starost wiped the perspiration of terror from his brow, and hurried back to the castle.

Next morning, bethinking himself of the approaching election, he opened his book, and there found the speech which he was to deliver, on standing forward as a candidate. It was admirable. The electors were exhorted to give their votes to a man who was acquainted with the true interests of his country, who deeply felt for its embarrassments, who would undauntedly do his duty, reckless of consequences, and who was ever ready to sacrifice himself for the public weal. It concluded with a promise that the country should find all these qualities in the speaker, if he were so fortunate as to be chosen the representative of those whom he was addressing. The Starost delivered this speech: all who heard it were enraptured. Men, who had before despised him as a worthless debauchee, now shook him cordially by the hand. His election was carried by universal acclamation. With the utmost self-complacency, he returned home, where he was congratulated by the overjoyed Gurreck. "I am

elected, it is true," said the Starost, "but where am I to get money for the journey, and to defray other expenses?"—"Does not Gerson, the rich Jew, live in the next town?" replied Gurreck, pointing to the ring, which the Starost had already put on his finger. His master gave an approving smile, and resolved on the following day to make the experiment.

Gerson, a venerable Israelite, was respected both by Jews and Christians; for he daily studied the Talmud, and most conscientiously fulfilled the precepts of the Rabbis. The poor who solicited his charity he never sent away unrelieved, and he distributed a tenth of his income among the needy, without inquiring what religion they professed. He had long been a widower; his children, too, already reposed in the grave; a grand-daughter, named Seba, alone survived. Seba superintended his domestic concerns, and was the prop and delight of his age. The most distinguished of her people, induced by her personal charms, and no doubt also by the large fortune to which she was heir, had solicited Seba's hand; but she had rejected every proposal of this kind, and declared, that while her grandfather lived, she would never leave him.

In all his dealings, Gerson was content with

a moderate profit, and was therefore not to be drawn, like many rapacious usurers, into precarious speculations, by the flattering prospect of great gains. The agents of the Starost had, therefore, repeatedly applied to him in vain, when their employer himself was unexpectedly ushered into his presence. Gerson, who was at the moment engaged in collating the Targum Onkelos with the Targum Geruschaleme, hastily rose from the table to receive his visiter, who briefly solicited a loan of three thousand ducats. Gerson, without the least hesitation, agreed to advance that sum, and was satisfied with a written acknowledgment of the debt from the Starost. The eyes of the latter were meanwhile riveted on the beautiful Seba. She modestly answered the questions of the Starost, and, on observing his ardent looks, cast down her eyes and retired; but the image of the lovely blooming damsel was not so easily erased from the soul of the debauchee.

Gurreck, now the favourite of the Starost, soon became acquainted with his sentiments, and advised him to try the effect of Asmodi's gift; but as this could not well be done while she remained in her grandfather's house, he proposed that she should be carried off. Gurreck, however, begged to be excused from any

share in the execution of this plan, on account of his striking physiognomy, and his being so well known in the little town; the Starost was therefore obliged to employ other agents. The task was not difficult, for Seba frequently went to the burial-ground, to pray, agreeably to the precepts of her religion, at the tomb of her parents, and sometimes proceeded thence with her companions for a walk to the neighbouring wood. Here the Starost's people lay in ambush, and rushed with drawn sabres on the unsuspecting damsels, who shrieked and ran away. Seba alone was seized, and the others were suffered to escape. One of the villains took her up before him on his horse, and gallopped away with her, as it had been concerted, to a distant mansion of the Starost's, where every thing was already prepared for her reception.

The poor girl wept and moaned, called incessantly upon her grandfather, and would neither eat nor drink. At length, the Starost appeared: the innocent creature regarded him as her deliverer, and implored him to take her back to her grandfather. He promised to do so, and her gratitude was boundless. Some caresses upon which he ventured, blasted her hopes, and gave her a glimpse of the purpose

for which she had been brought thither. For two days, she had not tasted food. She turned pale, trembled, and was near swooning. "Take some wine," said the Starost, "for thy refreshment." He hastened to the wine, and opened Asmodi's phial; but, in his hurry, forgot to count the quick-falling drops. The unfortunate Seba drank the wine, and the effects of the infernal potion soon manifested themselves. With glowing lips, she returned the kisses of the Starost, she clasped him in her arms, and he imagined himself the happiest of mortals, when, with a hideous shriek, she sprang from his knee. She talked incoherently; her eye rolled wildly; and, in a few moments, she was in a state of raging madness. In vain did the Starost summon all the aid that was to be obtained in so retired a situation; and Gurreck, whom he sent to the forest, brought back word from Zulebebbe, that all his efforts were useless. In three days Seba expired. The same man who had carried her off received orders to bury her. With a view to save trouble, the brutal ruffian stripped the corpse, and threw it into the neighbouring river.

The intelligence of the abduction of his grand-daughter had meanwhile plunged old

Gerson into the deepest affliction; and to no purpose did he employ all possible means to obtain tidings of her. At length, on the sixth day, some fishermen came, bringing a body, which they had found in the river, and which, from the description, they supposed to be that of Gerson's lost grand-daughter. The unfortunate old man soon convinced himself, on inspection of the corpse, that they were right. His grief was inexpressible: he, nevertheless, placed his trust in Heaven, caused the body to be interred, and on the tombstone these words of Job to be inscribed: "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!"

For two days, the Starost was extremely gloomy; but, on his departure for the diet, Seba and her fate were soon forgotten. The journey was prosperous, excepting that, one day towards evening, a wheel of his carriage broke. A mansion appeared at a distance, and thither Gurreck posted away to solicit a night's lodging for his master. The owner of the mansion and his family received their distinguished guest with the utmost hospitality; and, notwithstanding the simple attire and the reserved deportment of Veronica, the daughter of his host, her beauty soon attracted the no-

tice of the voluptuary. Her mother informed him that she had, by a vow, devoted her daughter to a monastic life, and that she was to remove in a few weeks to a Carmelite nunnery. The Starost regretted that so much loveliness should be lost to the world; he flattered the vanity of the inexperienced girl, and was so condescending, so agreeable, that, after he had been conducted to his chamber, the whole family concurred in the warmest commendations of their guest.

The Starost, for his part, could not sleep; Veronica haunted his imagination. He took up Asmodi's phial, but Seba's spirit seemed to hold his hand: this, however, had soon no other effect than to render him more cautious; and he carefully dropped nine drops into a small glass, with a determination to employ them on the first occasion.

Next morning, it was found that the repair of the wheel would require time, Drebinski solicited his guest to stay with him for that day. Some of the neighbouring gentry, who were invited to make up a party, soon arrived, and among them, Drebinski's brother, with his son Ignatius and his daughter Francisca. This lady, who had been educated at Warsaw, was not a beauty; but the fire of her rolling

black eye, and a solicitude to captivate by the display of her vivacity and accomplishments, proved that the manners of the capital had not always made the most favourable impression upon her. Her father had shortly before been obliged to fetch her from Warsaw, on account of an unpleasant love-affair. She rejoiced in the opportunity of going again into company, and exerted all her powers to captivate the Starost, who paid her particular attention, in order the more completely to disguise his views in regard to Veronica.

He remarked, that instead of Hungarian wine, with which the rest of the family indulged themselves, she drank nothing but water, which no one else touched. At night, when the whole party were loud and merry, perceiving a glass of water standing in the window, he emptied into it, unobserved, the nine drops of Asmodi's liquid; but, to his no small mortification, when the company broke up, the glass still stood there untouched.

The Starost retired vexed to his chamber, under the impression that he had missed his aim. He had not been long in bed before he felt himself awakened by Francisca. He congratulated himself on the success of his plan, and it was not until morning he dis-

covered that he had a companion. Being accustomed to take a glass of water before she retired to bed, she had drunk off that which she found in the window. Scarcely could he prevail upon her to leave him, and she declared, in spite of all his efforts to dissuade her, that she would follow him to Warsaw.

Convinced by experience of the efficacy of his infernal preparation, the Starost resolved, on his return, to execute his design upon Veronica, which had been thus accidentally baffled for the present.

At Warsaw, where he consulted his book previously to every sitting of the deputies, he did nothing himself, but thwarted many a fair project by his eloquence and bold assertions, by which he acquired consequence: at least, every one feared his opposition, and therefore courted his friendship. He had, nevertheless, made in reality many enemies; and hence, when he one day took up his book, he angrily said to himself, "Talk alone will never confer honours and distinctions!" and, to his astonishment, he found it in these words: "Solicit the hand of the Countess Radinska, who is beautiful, rich, and of a powerful family."

Scarcely had he yet ventured to raise his eyes to this young widow, who was surrounded by admirers, though her equivocal reputation would have authorized some boldness. He now sought her company, and, at a ball, to which he attended her, made use of Asmodi's present, obtained a decided preference to all the other suitors of the countess, to whom he was formally betrothed, and who, at his request, hastened the nuptials, on account of the approach of Lent. The festivities given on the occasion opened with a masquerade. A harlequin kept constantly close to the Starost, and at length begged him to step into an adjoining cabinet. He complied. The harlequin locked the door, and unmasked: it was Francisca!"

"Faithless man!" cried she, straining him in her arms, "you have deserted me, who, through you, am about to become a mother!"

The Starost was in a terrible situation, for the ardent passion of his wife manifested itself in excessive jealousy. He offered Francisca his purse, which she dashed to the ground.

"It is your love that I want," exclaimed she, "not your money!"

She was at length pacified by soothing words;

but not till she had extorted a promise of private visits from the Starost, who hastened back thoughtfully to the festive hall.

Next morning, one of the most eminent advocates called to see him. This artful limb of the law, as soon as he heard of the intended marriage of the Starost, bought up his numerous bonds and engagements at a low price, and now demanded the immediate payment of a large sum.

The name of Gerson, which at the first glance, met the eye of the Starost, awakened the painful recollection of the unfortunate Seba. This demand threw him into great embarrassment, and he solicited the delay of a few days.

He beheld with vexation the large amount of his debts. His pride forbade him to think of applying to his wife to pay them; and to raise new loans to discharge them, seemed merely to be putting off the evil day for a short time. He angrily resorted to the ring, and, on knocking with it, Apiel appeared.

"Pay my debts," said the Starost.—

"Pay them, thyself," cried the spirit, throwing a large packet on the table: "here are cards and dice; play with them, and thou wilt win plenty of money."

The Starost complied, and before the conclusion of the carnival he was enabled to satisfy all his creditors.

One day, he was keeping the bank, when he observed among the gamesters a young man whose face seemed familiar to him. It was Ignatius, Francisca's brother, who had been sent to Warsaw in quest of her. He played high, lost every thing, and then asked, if he could have credit. The Starost replied in the affirmative. Ignatius played still higher, and lost a considerable sum.

"Call upon me to-morrow," said the Starost, who fully intended to surprise him with the remission of the debt. The proud Ignatius, however, regarded this as a dunning admonition, which completed his despair.

Next morning, a letter from him was brought to the Starost. "All the money," he thus wrote, "that my poor parents could command, they scraped together for me. I have lost it all, and, besides, owe you a sum which I never shall be able to pay. To live dishonoured, and to hear the reproaches of my parents whom I have ruined, is more than I can bear: therefore, before you read this letter, I shall have put an end to my misery. You are, though

unintentionally, the cause of my death: if you would ease your conscience, and afford some consolation to my unhappy parents, fulfil the commission which brought me to Warsaw—seek my sister Francisca, who, according to information received by us, must be here, and restore the infatuated girl, who has fled from the paternal roof, to the arms of her wretched parents. Then may God forgive you, as I forgive you my misfortune!"

The Starost was deeply shocked; he hastened away to prevent the fatal catastrophe, but arrived too late. He had never loved Francisca; the sight of her roused his slumbering conscience. The fascinated creature insisted on seeing him every day, and, when he failed to visit her, she found her way to him in various disguises. Anxious to get rid of her, he offered her a large sum, and advised her to marry, as she would not find it difficult with this money to procure a husband. Reproaches and tears were her reply.

Her figure began to betray but too plainly her situation, while rage and vexation destroyed such charms as she had possessed; and from her importunities and her ungovernable

temper, the Starost's aversion daily became more and more vehement.

He one day dropped a few words on the subject to Gurreck. "How," said the latter, "can the fool care about a life that is a burden to herself? It would be doing her a kindness to rid her of it." The Starost stared in astonishment; but Gurreck explained his meaning so plausibly, as to make a convert of the Starost; and the only consideration then was, how the atrocious scheme might be best carried into execution.—"O!" said Gurreck, the woman with whom she lodges is fond of money; five hundred ducats must be given to her to purchase a dose suitable for the purpose, and five hundred more as soon as the passing-bell tolls for Francisca." The Starost stepped in silence to his escrutoire, and handed him a thousand ducats. "No," said Gurreck, "such an errand as this should not be trusted to any agent, who might perhaps betray you; but when a man of consequence, like yourself, expresses his wishes, a covetous woman is sure to understand him." The Starost followed this advice, and next day Francisca was in her coffin. The voice of

conscience was drowned by feasting and dissipation.

The only virtue that yet dwelt in his soul, was love for the twin-children with which his wife had presented him in the first year of their marriage. This lady, fond of dissipation, paid no attention herself to the infants; but when little Vincentius and his sister Maria began to lisp the name of father, when they fondled him with childish innocence, his heart was filled with pleasingly painful emotions; and when old Protasius taught them to say their prayers, he felt a strong impulse to pray too. At such times the sense of his manifold crimes racked his soul, and, to stifle the reproaches of his conscience, he plunged afresh into his usual dissipation.

His wife, who loved him to distraction, and who for that very reason was disposed to jealousy, soon convinced herself that she had but too good reason to suspect his fidelity. The Starost was continually surrounded by her spies; he was daily tormented by her upbraidings; and, when he seemed for a few moments to forget every thing, then the thought of what the three spirits would demand of him covered his brow with a cold perspira-

tion. The approach of the midnight hour, therefore, filled him with horror, and after he had passed it in wakeful agonies, his slumbers were disturbed by hideous dreams. Thus did he pass a miserable life, and all the pleasures of sense in which he indulged, imparted neither tranquillity nor real enjoyment. His two children had now completed their third year, and he gave a brilliant festival to celebrate their birth-day. He had just finished a dance, and gone to a side-table, but his hand trembled as he extended it to take some refreshment; for the apalling hour struck, and he had nearly swooned, when a stranger with ice-cold hand grasped his. "I wish to speak with you in private," said he, conducting him to one of the most retired apartments. "Are we safe from interruption here?" asked the stranger, "see, if you please." The Starost went into the adjoining rooms, examined them, and locked the doors; but what was his horror and consternation, when, on his return, he beheld the figure of the stranger transformed into that of Asmodi, whose cloven foot, however, as he was now enveloped in clouds, was distinctly visible! "I am come," said the spirit, with a malignant grin, "to demand my gift of thee—

thy twin-children." — The Starost mustered courage. "Have I not excepted the lives of my fellow-creatures?" cried he.

"Do you suppose, then, that I intend to kill them?" rejoined the spirit: "no, they shall live. Bring them to me within three days at midnight, to the cross-road; or, shouldst thou fail, thou art mine. Thy children thou shalt deliver to the gypsies, who shall bring them up, and make not a great and enterprising robber, but a petty thief, of thy son, and of thy daughter a disreputable woman."

With a diabolical laugh, Asmodi vanished; while the father, whose state, notwithstanding all his crimes and vices, was truly pitiable, and who was now required by the infernal spirit to consign his children to infamy and ruin, sank senseless on the floor.

The absence of the Starost was perceived in the festive hall. It was known that a stranger had called him out; the jealousy of his wife was excited. She sent servants in search of him: the door was found locked; they rapped to no purpose: the impatient mistress ordered them to break it open; and there lay her husband insensible at her feet. He was revived, and conveyed to bed: the music ceased, and

the party broke up. The Starost would not have any other attendant to sit up with him than Gurreck, and to him when all had retired, he poured forth his heart. "O the poor dear young gentleman and the sweet little lady!" exclaimed Gurreck, "do not give them to the gypsies; when I think how ill I was used by them when a boy, I cannot help shuddering."—This served but to aggravate the distress of the Starost. He frequently determined not to give up the children, and to disclose the whole affair to Father Protasius: but he was deterred by the consideration that this could not save him and by the apprehension of what should then befall him. In this state of indecision, the third night approached.

"Gurreck," said the Starost, "can'st thou not steal away with the children, and carry them to the appointed place?"

"I could not find in my heart to do it," replied Gurreck; "and, besides, did not the spirit insist that you should deliver them yourself? I will have the horses ready."

The agony of the Starost increased with every moment; for Gurreck, the gipsy, refused to participate in a crime which he, the father of the children, was ready to perpetrate. The clock already struck eleven. Concealing

his face with a mask, he crept softly to the chamber where the infants with the nurse were fast asleep. He lifted the little creatures out of their bed: Maria uttered a cry. "I'll murder thee," said he, in a feigned voice, "if thou makest the least noise." He hurried with the trembling children out of the castle, and Gurreck, muffled up, was waiting for him with the horses. The innocents wept piteously, but were again quiet when the unnatural parent repeated his menaces. He mounted his horse, holding them before him wrapped in his mantle, and away he posted to the cross-road, where a fire was already blazing. Zulebebbe was seated by it, and Asmodi stood by her side. The Starost silently uncovered the shuddering infants, and placed them on the ground.

"Thou hast kept thy word," cried Asmodi with a grin: "but a priest has hung holy symbols about the necks of the children; take them off."

"I have merely promised to deliver them to you. Here, take them."

"And thou must remove every impediment," replied Asmodi, "as far as lies in thy power, or——"

The Starost then untied the ribbon with

an *agnus dei*, which Protasius, in pious confidence, had hung about the neck of each of the infants. But, when the poor little things saw the ghastly beldame approaching, they folded their innocent hands, and ejaculated the prayer, by which Father Protasius had taught them, on going to bed, to commend themselves to the protection of their tutelary saint. A tremendous peal of thunder suddenly burst overhead, two white doves descended, and alighted one on each of the children. Again the thunder rolled awfully, and a stern voice from the clouds pronounced these words: "Avaunt, ye accursed, for angels of God protect innocence!"

Zulebebbe and Asmodi fled with hideous yells; for the third time the thunder crashed, the Starost, overwhelmed with consternation, sank upon the ground. On recovering his senses, he found himself alone with the two children at the cross-road: he would gladly have returned with them, but he feared Asmodi's threats. He tarried therefore on the spot; but when the cock began to crow, he loudly exclaimed, "I have fulfilled my promise!" Enveloping the infants again in his mantle, he carried them home to the castle,

set them down at the door of the chamber, bade them go in and hastened away. The children waked their nurse, and related the whole affair; but she regarded it as a frightful dream. Protasius alone, who missed the *agnus dei* worn by each of them, thought that there was some foundation for the story, though he could not reconcile the particulars. He therefore not only replaced the consecrated symbols, but did that all that lay in his power to bring them up in the fear of the Lord and the love of virtue.

When the Starost had, with lightened heart, proceeded to his chamber, Asmodi stood before him. "I have performed my promise," cried the Starost: "what wouldst thou with me?"

"Nothing more," replied Asmodi, "than tell thee we are quit. Thy children are saved; but thou needest not rejoice, for the predetermination to do a bad action is equally criminal in the sight of the Almighty Judge with the perpetration of the deed." A blue sulphureous flame burst forth, and the spirit vanished in it: a smell of brimstone filled the apartment, aud prevented the Starost from sleeping the rest of the night. The recollection

of the past tortured him exceedingly; and the idea that the two other spirits might impose on him still more severe demands, racked him incessantly. At every noise, he started with horror, and, though possessing wealth equal to his utmost wishes, and the means of gratifying to their full extent all his appetites and passions, still he enjoyed not a single happy moment.

A year had thus passed, when the Starost, on the recommendation of his physicians, who thought that a change of scene might prove beneficial, went to Warsaw. He was sitting one evening at the gaming-table, and playing with Apiel's cards. He won every game. All present were astonished at his luck, and he himself surveyed with more than ordinary satisfaction the heap of gold that lay before him. A stranger joined the company, and in a short time won all the money of the Starost, who at length requested the favour of his name.

"What!" replied he, "have you forgotten an old acquaintance, who even gave you the ring you wear on your finger as a memorial of him?"

He staked all his winnings on a single card, and lost the whole. But the horrors of hell

now seized the Starost. He could play no more, for he was filled with apprehension of the nocturnal visit, which actually awaited him. Apiel appeared.

"I am come," said he, to demand a trifle of thee. Thy tenant Wiernicki—dost thou not envy him? Is he not a happy man? He has an industrious wife, seven dutiful children, abundance of every thing, and has always punctually paid thee his rent."

"That he has," said the Starost.

"But," continued the spirit—"thou hast given him no receipts. He has no witnesses to the payments he has made?"

"No," said the Starost, "for he came punctually to me in my room the very day his rent was due, and I received the money. This had become a regular practice, and no receipt was ever thought of between us."

"Excellent!" cried the spirit.—"Now then thou hast nothing to do but to deny the payment of the money, to demand five years' arrears of rent, and to throw Wiernicki into prison, if he refuses to pay a second time."

"How can I do that?" rejoined the Starost; "I have received the money."

"O thou man of honour! thou fraudulent

debtor! thou cheating gamester! is it possible that thou canst still have any scruples?"

"But the courts of justice will take the part of the innocent farmer——"

Bribe! bribe!" cried the infernal demon—"money shall not be wanting. Swear, in case of emergency, a false oath. If not——" Throwing back his mantle, he extended a pair of hideous claws towards the trembling villain, and vanished.

The Starost punctually obeyed—to him who would have sacrificed his own offspring, it was not likely that any thing would be sacred. In vain did the wife and children of the unfortunate Wiernicki embrace his knees; in vain did Protasius interfere with friendly warmth in behalf of the farmer. Convinced of the honesty and integrity of the latter, the good friar could not account for the cruel conduct of the Starost. He then applied to his consort, who was so affected by his representations, that she delivered to him the sum claimed as due from Wiernicki, but on the express condition that the matter should be kept a secret from the Starost. Protasius carried the money to the latter, took his receipt for it, and the prisoner regained his liberty.

"He is saved!" cried the Starost when he was alone, "and I am heartily glad of it, I have committed one crime less, and yet fulfilled my promise——" A hellish laugh interrupted him, and Apiel's well-known voice exclaimed, "Soothe not thy soul with such consolation; a predetermination to do evil is as criminal as the deed itself, though prevented by circumstances."

Though his conscience was incessantly repeating to him this self-condemnation, yet he derived some satisfaction from the reflection, that he had already complied with the demands of two of the spirits.

Peace, however, was far from him; he sought new amusements in order to divert his mind, and conceived the idea of forming a collection of pictures. But, at the sight of virtue and innocence, he was reminded of his early years, when he was destined for the ecclesiastical profession. When he contemplated the pictures of our Saviour and the saints, his heart sank within him at the thought, that he was undeserving of their compassion; and when he found representations of the great and good deeds of antiquity he was shocked by the con-

viction of his own baseness. This pursuit therefore he speedily relinquished. He now had recourse to horses and hounds, the chase, and the bottle, to stifle the voice of the inward judge, but in vain.

About this time, he received intelligence that the King of Poland was about to send an ambassador to Paris. He wished for the appointment, opened his book, and there found this direction: "Despatch the following letters to thy patrons and friends." He sat down and wrote. The clock struck—he counted twelve—and would have pushed back his chair from the writing-table, but it would not stir. He looked round to discover the cause, and sprang up in affright; for behind his chair stood Machiel. "Art thou alarmed at the sight of an old acquaintance?" said the spirit. "I merely come to ask a little service of thee. The festival of Corpus Christi will be here in three days; they are already preparing the decorations for the church. Set fire meanwhile to the high altar, that the consecrated wafers may be consumed by the flames. Here are brimstone, tinder, and all the requisite materials. At the first stroke of the steel thou wilt have plenty of

sparks. I wish to give thee as little trouble with the job as possible."

"How can I outrage what is most sacred?" cried the Starost.

"Stupid wretch! rejoined the spirit, "didst thou imagine that I should conduct thee into the paths of piety?"

He then drew up the visor of his black helmet, and exhibited a diabolically hideous physiognomy,

"Obey!" cried he, gnashing his teeth; and the apparition vanished, leaving behind the implements for striking fire.

When the Starost had somewhat recovered from his consternation, his eyes fell upon his mother's picture. She had often repaired at break of day, especially on the anniversaries of the death of her husband and children, to the chapel of the castle, to pray for the souls of the deceased; and under her portrait still hung a key, which she used, and which belonged to a door that opened immediately out of an apartment of the castle into the chancel. He looked first at the picture, then at the key. It seemed as if his mother was gazing at him with a look of deep melancholy and the tortures of

hell racked his bosom. "Oh!" cried he, in his despair, of what benefit to me are all the advantages I possess! The meanest beggar is happier than I am, for he still has hope, prayer, and tears!" He gnashed his teeth, and threw himself in agony on the floor. By this time, the day began to dawn. His state was rendered more dreadful by the pains which he took to conceal it.

Thus did he torment himself for two days: the third night at length arrived. "Now or never!" said he. He placed the light in the ante-room, shut his eyes close, that he might not see the portrait of his mother, and covered them with one hand, while, with the other, he groped for the key, and, as soon as he had found it, he precipitately quitted the room. The silence of midnight aggravated the horrors that came over him. He entered the chapel, which was faintly illumined by a lamp suspended from the ceiling. He was obliged to pass over the vault in which reposed the bones of his parents and ancestors. He struck fire as he went along; the brimstone was already burning, when a deep groan seemed to proceed from the vault, and the match was extinguished. He paused a few

moments. The figure of Machiel stood before him in imagination: he rushed forward, and struck fire a second time. He had to pass the confessional, where Protasius had said to him after his first confession, *Go in peace!* Another groan issued from the confessional, and again the sulphur was extinguished.

Deeply shocked, the Starost would have turned back, but the recollection of his manifold crimes darted across his mind, accompanied with doubts of the divine mercy, and fear of the spirits of hell. He hurried, as if frantic, to the altar, struck fire a third time, and high ascended the flame of burning brimstone. He tore open the *ciborium*, with the intention of throwing the match into it. At this instant the cry of "Woe to thee!" resounded through the chapel, and a third time the match went out. "Ha!" said he to himself, "the design is as bad as the deed!" A fourth time he attempted, with the resolution of despair, to strike a light, when the steel broke, and the flint and matches dropped from his hand. He fled with precipitation from the chapel, leaving the door open behind him, and hastened to his chamber. Here he presently heard the footsteps of several persons approach-

ing. An officer of the tribunal entered the room. "You are my prisoner," said he.—"I am a Polish nobleman," cried the Starost, "and as such cannot be apprehended until convicted by law."

"You are convicted," rejoined the officer, delivering a paper to the Starost, who trembled while he read it. The old woman whom he had employed to poison the unfortunate Francisca, tortured by remorse, had confessed her guilt. The apothecary who had sold her the poison for one hundred ducats, had also acknowledged that fact. The physician whom Francisca sent for before her death, and found her speechless, declared, from all the circumstances of the case, that she was certainly poisoned. The old woman coincided with him in this opinion; but observed that Francisca, the victim of an unhappy passion had probably poisoned herself, but that attachment to life had induced her, now that it was too late, to apply for the aid of the physician. The expiring girl was unable to contradict this; the physician opened her body, and found evident proofs of poison. The physician, being summoned before the tribunal in consequence of this statement by the old woman, had

confirmed its accuracy. "And yet," cried the Starost, "it is all false!"—He ordered his carriage, but gave directions that his wife should not be waked, but merely told in the morning that he had been obliged to leave home on urgent business, and would write to her shortly. He got into the carriage, escorted by the officer and his men, and, followed by Gurreck, took the road to Warsaw.

Protasius, who was accustomed to perform his matin devotions at the foot of the altar, was alarmed on entering the chapel by the smell of snlphur, and still more when he found the *ciborium* open, and the flint, steel, and matches on the floor by the altar. He looked fearfully about the chapel. At this moment, one of the Starost's domestics entered the chancel. "How came you here?" asked the monk. The servant told him that the door, which had been kept locked ever since the death of the late Starosta, now stood wide open, that the key was in it, and that all the doors up to his master's apartment were likewise open. Protasius, who well knew where the key had hitherto hung, followed the servant, and convinced himself of the truth of his statement. He proceeded to the chamber

of the Starost, of whose departure he was informed by his valet. Here he observed the key, which the Starost, in his confusion, had left in his writing-desk. He opened the desk, to see whether it contained money or valuables, which it might be advisable to lock up. A small phial caught his eye. A label upon it had this inscription in gold letters: *Love-potion, the gift of Asmodi, the Prince of Spirits.* Beside it lay a book, bound in flame-coloured velvet. He opened it, and on the first page were these words inscribed in blood-red characters: *Advice given by Machiel, the King of Spirits.* With horror he now recollected the story related by the two children, which the Starost had always treated as a frightful dream. He questioned them again upon the subject, and both of them gave him the same account, without the slightest variation. With a heavy heart, Protasius committed all the circumstances of the extraordinary case to writing, and transmitted his report, together with the phial and the book, to the bishop.

The very same morning, the Starost perceived that he had forgotten his key, and ordered his trusty Gurreck to gallop back with all pos-

sible speed, to fetch the key, the book and the phial, and to give them to him privately. Gurreck returned, and having reached, about dark, the inn where the Starost and the officers halted for the night, he went, upon pretext of undressing his master, into the Starost's room, at the door of which a sentinel was posted. Gurreck delivered to him the key. "The book and the phial," said he, "I could not find, but, while I was looking for them, I laid my hand on this." It was the sealed parchment which Zulebebbe had given to the Starost after he had taken the oath. Perhaps, thought he, I may here find the way to extricate myself from this dilemma. He broke the seal: but every hair of his head stood erect and every joint shook, when he read this title: *Latin Translation of the Oath of Allegiance taken in the Chaldee Language to Beelzebub, or Zulebebbe.* He now saw how he had with the most blasphemous expressions renounced his Saviour and all the saints, and sold himself as a slave to the devil. His horror and despair increased every moment. When he had reached Warsaw, where he was immediately conducted to prison, and found himself alone in a gloomy cell, he

cried, in the agony of his soul, "O that I had but something to occupy me!"—"Take this!" said a hollow voice; and a mirror was put into his hand. He looked into it, and beheld himself in his boyhood: the circumstances of his early life and all his misdeeds passed before him in rapid succession, like the figures in a magic lantern. Frantic with rage, he dashed the mirror on the ground, howled in wild despair, refused to take any sustenance, cursed his existence, but durst not terminate his life by his own hand.

At this juncture, Protasius unexpectedly entered his prison. At the request of the Starosta, the friar had followed her husband, to inquire the cause of his apprehension; for she had learned from Gurreck, when he was sent back for the book and the phial, the fate of the Starost, and the fright had made her ill. Protasius had undertaken this commission the more cheerfully, in the hope of saving, if possible, the soul of the wretched culprit. He beheld the distorted features, he heard the furious imprecations of the despairing Starost: he exhorted him to turn to God, whose mercy is infinite, to confess all his sins, and, as a

proof of his repentance, to submit with resignation to the sentence of his earthly judges. The sight and the words of the reverend friar seemed to soften his obdurate heart. He related to him his whole history, and authorized the monk to communicate it to the judges: but Protasius admonished him to withstand every new temptation, to fix his thoughts on God, and to commend his soul to the divine keeping. At his departure, he promised to return the next morning.

The Starost was now comparatively tranquil, when, about midnight, Gurreck entered the dungeon. "Sir," cried he, "I have heard dreadful news: you are to be tortured with red-hot tongs, and then burned as a sorcerer. Hasten to make your escape; here is a file and a cord." He drew both from under his garments. "File away the bars of the window, and let yourself down by the cord. I will go and fetch two saddle-horses; every thing is prepared to speed your flight—make haste!" The Starost would have required explanation on several points, but Gurreck precipitately withdrew. His abrupt appearance and departure seemed very strange to the Starost; but Gur-

reck had always served him faithfully: there lay the file and the cord, and the thought of the tortures that awaited him served but to strengthen his attachment to life. He took up the file. The iron bars were soon filed asunder: he fastened the cord, and, looking through the small window, perceived by the light of the moon a man with two horses below. "That," said he, "must be my trusty Gurreck," and let himself down. He now perceived that the cord was too short, and that there were sharp-pointed palisades beneath. "Help me, good Gurreck!" cried the Starost.

"Call the princes of hell to your assistance!" replied Gurreck.

The clock struck twelve: the affrighted Starost loosed the cord, and down he fell upon the palisades. Gurreck burst into a loud laugh; his whole figure turned black, and wings like those of a bat sprung from his shoulders. "We shall soon meet again!" cried he, and away he flew in the exact shape of the devil. The moans of the impaled Starost called the sentinel to the spot. He was lifted off the spikes, and a surgeon being fetched, immediately declared the wounds to be mortal. Protasius, who had charged the gaoler to send for him in

case any thing should happen, also hastened to the prison. The Starost related to him this last adventure; regardless of his admonitions, he cursed himself and his fate, and expired in the most frightful convulsions.

The unfortunate widow, to whom every thing was communicated in as delicate a manner as possible, took the veil, and passed the remainder of her life in penance and mortification. The education of the children was committed to old Protasius. The bishop exhorted him to pay particular and incessant attention to the orphans. "It shall be my constant endeavour," replied the venerable friar, "to convince them, by precept and example, that neither honours nor distinctions, neither wealth nor sensual gratifications, can confer genuine happiness; and that nothing but the consciousness of having walked uprightly before God and men can impart joy and peace of mind in life, and hope and consolation in the hour of death." On his application, the remains of the Starost were interred in silence, but not in consecrated ground. The ring was previously taken from his finger, and thrown, with the phial and the book, upon a pile, which the bishop ordered to be made for the purpose; and he himself stood

by, with all his clergy, till the three infernal gifts were consumed to ashes.

An obscure rumour nevertheless goes about, that the gold ring was not burned, but that it has fallen into the hands of a distinguished personage, who, however, might knock with it till doomsday before Apiel would appear to discharge his debts, but who is said to have verified by experience the property possessed by it of facilitating the contracting of debts.

Protasius resided with the children in the castle, but nobody could live in that part of it which the Starost had occupied, for it was haunted at night, and sometimes sighs and groans, at others, howling and hideous outcries, were heard there. The whole building, therefore, soon fell to decay, and every one who now passes the ruins, crosses himself, and makes a circuit to avoid them after dark: although, with a view to check the wanton pranks of evil spirits, a cross has been erected there, at the foot of which the children of the Starost, in their latter years, with their offspring, frequently prayed for the soul of their unfortunate parent, at least for some alleviation of his sufferings. On the spot where the roads meet, they built a chapel, and, down to a recent period, a priest

said mass there, agreeably to the intention of the founders, on the anniversary of the day on which they were to have been delivered to the infernal spirits, to thank God that he, in his grace and mercy, sends his holy angels, though not always in a visible form, for the protection of innocence which putteth its trust in him.

THE SLAVE-SHIP.

Captain Ledoux was an excellent seaman. He had commenced his career as a common sailor and risen to boatswain's mate; but in the battle of Trafalgar his left hand was smashed by a falling mast; it was amputated, and he was discharged with good testimonials. A quiet life was not to his taste, and, as an opportunity offered for going to sea, he accepted the rank as sub-lieutenant on board a privateer. The money which he made by several prizes enabled him to buy books, and to study the theory of navigation, the practice of which he thoroughly understood. In time, he became captain of a privateer of three guns and sixty men, and the coasters of the island of Jersey remember his daring deeds to this day. The peace vexed him sadly, for he had amassed a

little fortune, which he hoped to increase at the expense of the English. He now found himself necessitated to offer his services to peaceable traders; and, being well known as a bold and experienced seaman, he had no difficulty to obtain the command of a vessel. When the slave-trade was prohibited, and the ships which nevertheless still carried it on had not only to elude the vigilance of the French custom-house officers, which was no difficult matter, but also that of the English cruisers, which was not easy, Captain Ledoux became an important acquisition to the *ebony-merchants*, as the slave-traders call themselves.

He had, unlike most seamen, who have long been in subordinate stations, neither that strong aversion to innovation, nor that partiality for the old routine which but too often elevates them to higher posts. Captain Ledoux was, on the contrary, the first to recommend to his employer the use of iron tanks for water. On board his vessel, the hand-cuffs and chains, with which slave-ships are always abundantly supplied, were made upon a new principle, and carefully varnished to protect them from rust. But what redounded most to his honour in the estimation of slave-traders was the arrange-

ment of a brig, constructed under his direction expressly for that traffic, which was an admirable sailor, long, narrow, like a king's ship, and yet capable of holding a great number of negroes. This vessel was called L'Espérance (the Hope). Captain Ledoux would not have the space between decks more than three feet four inches high, which, in his opinion, was quite enough to allow all slaves of decent size to sit comfortably; and what occasion had they to stand? "When they get to the colonies," said he, "they will have a great deal more standing than they like." By this method of packing, his ship would hold about a dozen more slaves than others of the same dimensions. With a little contrivance, indeed, a few more might have been squeezed in, but people should have some humanity, and not grudge a Negro a space of five feet by two, for a passage of six weeks or perhaps longer; for, "after all," said Ledoux to his owner, by way of justifying his attention to the convenience of the Blacks, "they are men as well as ourselves."

L'Espérance sailed from Nantes on a Friday, as superstitious gossips afterwards observed. The officers, who most conscientiously

searched the vessel, neither found the six large casks full of chains and handcuffs, nor were surprised at the great quantity of water which was to be taken on board, though, according to her papers, the ship was only bound to Senegal to purchase ebony and ivory. The trip, to be sure, is not a long one, but foresight can never do any harm, and what would become of them without water if they were to be becalmed ?

L'Espérance, therefore, set sail on a Friday, abundantly supplied with every necessary. Ledoux, indeed, would have been better pleased had the masts been rather stouter, but, while he commanded the ship, he had no reason to be dissatisfied on that account. She had a favourable passage to the coast of Africa. She came to an anchor at the mouth of the Joale—I think it is called—just at a moment when the English cruisers were not watching that part of the coast. There could not have been a more seasonable moment: Tamango, a noted warrior and dealer in human flesh, had just brought down a great number of slaves to the coast, and was disposing of them at a cheap rate, like a man who knows that he possesses the means of quickly supplying the market

again, as soon as the objects of his traffic begin to be scarce.

Captain Ledoux went on shore to pay a visit to Tamango. He found him in a straw hut, which had been hastily erected for him; he had with him two of his wives, and some slave-drivers and dealers. The black chief put on his state dress to receive the white captain. He wore an old corporal's uniform, with two epaulettes dangling loosely from the same button on each shoulder, the one before, the other behind. As he had no shirt, and the coat was rather too short for a man of his stature, there was to be seen, between the skirts and his trowsers of native cotton stuff, a black stripe, which looked like a broad belt. A large cavalry sword hung by a cord at his side, and in his hand he held a fine double-barrel gun of English mauufacture. Thus equipped, the African warrior deemed himself infinitely more elegant than the first rate dandy of Paris, or London. Captain Ledoux surveyed him in silence for a few moments, while Tamango, drawing himself up to his full height, like a grenadier at a review, chuckled at the impression which he fancied he should make upon his visiter. Ledoux, after he had scrutinized him with the eye of a con-

noisseur, turned to his lieutenant and exclaimed; "That fellow would be worth a thousand dollars if I had him sound and hearty at Martinique!"

They sat down, and a sailor who knew something of the Wolof language served for interpreter. As soon as the first salutations were over, a cabin-boy brought a basket full of bottles of brandy: they drank, and, to put Tamango in a good-humour, the captain made him a present of a handsome leathern powder-flask, stamped with the portrait of Napoleon. After this present had been accepted with due thankfulness, they left the hut, and seated themselves in the shade before the brandy bottles, and Tamango gave a signal for the slaves to be brought. A long file accordingly appeared; the neck of each being wedged into a wooden fork above six feet long, held together by an iron pin. When the chain of slaves is ready to start, one of the conductors takes the handle of the fork of the one who follows him. When they would stop the chain, the conductor, who leads the van, drops the handle of the fork of the first slave, which, falling with all its weight about his neck, stops his further advance and consequently that of the whole caravan.

While the slaves of both sexes were in this manner conducted past, the captain shrugged his shoulders, declaring "that the men looked miserably, while the females were either too young or too old;" indeed he complained that the negro was certainly degenerating. "The breed gets worse and worse," said he; "formerly it was very different: the women were then five feet six at least, and four men would have been sufficient to weigh the great anchor."

Amidst incessant complaints of this kind, he selected the strongest and the handsomest of the Blacks. For these he thought he might afford the usual price; but for the rest he required a considerable abatement. Tamango, on his part, praised his goods, lamented that people grew so scarce, and that the traffic became more and more dangerous, and at length demanded a certain price for those slaves whom the captain wished to send on board.

No sooner had the interpreter translated Tamango's proposition into French than Ledoux almost threw himself backward with astonishment and indignation; then, muttering curses, he rose as though to break off the negociation with so unreasonable a dealer. Tamango, however, detained him, and with difficulty prevailed on him to be seated again.

A fresh bottle was opened, and the bargaining was renewed.

It was now the Black's turn to decry the offers of the White as absurd and insane. They disputed, they shouted, they drank plenty of brandy, but this produced totally different effects on the parties. The more the Frenchman swallowed, the less he offered; the more the Negro drank, the more he abated in his demands; at length, when the basket was empty they concluded the bargain. Some pieces of coarse cotton, powder, flints, three kegs of brandy, and fifty wretched muskets, were the price given for one hundred and sixty slaves. The captain shook hands with the Black, who was more than half seas over, and the slaves were immediately delivered to the French sailors, who took off the wooden forks and put on them iron collars and handcuffs, as a most striking proof of the great superiority of European civilization.

About thirty slaves were still left: these consisted of children, old men and infirm women; but the ship was full. Tamango, not knowing what to do with this residue, offered to sell the whole at a bottle of wine per head. The offer was too tempting. Ledoux recollected

having seen at Nantes, at a representation of the Sicilian Vespers, a number of stout people squeeze into the pit which was already quite full, and, by means of the faculty of the human body to bear compression, even find means to sit down there. He selected twenty more of the leanest slaves. Tamango now demanded only a glass of brandy apiece for the other ten. Ledoux took three boys, but peremptorily declared that not another Black would he have.

Tamango, finding that seven slaves would be left on his hands, snatched up his gun and levelled it at a woman who was nearest to him —she was the mother of the three boys. "Buy her," cried he to the captain, "or I will shoot her—a glass of brandy or I'll fire!"— "What the devil am I to do with her?" rejoined Ledoux. Tamango fired, and the woman fell lifeless to the ground. "Now for another!" said Tamango, taking aim at an old man—"a glass of brandy, or ——." One of his wives pushed aside his arm, and he missed his aim. She had recognised in the old man a *guiriot*, a sorcerer, who had once predicted that she should be a queen. Tamango, inflamed with the spirituous liquor, was beside himself at this opposition to his will. He fetched

the woman a violent blow with the butt-end of his gun, and then, turning to Ledoux said, "Here, I give you this woman." She was handsome for a Black. Ledoux surveyed her with a smile, took her by the hand, and said: "I will contrive to find room for her." The interpreter was humane; he gave Tamango a snuff-box of *papier maché* for the six remaining slaves. He liberated them from their forks, and allowed them to go wherever they pleased. They ran off immediately, one this way, another that, puzzled to find their way back to their homes two hundred leagues from the coast.

The captain, meanwhile, took leave of Tamango, and then went to ship his cargo forthwith. It was not advisable to stay long at the mouth of the river; the cruisers might pounce upon him: he, therefore, resolved to weigh anchor the next morning. Tamango threw himself upon the grass, to sleep off his debauch. When he awoke, the ship was under weigh, and gliding down the river. He inquired for his wife Ayshee, for his head was still muddled with the preceding day's excess. He was told that she had had the misfortune to excite his displeasure, on which he had given her to the white captain, who had taken her on board.

At this intelligence, Tamango smote his forehead in despair, caught up his gun, and, as the river makes several windings before it discharges itself into the sea, he ran by the nearest way to a small creek, about half a mile above its mouth. There he hoped to find a boat, and to be able to overtake the ship. Nor was he mistaken: he arrived in time to leap into a boat and to row to the slave-ship.

Ledoux was astonished to see him; and still more to hear him demand his wife. "A gift is a gift," replied he, turning his back on the Negro. The latter persisted in his demand, and offered to return part of the goods which he had received for the slaves. The captain laughed, and said that Ayshee was a nice woman, and he should not give her up. Poor Tamango shed a flood of tears, and howled for very anguish. One moment, he rolled on the deck, calling on his beloved Ayshee; at another, he struck his head against the planks, as if resolved to dash out his brains. The inexorable captain pointed to the shore, and intimated that it was time to return: Tamango disregarded the warning, and even offered his gold epaulettes, his gun, and his sword; but all to no purpose.

During these overtures, the lieutenant said

to the captain: "Three of our slaves died last night; we have room. Why should we not take this stout black fellow along with us?—he is worth more than all the three together." Ledoux considered that Tamango would probably sell for a thousand dollars; that this voyage, which promised to be extremely profitable, would most likely be his last; and, moreover, that when he had made his fortune, and given up the slave-trade, he need not care whether he left behind a good or a bad character on the Guinea coast. Besides, the shore here wa destitute of inhabitants, and the African warrior completely in his power.

The only point to be considered was, how to deprive him of his arms; for it might be dangerous to lay hands on him so long as they were in his possession. Ledoux, therefore, asked him for his gun, as though he wished to look at it and examine whether it was worth as much as the lovely Ayshee, and, while he tried the cock, he contrived to shake out the priming powder. The lieutenant was meanwhile occupied with the sword; all at once, two raw-boned sailors fell upon the disarmed Tamango, threw him down upon his back, and began to bind him. The Black defended himself stoutly. He suc-

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tween decks. For two days together he would neither eat nor drink, and scarcely was he seen to open his eyes. His companions in misfortune, so lately his captives, in silent amazement beheld him make his appearance among them; and, so great was the terror which he still excited, that not one of them durst taunt him in his misery, though he was the cause of theirs.

The sails, swelling with a fresh land-breeze, the ship quickly receded from the African coast, and, as there was now nothing more to fear from the English cruisers, the captain indulged in anticipations of the large profits which awaited him in the colonies. His *ebony* bore the voyage well; no contagious disorder had broken out; not more than twelve Blacks, and those the most infirm, had died of the heat—a mere trifle. That his living cargo might suffer as little as possible during the voyage, he took the precaution of having the slaves brought daily upon deck. One-third of these unfortunate wretches were allowed an hour at a time to lay in a stock of fresh air for the rest of the day. Part of the crew was kept under arms to guard them; and care was taken besides never to release them entirely from their fetters.

Sometimes, a sailor who could play on the violin, amused them with merry tunes. It was curious to see how all the black faces were turned towards the musician, how the expression of sullen despair gradually subsided in their countenances, till at length they burst into loud laughter, and clapped their hands, if their shackles permitted. Exercise is necessary for health, and therefore Captain Ledoux allowed them as many opportunities for dancing as he could, just as horses are made during a long voyage to rear and leap, to keep them sprightly. "Come," cried the Captain in a voice of thunder, "dance and be merry," at the same time cracking an enormous whip, and the unhappy Blacks instantly fell to frisking and capering like maniacs.

Tamango was meanwhile exciting his fellow-slaves, day and night, to an attempt to regain their liberty. He represented to them how small was the number of the Whites, and spoke of the increasing negligence of their guards: he then hinted that he possessed the means of taking them back to their own country, boasted of his knowledge of the black art, and threatened with the vengeance of the devil such as should refuse to aid in the undertaking. In his ha-

rangues he always used the dialect of the Poulahs, with which most of the slaves were acquainted, though it was not understood by the interpreter. The character of the speaker, and the habit of the slaves to fear and obey him, gave such powerful effect to his eloquence, that the Blacks urged him to fix a day for their deliverance, before he had devised the means of executing his purpose. He replied in an indecisive manner that it was not yet time; that the devil, who appeared to him in his dreams, had not yet given the signal; but that they were to hold themselves in readiness for the first notice.

Meanwhile, he omitted no opportunity of trying the vigilance of his guards. One day a sailor had leaned his musket against the gunwale while he watched a group of flying fish following the ship: Tamango took up the gun, played with it, and imitated with grotesque action the movements which he had seen the sailors make. In a few moments, the gun was taken from him; but he had learned that he could touch fire arms without immediate suspicion, and, when the time should once arrive for using such a weapon, it would not be an easy matter to wrest it from him again.

One day, Ayshee threw him a biscuit, at the

same time making a sign which he alone understood. In the biscuit was concealed a small file, and upon this tool depended the success of the plot. Tamango took good care not to shew the file immediately to the slaves, but as soon as it was night he began to mutter unintelligible words, accompanied with extraordinary gestures. The various tones of his voice would have led any one to suppose that he was engaged in earnest conversation vith some invisible being. The slaves trembled, and had no doubt that the devil was at that moment present among them. At length, Tamango uttered an exclamation of joy. "Comrades," said he, "the spirit which I invoke has at last fulfilled his promise: the instrument of our deliverance is in my hands. Now, have but a little courage and ye are free!" He exhibited the file to those who sat next to him, and gross as the lie was, it obtained belief from his rude, superstitious countrymen.

The day of revenge and freedom at length arrived. After mature deliberation, the plan was concerted by the conspirators, who had bound themselves by a solemn oath. The most resolute, with Tamango at their head, when it came to their turn to take the air on

deck, were to wrest the arms from their guards, while others were to rush into the captain's cabin and to seize the guns which were kept there. Such of them as had succeeded in filing through their chains, were to commence the attack; but, in spite of their persevering exertions for several nights, the majority of the slaves were not in a condition to take an active part in the execution of the plan. Three of the strongest were therefore appointed to despatch the man who kept the keys to their fetters in his pocket, and then instantly to release their comrades.

Captain Ledoux was on this day in the best possible humour. Contrary to custom, he had forgiven a cabin-boy who had deserved a flogging; he praised the commanding officer; expressed his satisfaction with the crew, and intimated that, on their arrival at Martinique, which he hoped to reach shortly, they might each expect a reward. The sailors were already thinking how merrily they should spend the money in the grog-shops of Martinique, when Tamango and the other conspirators appeared upon deck.

They had carefully filed through their chains, so as to be able to throw them off in a mo-

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Ledoux still lived, and had lost none of his courage. Perceiving that Tamango was the soul of the conspiracy, he hoped, if he could but succeed in dispatching him, to have an easy game to play with the rest. He therefore advanced upon him sword in hand: Tamango flew to anticipate the attack, brandishing the musket, which he held reversed and used like a club.

The two leaders met in the narrow gangway between the fore and after part of the ship. Tamango aimed the first blow, which his antagonist by a sudden movement evaded: the butt of the piece descended with violence on the planks of the deck, snapped off, and the barrel slipped out of the Negro's hands. He was disarmed; with a smile of demoniac exultation, Ledoux raised his hand to pierce him through, but Tamango was as nimble as the panther of his native land. Running in upon his foe, he seized the hand which held the sword: both fell struggling on the deck, but the African was undermost. Still undaunted, Tamango grasped his adversary with all his might, and bit him in the throat with such force that the blood spouted as it would have done under the fangs of a lion. The sword dropped from the relaxed grasp of

the captain: Tamango snatched it, rose with the blood dripping from his jaws, and plunged the weapon into the heart of his already half-dead opponent.

The victory was no longer doubtful. The few surviving sailors sought to excite the compassion of the blacks, but all of them, not excepting the interpreter, who had never done them harm, were cut down without mercy. As soon as the body of the last White was heaved overboard, the blacks, glutted with revenge, cast their eyes up to the sails, which, filled with a fine breeze, still seemed to obey their oppressors, and to be wafting the conquerors, in spite of their triumph, to the land of slavery. "What good have we then, done?" said they sadly to themselves; "will this great fetish of the Whites carry us back to our country, after we have spilt the blood of its masters?" some thought that Tamango would be able to reduce it to obedience, and he was loudly called for. He was in no hurry to attend. He was found in the cabin with one hand on the bloody sword of the captain, and extending the other to Ayshee, who was kneeling before him. Joy for the victory could not chase away the gloom which overspread his

countenance. Less savage than the rest of his countrymen, he was more sensible than they of the difficulty of their situation. At length he ascended the deck, affecting a tranquillity which he did not feel. Summoned by a hundred tumultuous voices to steer the ship, he walked with slow steps to the helm, as though to delay the moment which was to attest the extent of his power.

The most stupid Negro in the ship had not failed to remark the influence which a certain wheel and a box standing opposite to it had upon her motions, though the mechanism was a perfect mystery. Long did Tamango fix his eyes on the compass, at the same time moving his lips, as if reading what was written upon it: he then lifted his hand to his brow, like a man making a calculation. The Negroes surrounded him with open mouth and extended eyes, anxiously following all his movements. At length, with that mixture of anxiety and confidence which is peculiar to ignorance, he grasped the helm, and set the wheel in rapid motion.

As a spirited steed rears at the spur of an inexperienced rider, so did the vessel bound upon the waves at this unaccustomed man-

œuvre, as though displeased with her awkward pilot, she would have plunged into the abyss. The necessary correspondence between the sail and the helm was all at once destroyed, and the ship inclined on one side, as on the point of upsetting. The ends of the yards dipped into the water; many of the Blacks were thrown down, and some canted overboard. Soon did the ship again rise proudly, as though determined to have one more struggle against destruction: but, all at once, both the masts went by the board with a tremendous crash, the rigging covering the deck, as it were, with a thick net.

The terrified Negroes fled with cries of horror to the hold, but, as the wind had now no power over the ship, she righted and was gently rocked upon the waves. Tamango stood motionless, his arm resting upon the binnacle, and his face covered with his hand: beside him was Ayshee, who durst not speak. The Negroes by degrees collected about him: a murmur arose and soon encreased to a tempest of reproaches and vituperation. "Faithless deceiver!" cried they; "thou art the cause of our misfortunes. Thou soldest us to the Whites, and by thy persuasion we rose against them. Thou vauntedst to

us thy power, and promisedst to conduct us back to our own country. We were silly enough to believe thee, and now we are all lost, because thou hast offended the fetish of the Whites."

Tamango haughtily raised his head, and the Negroes who stood nearest to him timidly drew back. He seized two muskets, motioned to his wife to follow him, and strode through the multitude, which made way for him, to the forecastle. Here he made a barricado of empty barrels and planks, and sat down behind it. His comrades left him unmolested. Some of the insurgents wept; others, with hands uplifted to Heaven, called upon their fetishes and those of the Whites for help. Some fell on their knees before the compass, the incessant motion of which excited their astonishment, and implored it to conduct them back to their country: others lay upon the deck in mute despair. To complete the picture, let the reader figure to himself women and children weeping and howling, and forty or fifty wounded, soliciting succour, of which none was capable of affording.

Suddenly a Negro appeared upon deck; his face beamed with delight: he had discovered the locker where the Whites kept their brandy,

and the pleasure expressed in his countenance proclaimed that he had already had a taste of it. This intelligence instantly silenced the cries of the wretched Blacks. They hurried below and quickly despatched the brandy. An hour afterwards, they were dancing upon the deck, laughing and indulging in all the excesses of beastly intoxication. Their dancing and singing were accompanied by the sighs and moans of the wounded. Thus passed the rest of the day and the whole night.

Next morning, new horrors overtook them. During the night a great number of the wounded had died. The ship, strewed with carcasses, rocked to and fro; the sea ran high, and the atmosphere was foggy. A consultation was held: some, who were conversant in the art of sorcery, but had not dared to speak of their skill in the presence of Tamango, offered their services one after another. Various exorcisms were tried, and every fruitless attempt encreased the despondency. At length, they bethought them of Tamango, who had not yet quitted his barricado; for, after all, he was the wisest among them, and the only person capable of rescuing them from the terrible situation into which he alone had brought them. An aged Negro approached his retreat with proposals of

peace, and solicited his assistance; but Tamango, inflexible as a Coriolanus, turned a deaf ear to all entreaties. During the night he had secured a supply of onions and salt meat, and seemed resolved not to quit his fortress. There was still left some brandy, which had the power of banishing the thoughts of the sea, slavery, and impending death.

In their sleep, the poor wretches dreamed of Africa, and beheld forests of gum-trees, thatched huts, and baobabs, whose shade covered whole villages. The excesses of the preceding day began afresh. Several days were thus passed in shouting, weeping, drinking, and sleeping. Several died from the effects of intoxication; some threw themselves into the sea, or put an end to their lives in other ways.

One morning, Tamango quitted his fortress, and went up to the stump of the main-mast. "Slaves," said he, "the Great Spirit has appeared to me in a dream, and revealed to me the means of conveying you back to your native land. You deserve for your ingratitude that I should leave you; but, moved by the cries and lamentations of these women and children, I forgive you: now listen to me." The Negroes

respectfully bowed their heads, and gathered round him. "The Whites alone," continued Tamango, "are acquainted with the powerful words by means of which these great wooden houses are set in motion; but we can govern those small canoes, which are so like our own—(pointing to the ship's boats)—let us fill them with provisions and row away before the wind: my master and yours will command it to blow us to our own country." According to his notions, if they were only to keep rowing straight forward they should be sure to arrive at last at some country inhabited by Negroes; for to the Blacks belong the land, while the Whites live entirely in their ships.

Preparations were accordingly made for putting this mad scheme into execution. It was found, however, that only the yawl and a smaller boat were serviceable, and these were not sufficient to hold about eighty yet surviving Negroes. It was deemed absolutely necessary to leave behind the sick and wounded, most of whom begged for death before their companions quitted them. The two overloaded boats pushed off with infinite difficulty from the ship; the sea was tempestuous and threatened every moment to engulph them. The smaller boat

was got off first: Tamango and Ayshee were in the other, which, being larger and more heavily laden, moved much more slowly. The cries of despair uttered by the forlorn wretches who were left behind still rung in the ears of their departing comrades, when a wave suddenly broke over the yawl, filled her with water, and in less than a minute she went down. Almost all on board her perished; about a dozen only regained the ship: among these were Tamango and Ayshee. Those in the other boat, witnessing their misfortune, plied their oars with redoubled vigour, fearing lest they might be overtaken by some of the drowning wretches. As the sun was setting, the boat was seen from the ship disappearing on the horizon—what became of her nobody knows.

Why should we tire the reader with a disgusting description of the torments of famine? About twenty persons, confined in a narrow space, sometimes tossed to and fro by a stormy sea, at others, scorched by the burning sun, fought for the miserable remnant of the provisions, and every morsel of biscuit cost a battle. In a few days, the only survivors on board were Tamango and Ayshee.

One night, the sea was vehemently agitated,

the wind blew furiously, and the darkness was so great that it was impossible to see the length of the ship. Ayshee lay on a mattress in the cabin, and Tamango was sitting at her feet. Both had long been silent. "Tamango," at length said Ayshee, "all that thou sufferest, thou sufferest through my fault."—"I suffer not," replied he drily, throwing half a biscuit by her upon the mattress. "Keep it thyself," said she, gently pushing back the biscuit towards him; "I am not hungry now. And wherefore should I eat; is not my time come?"

Without making any answer, Tamango rose, with faltering step went up to the deck, and seated himself on the stump of the mast. Suddenly a loud cry was heard through the howling of the wind and the roaring of the sea; a light appeared; he heard another cry, and a large black vessel brushed rapidly by, so near that the ends of the yards passed just over his head. He could distinguish nothing but two figures, on whom a light was thrown by a lantern hanging from the mast; they gave another shout, and their ship, driven along by the wind, disappeared in the darkness. No doubt the men on the look-out had discovered the dismasted vessel, but the storm had rendered it

impossible to put the ship about. A moment afterwards, Tamango saw the flash of a cannon, and heard the report; he afterwards saw another flash, but heard no report. Next morning not a sail was to be seen. Tamango laid himself down again on the mattress and closed his eyes: his wife, Ayshee, had died in the night.

I know not how long afterwards it was that the English frigate, Bellona, discovered the hull of a dismasted vessel, apparently deserted by her crew. A boat was sent to board her, and found the corpse of a negro woman, and a black man so emaciated that he looked like a mummy. He lay insensible, but manifested some signs of life. The surgeon took him under his care, and, when the Bellona arrived at Kingston, Tamango was perfectly recovered. He was questioned respecting his adventures; he told all that he knew. The planters of the island insisted that he ought to be hanged for mutiny, but the philanthropic governor took him under his protection, declaring that he was excusable, as he had only stood in his own defence, and, after all, it was merely a parcel of Frenchmen that he had killed. He was treated like the Negroes found on board a con-

fiscated slave-ship; he was set at liberty, that is to say, he was set to work for the government, and paid three-pence a day besides his food. He was a tall robust man. The colonel of the 75th regiment saw him and took him for a drummer. He learned some English, but spoke little: on the other hand, he drank rum and ratafia in immense quantities. He died in the hospital.

MANAGEMENT.

THIS age is the golden age of invention: it is fertile in *arts*, sciences, bubbles, schemes, and expedients of every kind, by which the ingenuity of the mind of man is abundantly proved. Some individuals *invent* for fame, some for emolument, some in the hope of obtaining both; and some there are in the world, whose inventive faculties are agreeably taxed in *contriving* how they shall make most show at the least possible expence. A very laudable endeavour, too, is this, in an age the luxury of which vies with, and, in many respects, exceeds, that of any ancient era which can be named, when civilization and its concomitant, voluptuousness, were supposed to have attained their zenith;

an age in which the gifts of fortune, far from being pretty equally distributed, are held in overwhelming masses by some very, very few favoured individuals, whilst the great bulk of the nation have positively nothing; and an age in which, consequently, the actual income of myriads, whose station obliges them to live, if not in a shewy and expensive, at least in a gentlemanly style, is utterly inadequate to support it.

That branch of *invention*, which teaches the useful art of uniting the strictest economy with an appearance of that liberality which well beseems educated and elegant patrician minds (because one characteristic and distinction of the exalted in station should be their seeming at least to live in habits of, and to enjoy the delights produced by, opulence,) is termed Contrivance, *par excellence*, or *Management*; and in this, as the control of household expences generally falls to the fair sex, it must be acknowledged that woman excels. I have, indeed, heard a gentleman boast that, as a bachelor he had contrived, once upon a time, to vegetate upon one shilling *per diem*: and, doubtless, if *he* did so, it may be done: but the question is—*how?* And to this the only reply

that can be offered is, that during the period in which he thought proper to make the experiment, he lived in the most *ungentlemanly* manner possible, depriving himself *in toto* of society, and all the little comforts of life, which, if luxuries, are at least essential ones, and not expensive. But, let it be assumed, that a man, *en garçon*, may contrive to economise for himself, avoiding that extreme which amounts to parsimony, still, a woman only knows how most advantageously to do so for a *family*.

These observations occurred to me, during a visit, which it was once my fortune to pay when I had ample opportunity of remarking two things, which I wish I could flatter my readers and myself, were *only* to be beheld in the family of the Honourable Mr. and Mrs. Duval, viz. the expedients to which the wife was obliged to resort, in order to keep the expenditure of the household within due limits: and the brutal ingratitude of the husband for the tact and ability with which this was effected. Mr. Duval holds a situation of some trust under Government, the salary of which would, for a bachelor, be extremely handsome; but a family, consisting of a wife, nine daughters, and servants, though they keep as few as may be,

makes a woful breach in the annual stipend, involves them in unavoidable difficulties, and, in proportion as these increase, with the dread also of exceeding their income, generates a thousand distressing and unavailing altercations between the once affectionate pair.

It was *Quarter Day*, and, as Mr. and Mrs. Duval had given me to understand that they could dispense with my society until the hour of tea arrived, since they were going "to settle their own and some of their daughters' accounts," I retreated as soon as possible from the dinner table to the fine pianoforte in the breakfast-room, where, for at least a couple of hours, I remained alone, practising most pertinaciously some of the beautiful airs of that poet of musicians, Rossini; whose music seems the outpouring of a soul too abundantly fraught with melody and instinct with extatic feeling. There are but two things in this world, the rich, golden, and seraphic vein of Poesy, which gleams in sun-like radiance upon us now, and the attar, that divine concentration of breathings from the roses of other lands, unto which I can compare the delicious melodies of this son of song—melodies which fill my heart with that gush of joy, which is mingled with delight-

ful sadness—melodies, which overshadow my spirit with pleasant, but inexplicable mournfulness, until my eyes overflow with tears, as do the leaves of that foreign tree with gracious dews, around which the light rain-clouds are gathered.

It is vain to say, as do some of the composers of the day, that Rossini has *spoiled* the English taste for music: his popularity is the best criterion of his excellence; and how has he attained it?—He has spoken to the fancy and to the heart, rather than the understanding; and his appeal has been answered by the simultaneous acclaim of myriads of *nations*—for all men possess, in a greater or lesser degree, imagination, feelings, and passions; but all do not possess that gravity and solidity of soul, which can relish an elaborate composition, a scientific exemplification of harmony, wherein melody has little share: briefly, all men who are susceptible of emotions from music will acknowledge his supremacy in the art, who is capable of exciting such in them most powerfully and most frequently; while he, who in a manner reads to his audience a mathematical lecture on his instrument, may be pronounced clever, but must not hope for popularity. Sentiment is

expected in music, as in poetry and in painting; it is the soul of the fine arts—without it, all are mere pieces of ingenious mechanism, void of life. But to return:—the servant announced coffee, and I proceeded to the drawing-room. A storm yet lowered upon the visage of my honourable friends; they were still in high dispute; the three eldest girls sat at work with sadly sober countenances, and, during the following dialogue, cast, ever and anon, pitiful and significant glances upon me.

Mrs. D.—As for renouncing society, Mr. Duval, you must be insane to dream of such a thing; you *can't* do it: your public situation renders the necessity of your keeping *some* company imperative.

Mr. D.—Psha! psha! you don't know what you are talking about.

Mrs. D.—*Don't* I? And pray, sir, in your rage for seclusion, what is to become of the poor girls?

Mr. D.—Let 'em hang themselves, if they will! How the deuce d' ye suppose, my dear, that I am to support your extravagance and theirs?

Mrs. D.—Extravagance! I do admire that! Pray, sir, will you have the goodness to in-

form me, who it was that cut the old dimity curtains into dressing-gowns? the worn Irish sheeting into shirts? the moth-eaten green-baize cloths, and drugget, into covers for every box and book in the house? and the—

Mr. D.—Pray, madam, inform me, if you please, who, when I come to inspect her accounts, is *minus* some shillings every week, and some dozens of pounds every quarter? Who made me purchase a carriage which she never uses?—

Mrs. D.—How can I use it, sir, without horses?

Mr. D.—And take in books which she never reads?—

Mrs. D.—I *should* read and enjoy them, Mr. Duval, had I not, as you well know, to play the parts of governess, sempstress, housekeeper, and maid-of-all-work, in *your* house!

Mr. D.—*That* I deny: all this and more you ought as a wife, as *my* wife, to do, Mrs. Duval; but you are lamentably deficient in your duty—

Mrs. D.—Gracious heaven! I wonder how you *dare*—

Mr. D.—Who makes me ask people to the house that would send us, for our pains, to the

very——, and [*raising his voice*] who lost the ruby bracelet? who broke the four hundred guinea pier-glass? and who sold the wine-coolers for one-eighth of their *real* value?

Mrs. D.—One half *more* than their real value, I suppose you mean, considering that you bought them of a Jew broker for solid silver, and they proved only vile composition. Who hired a valet, and lost by his knavery more than seven-fold his quarter's wages? Who petted the drunken butler until—

Mr. D.—[*In a voice of thunder, to one of his daughters.*]—Amelia! what are you wasting your time about there? Always scribbling, or drawing, or doing any thing rather than helping your mother! I shall shortly lock up pencil, pen, and paper, I can tell you, and burn your d—d nonsensical writings and drawings—

Amelia.—Papa, I was only copying—

Mr. D.—What business have you to be doing anything but helping your mother with the accounts?

Amelia.—Mamma does not want my assistance: I *could* not help her; and as I have been working and studying all day, I thought I might amuse myself now.

Mr. D.—*You* thought, madam? and pray

how durst you have the insolence to presume to think for yourself in my house? By heavens, Amelia, if you provoke me by any such impertinence, I'll send you off, and you may try then whether your confounded copyings, and scribblings, and daubings, will obtain for you one sixpence towards your maintenance! Put by your trumpery album and verses, and tell me what your mother has done with the thirty shillings and sixpence she misses? and which I suppose, could I come at the truth, I should find has been stolen by her, or you, for your own purposes!

Mrs. Duval and Amelia here burst into tears. Mr. Duval maintained a sullen silence for some moments, and then recommenced his unmanly attack thus:

Mr. D.—What the d—l d'ye mean by both whimpering at me thus? D' ye think I'm to be worked upon by hypocritical tears? Once, perhaps, I might; but the trick is stale, quite stale now, for I've had lately enough of women's tears to drown one. How can you be such a couple of fools? Can't a man say he shall be ruined—

Mrs. D.—[*sobbing*]—But you said I was a *thief*, and the girls—

Mr. D.—I didn't!

Mrs. D.—My gracious! do you deny, sir, that you have just accused me of appropriating nefariously a portion of your money—

Mr. D.—I did no such thing! and I should very much like to know, Mrs. Duval, what you mean by sitting there, and giving me the lie direct in this barefaced manner? I confess I don't understand it—I don't indeed: but if you do, it is a thing to which I shall not submit much longer with impunity, I assure you! I don't wonder now at the insolence with which I am treated by all your children, when their mother sets them the example! However, madam, when you and your helpless fine-lady daughters, who can't set a stitch of needle-work for themselves, were it to save their lives, come, as in these revolutionary times you certainly will do, to your plaster cottage, and water-gruel—

Mrs. D.—[*sobbing*]—Oh! oh! oh! and is this the return I get for making myself the very slave to my family, which I do? Haven't three admirable cooks left me, because I did not keep a kitchen-maid, and you would not allow me a char-woman? Have not seven

lady's-maids quitted me, because I kept no housekeeper? and have I not lost eleven housemaids—all valuable servants—because they were required to wait upon the girls, and could not perform their work in consequence?

Mr. D.—I neither know, nor care; but I only wish there was not a servant in the house and, had I *my* will, none should there be!

Mrs. D.—And the poor girls, too! What an abominable falsehood is your assertion, that they cannot, or do not, work for themselves! Emily, shew your father the frock you are making: Anna, shew him the stockings you are mending; and, Eliza, shew him the little pair of socks you are knitting for Maria, that he may *see* what you can do.

Mr. D.—Psha! psha! who said they could not *work?* It is of this that I complain; there sit a whole host of them, day after day, hour after hour, like so many leaden statues, upon their seats, losing their time and health about some trumpery gown or petticoat, which might be made at any time, for a shilling or two, by a regular sempstress, far better and quicker than they can do it; and this *work*, meanwhile, is their pretence, my love, for not assisting you in a single thing. When I came down this morn-

ing, the sun was shining full upon the new breakfast-room carpet: not a blind was down, and the mosaic work-table was covered with dust—why am *I* to notice such things, which ought not, I think, to escape the observation of your daughters? And why was there new bread at breakfast this morning? D'ye call that *management*, Mrs. Duval? I suppose the young ladies are too *fine* ever to stroll into the kitchen to inquire into such mattters.

Eliza.—Why, papa, you told us never to enter the kitchen; and said you would be excessively angry if you discovered—

Mr. D.—Psha! I never said such a thing in my life, I'm positive! Pretty *managers* you'll make, if you never condescend to lay some restraint, by your occasional appearance below stairs, on the peculations of your servants! How do you know that every one of them does not cheat me most grossly, and has not a private understanding with the tradesmen? —how are you to be certain—

Mrs. D.—*If* they cheat us it is in so sly a manner that it bids defiance to detection—

Mr. D.—*If!* gracious heaven!—it is enough to make one go mad, the hearing from a woman of sense like you, an "IF" in a matter of cer-

tainty! "*If* they cheat us," forsooth! But I am, I see, doomed to be ruined and pillaged by my own family, and you make me thoroughly abominate the sight of yourselves and of my own house!

Mrs. D.—Shame! shame upon you, Mr. Duval! pray hold your tongue, for the longer you talk the more you expose yourself!

Mr. D.—[*In a violent rage.*]—If I may not speak in my own house, madam, the deuce is in it if one or the other of us does not quit it shortly; and I leave you to judge which of the two it will be!

Mrs. D.—By all means, sir, and the sooner the better, provided you can make up your mind to settle an adequate allowance upon myself and children: for without *every one of them* I stir not a step from hence, since, were I to leave them in the power of a man of your temper, ill should I perform towards them, poor things, the duty of a mother!

Mr. D.—[*muttering, angrily*]—*Allowance* indeed! I'll see them all hanged first!

Mrs. D.—And when *we* are gone, sir, I should just like to know how you'll *manage* for yourself! Remember your bachelor-days, and the manner in which you were cheated and pillaged

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were alas! but too fully verified; and I, having spent a miserable three weeks with this unhappy pair, returned home, marvelling that affection should ever change into rancour, as deadly as that to which I had been an unwilling witness; almost banning in my heart the idea of what is termed *domestic* life; and resolving to sketch, for the benefit of the public, this scene from one domestic drama, which has, I fear, its counterpart in many a family.

END OF VOL. II.

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[redacted]

ROMANCES

OF

MANY LANDS;

WITH

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND MANNERS,

COMIC AND SERIOUS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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ROMANCES

OF

MANY LANDS, &c.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

On a calm autumnal afternoon, the serenity of which formed a cheering contrast with the boisterous morning, while the dark blue sky bade fair to obliterate all recollections of the equinoctial squalls of the preceding days, a cabriolet drew up at a country pot-house, near St. Servan, in Brittany, dignified by the imposing title of *L' Hôtel des Trois Empereurs.* The pause of wheels was here anything but the signal for the agitation of feet. No innkeeper bustled to the door, no visiters gathered to scrutinize the new-comers, and it required the utmost extent

of the lungs of a fat *bon-vivant*, who held the reins, to draw forth a tottering old man in a *blouse* or smock-frock, who, on reaching the door by the aid of a crutch, doffed his greasy night-cap, and begged to be honoured with their commands.

"The road to St. Malo, grand-papa?"

"Ah! gentlemen!" rejoined the old man, screwing up his mouth with all the prefatory symptoms of a long discourse, but appearing to recollect himself, he hobbled into the house, leaving the two travellers in the gig to their patience, and the enjoyment of a superb prospect of the sea. Whether he had gone to make farther inquiries, or did not think company, who only *asked* for the road, worth his attention, seemed for some minutes doubtful, till his reappearance with a ponderous volume, the leaves of which bore evident marks of constant reference.

"Zounds!" exclaimed the charioteer, "do you want a post-book to tell the road to St. Malo, which cannot be a league distant?"

"A moment if you please; I am only looking for the moon's age."

"The moon's age, you lunatic!" retorted a meagre-faced monsieur on the farther side of the cabriolet, "are you going to take a lunar

observation by way of directing us?" and, boiling with impatience, hailed a respectable-looking peasant who was advancing towards them. More fortunate in their present application, the pedestrian offered them the choice of two roads.

"*One* will satisfy us."

"*Eh bien*, your shortest lies across the *Grève*, which, at low water, is equal in strength to any *pavé;* but at this moment the tide has not ebbed sufficiently to permit your passing till after the gates are shut."

"Well, the other, then?" cried the charioteer impatiently.

"*Ah dam!* that is not much better, for you must make the *gros tour* of the *Sillon*, the circuit of the bay, the worst road in all Brittany; and to look at your beast, I much doubt whether the animal will be able to drag you a couple of leagues up to the axle in sand."

"I *do* not," replied the other; "a *cauchois* will get through any thing."

"*Cauchois! cauchois!*" exclaimed sneeringly his meagre-faced companion, "you would make an excellent Parisian cabriolet-driver, who, in praising his horse, thinks he cannot say more than *il est cauchois.*"

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(LATE T. DAVISON.)

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pocketed remnant of their breakfast at St. Pierre. Yielding, however, to his brother's remonstrances, that he ought to give some benefit to the house, he called for a *biscuit* or *sponge-cake*, and over this simple refreshment his mind wandered in forming estimates and appropriations of a relative's property, the division of which formed the object of their journey.

Monsieur Hyacinthe amused himself by cursing the roads of Brittany between each goblet, and fervently praying that Louis XVIII. might be forced, every day during the next fortnight, to travel from Rennes to St. Malo; an exercise which he had little doubt would improve both his health and the roads. A rumbling noise, similar to distant thunder, echoed by repeated cries of "*La diligence! la diligence!*" broke off these lucubrations, and summoned the brothers to the continuation of their journey. 'Twas a vehicle well calculated for the roads, and as unwieldy, in comparison with the generality of public conveyances in France, as the latter when contrasted with those of England. The majority of its passengers had alighted at St. Servan, as the respectable merchants of St. Malo have little else than their counting-houses in town, while their *ménage* generally occupies a *campagne*

in the neighbourhood: this circumstance, added to the influx of about a thousand foreigners, chiefly from the western counties of England, has raised St. Servan from a small village to a *bourg* of considerable importance. A fare of twenty *sous* each was now demanded, and instantly acceded to on the part of Hyacinthe; but Mathieu, who preferred, as he stated, the top of a coach on account of the view, obtained, after much bargaining, a passage for half the money.

"*Allons, messieurs! montez, montez!*" cried the *conducteur*, and in a few minutes the machine began ploughing through the sand its descent towards the sea, till, reaching that portion which had been covered at high-water, it rolled on as smoothly as the cars on the *Montagnes Beaujon*. In the *caisse*, or the inside of the *diligence*, Madame Martin, a shopkeeper's wife, betrayed immediately a particular regard for the *sapeur*, in explaining the various features of a superb marine view which then presented itself; the town of St. Malo in the centre of the picture; its peninsular rock rising in shape like a large cake from the sea: its towering and perpendicular ramparts forming the side of the *bonbon;* while the elliptical line of chimneys and house-

tops might be assimilated to a profusion of decoration, surmounted by a central ornament furnished by the dwarf steeple of the principal church. To the right the *Sillon*, an extensive dyke, connected the town with the continent, and afforded the only road to Normandy, and even to the south, when the inlet, or as it is there termed, the *Grève*, is impassable. In the late gales, the greater portion of the parapet of the dyke was washed down, when a similar fate threatened the windmill, the only object which breaks the monotonous line of this breakwater.

To the left of the town, the eye, in its progress towards the sea, is constantly arrested by an archipelago of rocks and forts, offering the miniature representation of a marine city, and rendering the harbour difficult of access in peace as in war. This description of *madame* was soon interrupted by a hue and cry after the *diligence*, proceeding from an express from the Three Emperors, who, on coming up with the conveyance, peevishly demanded one *sol* for the two biscuits with which Mathieu had indulged himself to his *eau sucré*. The *sous-comptrolleur* had, however, fallen asleep amidst the straw of the *Imperial*, leaving the view, the pretended object of his elevated situation, to the enjoyment of

the inside passengers. He was, nevertheless, quickly made sensible of his omission, and obliged to comply with the demand, venting a curse on the cupidity of the Bretons with every *liard* that he drew forth in satisfaction of the claim. A warm altercation ensued between the brothers on this non-payment, and Mathieu would have chanted an endless string of variations on their extortion, as he termed a charge of *liards*, had not the fumes from his opponent's pipe, lighted at the particular request of *madame*, who expressed a vast predilection for tobacco, in their ascent from the window, enveloped his head in smoke, whenever he inclined over the roof to give additional force to his arguments.

The splashing of the horses' hoofs speedily drew their attention to the expanse of water they were now beginning to ford, and which, notwithstanding the serenity of the evening, was considerably agitated by the morning gale. They continued their aquatic progress for several minutes, till the water dashed against the axle-trees; and yet, according to *madame*, they were not in the deepest part. A row of wooden posts indicated their course, and although often an uncomfortable passage, with common prudence, accidents were barely possible. The saline

fluid, nevertheless, began oozing through the crevices at the bottom of the coach, and Hyacinthe, at *madame's* request, bellowed to the conductor to stop. On general consultation, it was universally admitted that half an hour must elapse ere they could pursue their route; and the conductor, who here acts equally as postillion, immediately detaching one of his leaders, returned to St. Servan, leaving the *diligence*, its three passengers and horses, *half seas over*, to to amuse themselves in such manner as they might think fit.

The lofty situation of the imperialist began, in his opinion, now to lose much of its attraction. Disturbed in a comfortable nap, and fatigued with bawling after the conductor, who, in a few minutes, was seen galloping on shore, a fit of shivering attacked him, that obliged him to request his brother to permit and assist, by opening the door, his descent from the roof into the body of the machine. A few formal civilities followed his entrance, till *madame*, anxious to learn the object of their journey, offered the services of herself and of Monsieur Martin in any commercial affairs they might have to transact at St Malo.

"We have no commercial business *there*," exclaimed Mathieu peevishly.

"Oh! you are of course then about to embark for the West Indies?"

"Neither. I have enough salt water at present to satisfy me for my life-time."

Madame paused, and while planning the continuation of her interrogatory, Hyacinthe, in spite of repeated hints from his brother, gratuitously informed her, that they were journeying to St. Malo in consequence of the death of a brother, whom about that time they had expected to have shaken hands with. Unfortunately, on his return from Guadaloupe he had fallen overboard, and they had received notice to meet his correspondent at St. Malo, with the view of coming to some settlement in regard to his property, estimated at perhaps 100,000 francs.

"Bah!" cried Mathieu angrily, "probably not half the money."

"Fifty or a hundred," rejoined the other, "I had much rather be on my journey to meet him alive."

Mathieu was evidently screwing up his mouth for some sarcastic reply, but was interrupted by the lady requesting the name of their correspondent.

"I have his letter with me," replied Hyacinthe, who forthwith began analysing a mass of torn and dirty documents, many of which had been immemorial tenants of the pockets of his linen coatee.

"Were papers ever kept in such disorder?" ejaculated his brother: "passports, bills of exchange, and bills of the play, all alike, and as a bit of paper, by him equally preserved."

"Here it is, nevertheless, and I request you will read it, as I have packed up my spectacles in one of the bandboxes."

But the tax-gatherer, anxious to avoid any exposure of his personal affairs, excused himself, alleging that, as the evening was far advanced, he might spoil his eyes. *Madame*, however, unwilling to let slip any opportunity of gratifying her curiosity, instantly offered her services, and read as follows:—

St. Malo, *Sept.* —, 182—.

To Messrs. Hyacinthe and Mathieu Bernard.

Gentlemen,—I inform you that your brother, M. Adolphe Lemaire, was accidently drowned on his passage from Guadaloupe to this port. As I have become the depositary of his papers and property (about 100,000 francs), I invite

you to repair to this town on this day fortnight —[" Namely, to-morrow," interrupted Hyacinthe]—as particular business requires my presence at a neighbouring port till that period.

Accept the assurances of my high consideration, and believe me,

ETIENNE DE VALLERY.

" Ah, *messieurs*, you have here one of the first houses in St. Malo. M. de Vallery will do you justice—impossible to be in better hands."

In refolding and returning the letter, it seemed as if *madame* had something farther to insinuate, which she hesitated to express. Hyacinthe urged her to favour them with any farther information, assuring her how grateful he already felt for her courtesy.

" It is not that I can be of any farther assistance to *you;* but, sir, you have it in your power to render me a most essential service."

" Command me, *madame*," cried the wine-merchant in all his military gallantry, " You appear an admirer of tobacco, sir; so is my husband: but the trash that we get at St. Malo is a disgrace to the government, who, nevertheless, oblige us to give up, at a certain rate, every leaf we cultivate, and then, after under-

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and begged to know
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cynic in reply; but after a few moments' reflection, he consented, out of regard for his brother, to take a small portion. Madame Martin had completed the partial transfer of her property, when, uttering a loud shriek, she gathered together the remaining leaves with the utmost precipitation. Hyacinthe raised his eyes and beheld at the window the face of his deceased brother. The features of the phantom were somewhat different from what he recollected them at their separation, but a fiery atmosphere which enveloped his head left no doubt in his mind of a supernatural agency. He could only exclaim,

"'Tis he! 'tis he!" and sunk back in the coach. The attentions of Mathieu, who was ignorant of the cause of this *scene*, from having at the first alarm sought the other window, assisted by the lady's *flaçon* of *eau de Cologne*, succeeded shortly in producing a copious perspiration, which afforded considerable relief. With his looks still bent on the window, he could for some time only articulate—

"My brother!" and the anxiety of *madame* for his recovery made her forget for the moment her fears of having been surprised, and information laid at the custom-house by the individual

whose impertinent curiosity had been the cause of her shriek. 'Twas long ere Hyacinthe could, with tears in his eyes, assure them that he had beheld the figure of his brother who had recently been drowned.

"Bah!" cried Mathieu, "your expectations of his property have turned your brain; but at any rate, do not in future vaunt the courage so much, which trembles at the sight of a *douanier;* for I have no doubt Madame Martin's suspicions are better founded."

"There are no custom-house officers where he *is*," was all Hyacinthe's reply, and, heaving a deep sigh, he mustered resolution to look out in search of the vision; but the sun had just set, and a fog was stealing over the waters, which by this time had considerably abated: a horse's step at length caught his ear, and after straining his eyeballs, the return of their conductor replunged him into a profound melancholy, and relieved the rest of the party from their unpleasant situation. To the various inquiries, whether he had heard or seen anything pass the water, he declared it almost impossible. A few minutes now carried them on to dry land, and soon after they drew up at the gate of St. Malo.

"*Vous n'avez rien à declarer, messieurs?*"—

"Have you anything prohibited or paying duty?" is the first question with which a public conveyance is greeted in France on arriving at the town of its destination. "*Vos passeports?*" is the second; and a general descent of the passengers, and examination of the *coffres*, seats, &c. of the coach, invariably succeeds. This ceremony, when travelling from the interior, is but superficially performed; and just as the insides were on the point of remounting, one of those plagues to modern tourists, a green-coated *douanier*, bawled out, "*Un moment s'il vous plait! on va vous faire la visite*"—an act of politeness seldom omitted on your arrival in France. Our friends were immediately conducted to a little guard-house a few yards distant, where the small portion of tobacco on their persons having been weighed and commented upon, was eventually returned. An *employé* had been despatched for Madame Rouge, the female examiner attached to the *bureau*, who, politely conducting her charge to an inner room, dispossessed Madame Martin in a few minutes of her garland of tobacco, and left her *bourgeois* to *fumer sans pipe* for the rest of the year.

Some time elapsed before they were permitted to remount; *madame* anathematising the stranger,

who, as she was convinced, had been the cause of her misfortune; and Hyacinthe, notwithstanding the evidence of his senses, endeavouring to flatter himself into the belief that her suspicions were correct. Mathieu alone remained perfectly silent and calm, till returning *madame* the tobacco, which he had brought through, he intimated, that if she could possibly spare a small portion, it would be extremely acceptable.

"You never smoke," interrupted his brother; "besides, the leaves are not cured."

"*C'est égal*, I can never obtain really good stuff, and I have an idea of doctoring some myself."

The civility of a French woman obliged her to proffer a portion, which was immediately accepted with a profusion of thanks. The wine merchant, however, declined receiving any, as, although an inveterate smoker, he would not deprive her of a leaf of her trifling remnant. The *diligence* now rattled through the gate, and turning sharp to the right, drew up in one of the few open spaces of St. Malo. The brothers, after expressing a hope that the lady might find Monsieur Martin in excellent health, wished her a good evening, and hastened to the principal inn of the place. On entering the *salle à manger*,

their first inquiry was naturally for M. de Vallery, who it appeared had left word that, in the event of the arrival of two gentlemen, they might be requested to remain there, and that he would wait on them the following morning. A bottle of Bordeaux, warmed with sugar and cinnamon, was with Hyacinthe the order of the night, and retiring to his room, he endeavoured, over this comfortable mixture, to chase away the features of his brother that still hannted him. A few copious draughts and the fatigue of the journey quickly brought on a drowsiness, of which he determined to take instant advantage, and throwing himself on the bed, soon fell asleep.

The recollection of his brother's face occasionally interrupted his repose, but notwithstanding these transient frights, he enjoyed a fair night's rest. Mathieu, on alighting, had established a tariff, at which he was to be victualled and boarded at two francs *per diem*, excluding wine, which he stated not to agree with him! but congratulated the landlady on the bibacious qualities of his brother, whom she might charge *à discretion*. Upon the strength of this agreement, he sat down to an excellent supper, accompanied merely by a glass of the pure element, enhanced it is true by the last lump of sugar from his pocket,

but which, from having been for some time the close companion of Madame Martin's tobacco, gave a tinge and flavour to the *eau sucré* equal in his opinion to any *fleur d'orange de Paris.* From repletion and fatigue, Mathieu was unable to sleep, and worried his imagination throughout the night in calculations of the probable amount of the moiety of his deceased brother's property, and the method of employing it to the greatest advantage.

A French breakfast, consisting of *cotelettes à la Maintenon, poulet roti,* &c. brought our brothers together next morning in the *salon.* Hyacinthe, with an imagination still heated by the events of the preceding day, had recourse to another bottle, which drew forth with the cork sundry growlings from Mathieu on the folly of swallowing an inheritance before he had touched it, especially with a family looking up to him for support.

"Oh! as for that," retorted his brother, "*ma chère épouse* knows how to take care of herself, and the sign of St. Anthony at Nantes will give her and her light infantry a better bottle than my whole inheritance could purchase in this miserable hole. *Allons, à sa santé,* but not in water, so pray empty your glass, and let me fill it."

Mathieu, professing an extreme respect for *madame sa belle-sœur*, overcame his prejudice, and swallowed a large goblet, in the hope more of benefiting his own health than that of his sister-in-law.

The entrance of M. de Vallery at this moment gave another turn to the conversation, and after the customary civilities, Hyacinthe, with a faltering and hesitating tone, inquired whether the death of his brother was beyond doubt, as he felt almost convinced he had seen his face the preceding evening. M. de Vallery, after some moments' agitation, excused himself from repeating what could only tend to afflict them, but promised to introduce to them in the course of the day a little girl, whom their brother Adolphe had adopted, and who, from having been an eye-witness of her guardian's misfortune, would give them every particular.

"Has he left her any thing?" exclaimed Mathieu eagerly.

"Unfortunately not, and she is thrown, gentlemen, on your generosity."

"Humph!" grunted Mathieu.

"*Pauvre petite!*" exclaimed Hyacinthe.

"She has been," continued M. de V., "since

her arrival, at my house, where she can remain till you have made some provision for her."

"Oh! yes," replied Mathieu, "we will get her into some charitable institution for orphans."

"Not while I have a *liard* to support her!" vociferated the wine-merchant.

"*A la bonne heure!* you have a large family, and her expense will be scarcely felt."

"*Mille canons!*" retorted the other, "what's the use of money to you? Every body might starve for it, as you nearly starve yourself. I know I have six children—but yet I shall be able to fulfil my brother's intentions without the assistance of such a *blanc-bec*." Their correspondent, fearing the dispute might increase, here interposed, and informed them that as he had been called away to a neighbouring seaport, he was not prepared to settle their affair that morning; and therefore as he was under the necessity of detaining them, and as a mark of respect to their deceased brother, he begged it to be understood, that all expenses at the inn during their stay at St. Malo were at his charge.

"*Du tout! du tout!*" exclaimed Hyacinthe; while Mathieu, seizing his brother's bottle, begged to be permitted to offer M. de Vallery

a glass of *véritable Bordeaux*. Mutual civilities ensued, which ended in the latter entreating them to make themselves comfortable with what the house could afford, and he apologised for withdrawing, desirous as he felt of expediting their affairs. The brothers, now left to themselves, felt mutually averse to each other's society, and as Mathieu offered to superintend the preparation of dinner, the other resolved to stroll for an hour or two about the town.—A promenade in St. Malo!—in a town which has all the appearance of having been subject to the operation of a tourniquet, and squeezed into half its original size. Bow-lane would here be a *Rue-royale*, or High-street, for *Rue-Napoleon* is out of date, and Salisbury-square would contain the *grande* and only *place*, houses and all. Thus condensed, and immured within superb stone ramparts rising to the second floor, some idea may be formed of the airiness of St. Malo.

Hyacinthe's open disposition could not find breathing room, till he sallied forth through one of the gates, where the harbour lay before him. It was low water, and, with the exception of an occasional stream emptying itself into the sea, the inlet presented nothing but a sandy plain, some miles in circumference, with a few stranded

boats, by way of interest. Small wooden posts and a few planks over the little currents indicated several routes for pedestrians, and groups of smiling faces in holiday clothes were hastening towards the opposite bank. 'Twas a *jour de fête*, and the lower classes of St. Malo were hurrying to enjoy it at St. Josef, a hamlet consisting of but a few houses and as many *cabarets*, about two miles distant. *Allons voir!* said Hyacinthe to himself, and crossing the *Grève*, he could not refrain from casting his eyes towards the spot where the visionary form of his brother had the evening before appeared to him. The place was now perfectly dry, except in the deepest part, where one of the rivulets above-mentioned was winding its course towards the sea.

He remained contemplating the scene for some minutes, till the tittle-tattle of an approaching party of females broke in upon his musings, and summoned him to pursue his way. After passing a cluster of farm-houses on the opposite bank, a neat and straight road presented itself, ornamented on one side by a broad and well-kept footpath, shaded by two rows of dwarf trees, and crossed at intervals by barriers, to prevent the incursions of quadrupeds; the whole having more the air of a private road leading to a gen-

tleman's mansion, than a public thoroughfare to a few huts. Parties of gaily dressed girls gave an animation to the scene, and our friend soon felt his spirits in a fair way of amelioration. The walk continued in the same uniformity of plain and direction for upwards of a mile, before Hyacinthe perceived Madame Martin and a numerous *société* a few yards in advance.

"I only wanted company!" he exclaimed, "*par bonheur* here I find it;" and forthwith hastened to introduce himself, and to pay his respects. His surprise can hardly be described when, instead of the friendly greeting which he anticipated, he was assailed by a volley of imprecations, in which the terms *espion*, *mouchard*, *blanc-bec*, &c. were sung by the females in a dozen different keys; and his "*Comment madame?*" was answered by the male portion of the party pushing him from the path into a small *fossé* dug on the side.

"*Ah! parbleu!*" cried our *sàpeur*, on regaining the road, "*si c'est votre jeu à la bonne heure!*" and seizing the two nearest by the collar he laid them sprawling in the middle of the road at some feet distance. The affair now became general, and Hyacinthe with military tact took up his position against a hedge, which protected him

from any attack in the rear. "Down with the spy!" was the war-whoop; and the *cavaliers* commenced an assault with sticks, while *mesdames* supported them by a discharge from the flying artillery in the shape of large pebbles, against which his straw hat and cotton dress afforded little or no protection. In all probability he would not have lived to tell his tale, had not the whole party, as if by magic, relinquished hostilities, and left him a moment's pause to look for the inconceivable cause of this suspension of arms. Scarcely had he turned his eyes, when the figure of his deceased brother once more stood before him. This time, however, he was spared a repetition of the agonising and conflicting feelings of the preceding day: for as it often happens in modern warfare, that an accidental shot, after the termination of an engagement, has done the greatest mischief to the cause by depriving the army of a principal officer; so in the present instance a solitary stone struck Hyacinthe on the temple, and laid him senseless on the road.

Some time elapsed before our hero regained sufficient possession of his faculties to take notice of any surrounding object, and he felt somewhat astonished on his recovery to find

himself stretched on a bed in a neighbouring inn. An extreme debility, and a bandage round his arm, gave him reason to believe that he had lost blood during his state of insensibility; but he felt consoled by the presence of M. de Vallery, who stood at the bed-side. To his repeated and unconnected inquiries respecting the death of his brother, that gentleman returned but evasive answers, apparently in the desire of not farther agitating his nerves. 'Twas of little use, question followed question, till M. de V., conceiving that his patient had regained sufficient strength, proposed, by way of changing the scene, their return in his cabriolet to St. Malo.

On the road Hyacinthe dwelt with a melancholy pleasure on every particular relative to his interviews with his brother's spirit on that and the preceding day; and while passing the theatre of the recent conflict, it required all M. de Vallery's efforts to prevent him from alighting and remaining on the spot. Half an hour's drive brought them to the door of their hotel at St. Malo, where a beautiful little Creole, about eight years old, attended by her *bonne*, or nurse, immediately recognised M. de Vallery, and held out her hands to embrace him.

"*Ah! la pauvre petite!*" exclaimed Hyacinthe, whose imagination immediately recognised her as the child of his brother's adoption; "we must be better acquainted: you must console me for the loss of my brother."

A look of displeasure appeared on the brow of the merchant, as he was forced to acknowledge that Hyacinthe's presentiment was well-founded. The soldier clasped her in his arms, and his feelings were almost overcome, when she exclaimed,

"How like you are to my poor papa!"

With tears in his eyes, he carried her into the *salon*, where they found Mathieu growling and cursing at his want of punctuality, as the dinner which he had ordered, to do honour to M. de Vallery's liberality, had been ready a full hour.

"See, I have brought you another guest!" said Hyacinthe, setting his little charge on her feet. "Don't you think 'tis a pretty child?"

"By your tears, I think there are two of you," retorted Mathieu, sneeringly. "What little urchin is it? and where did you get that *honourable* scar over your left eye? I suppose in some broil, where you came off with the child and the wound for your pains."

"'Tis the adopted child of poor Adolphe."

"Humph!" groaned the other, eyeing her with any feeling but pleasure.

Farther remarks were, however, interrupted by the entrance of dinner, to which the brothers and the little Creole immediately sat down. Mathieu scarcely uttered a word, and Hyacinthe, who had little appetite after his morning's *rencontre*, was wholly occupied in attending to his little *protégé*: few words were therefore wasted during the repast, and Hyacinthe forbore, till after dinner, to question the child as to the circumstances of his brother's death. To this inquiry Mathieu made no opposition, and the little mourner gave her information as well as the tears, which the subject had recalled, would permit. From her tale it appeared, that their brother and his favourite were standing one afternoon at the ship's side, when the child espied an object on the surface of the water, to which she called the attention of her papa, who, being unable to tell her its nature, fetched a strong cord and hook, with which he had been fishing for sharks in the morning, and throwing it over, tried to hook the subject in question. In one of these attempts he overbalanced himself, fell overboard, and was never afterwards seen.

This disastrous tale was scarcely concluded, when M. de Vallery was again introduced. She affectionately embraced him.

"Make your adieus to these gentlemen," he said, "for your nurse waits for you below."

"With your permission," replied Hyacinthe, "she remains with me."

"Gentlemen, I come on business."

"Send her down directly then," cried Mathieu.

The brother, however, would not part with his little darling; and it was agreed, after some discussion, that she should amuse herself in a remote corner of the same room, while Hyacinthe attended to business: before sitting down, however, he emptied for her gratification the contents of one of his side pockets; to wit, a corkscrew, penknife, toothpick-case, small coin. and a variety of other little necessaries. The man of business then began:—

"Gentlemen, I now can give you some farther information regarding the property of your deceased brother. Papers, which I discovered only this morning, have materially altered the settlement of his effects."

"*Comment ça?*" interrupted Mathieu eagerly.

"Yes, sir, I have fallen upon a certificate of the marriage of your brother, a circumstance of

which, I must confess, I was not previously aware."

The impatience of Mathieu here formed a striking contrast to the inattention of his brother, who was continually contemplating and making signs to the little Creole at the extremity of the room.

"By this discovery," continued M. de V., "one half of M. Adolphe Lemaire's property devolves on ——."

"On whom?" roared Mathieu in a paroxysm of impatience.

"On that little girl, his daughter."

"*A la bonne heure, ma petite nièce!*" cried the soldier, running to her and giving her a kiss; while his brother, broiling with rage, was scarcely able to articulate, "And we, his own brothers?"

"The other moiety between you."

A pause of some seconds here ensued, till Mathieu, recovering himself, began a vehement *tirade* against his brother, cursing him for marrying a slave, and enriching little black urchins at the expense of his own relations, with many other expressions to the same effect. M. de Vallery now peremptorily desired Hyacinthe to let the little girl go down, as *she* could not

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affection, clasped him eagerly to his breast. Embrace succeeded embrace, and a considerable period elapsed in mutual congratulations, before Hyacinthe sought of his brother some explanation of the mystery which hung over the report of his death. His story was soon told. The current in that part of the ocean where he fell overboard, running particularly strong in an opposite direction to the ship, he was unable, on regaining the surface of the water, to make himself heard, or even seen. Despairing of relief, although an excellent swimmer, he, nevertheless, determined to support himself with as little fatigue as possible. He floated for a considerable time, till luckily espying the remnant of an oar, he eagerly availed himself of its assistance, and kept himself up till midnight, when the glimmering of a distant light gave a fresh impulse to his strength and exertions.

At two in the morning he was enabled to hail a vessel, which immediately lowering her boat, he was soon after taken on board. She proved to be likewise a West Indian, but bound for Brest. On his arrival at the latter port, he immediately wrote to M. de Vallery at St. Malo, but in taking the letter to the post-office, he was agreeably surprised by the intelligence that his corre-

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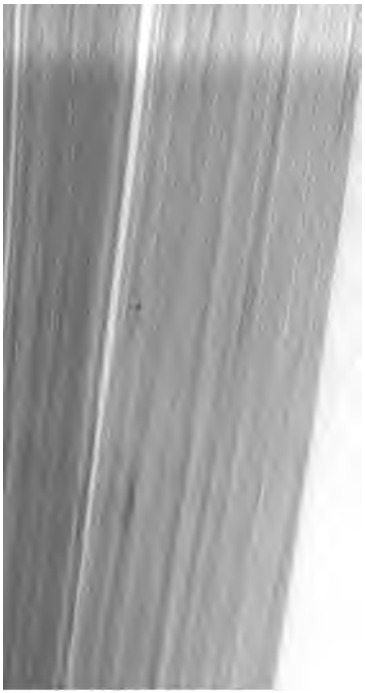
conceived it better for him to enter the town without his friend, and on their arrival at St. Servan, where M. de V. had a country-house, he resolved to push on for his destination that evening. He hired a horse, as the *Grève* was at that moment impassable for any other conveyance, and by swimming his steed over a few yards, reached the town before the closing of the gates. Curiosity at seeing a *diligence* surrounded by water, prompted him to pull up and look in; an action of which he sorely repented on seeing his brothers, who were not expected till the next day. The last rays of the setting sun gave his countenance the fiery tinge which, even on explanation, Hyacinthe could scarcely reconcile with terrestrial possibility.

He took up his abode at the counting-house of M. de Vallery, from whom the next morning he learned the particulars of his first visit to his brothers, as also the effect of his appearance in the harbour on the preceding evening. From what he heard, he immediately conceived the idea of working on their feelings by feigning to make little Toinette his principal heir, in quality of his legitimate daughter, thereby leaving to them but a diminished portion of his property. After arranging this affair, and other little mat-



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stone which laid Hyacinthe on his mother earth precluded any farther explanation at that moment. He was conveyed to the nearest public house, bled, and carried to bed. Adolphe kept out of sight, fearing his presence might aggravate his brother's unfavourable symptoms, and set out on his return to town a few minutes after the departure of M. de V. and Hyacinthe, the former of whom had previously sent for his cabriolet. On reaching St. Malo, Adolphe learned from M. de V. the arrival of little Toinette from St. Servan, at the same time that he was informed of Hyacinthe's recovery, and his affectionate regard for the child. Adolphe now resolved to be an auricular witness of the scene which was likely to take place on the intimation of his marriage.

With the assistance of the landlady, who had been partially initiated into the circumstance, he took possession of a closet adjoining the dining-room, and there he heard every syllable uttered by both his brothers after dinner. His situation, however, was far from being enviable: alternately agitated by feelings of affection and contempt, he had not power to oppose the sudden opening of the door by Hyacinthe, which led to the exposure of his concealment, and the *denouement* of the affair.

It will easily be conceived that the soldier's feelings at the end of this story were partially tranquillised, but it required some hours before they were by any means composed. The report of the doctor stated Mathieu to be better, but that he must remain undisturbed. Hyacinthe and Adolphe, after an evening of mutual felicity, sought relief in solitude and sleep for the fatigues of the mind and body during the day.

It only remains to be added, that Mathieu rose early the next morning, and leaving his portmanteau and bill, quitted the town without beat of drum, and arrived in a couple of days at Angers, where he has invariably declined every overture of reconciliation from either brother. Adolphe, with little Toinette, inhabited a neat *campagne* on the *route de Rennes*, near Nantes, enjoying to this day the occasional society of Hyacinthe's numerous family, as open, good-humoured, and honest as himself.

THE EMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER.

On the margin of the Lake Erie, on the Canada side, stands a neat village, every way calculated to induce those who are perplexed with the turmoils of a city life to believe that there is no paradise on earth to compare with such a place of retirement. The spire of the church, which is reflected on the glassy surface of the lake, seems to extend a protecting care over the humble cottages beneath, each of which stands in a neatly planted and fruitful garden. The surrounding country presents a number of well-cultivated farms, some of which are tilled by the villagers, and others by French emigrants and their descendants, who, inheriting a portion of the manners of their ancestors, combined with the primitive simplicity and rudeness of their native border, compose almost an anomaly in the human race.

Among the farms in the vicinity of the village was one cultivated by Jean Baptiste, a native,

whose father had emigrated from Normandy, and, being of a family once in affluence, he bequeathed to his son a proper sense of his importance; but, as is too frequently the case, neglected to bestow means to support the dignity. This is an awkward predicament for a man to be in: to look upon himself and family through a prism, by which they are decorated in the gaudiest colours, while their associates view them with the naked eye, or through glasses that are far from placing their defects in a pleasing light, or magnifying their merits.

Baptiste was finally awakened to a proper sense of the worth of his inheritance. While beggary was staring him in the face, he found it impossible to obtain a single sous upon the credit of his dead ancestors, and learned that a man may think of himself as favourably as he pleases, but, unless the world coincides in opinion with him, it all amounts to less than nothing. His pride could not support him, nor would it suffer him to support himself, so in good time they parted. Baptiste cast his eyes around him, and they fell upon the pretty daughter of an emigrant to whom the little farm then belonged, where our worthy subsequently resided.

Baptiste was the beau of the village; a ragged one we admit, but, as he led a life of idleness, played well on the flute, and knew the name of his great-grandfather, no one ventured to dispute his claims to gentility and family. He lost no time in making the customary protestations of eternal love, and considered it as a matter of course that the charming Louise would be highly flattered with the overtures of a person of his distinction; but he was received with a degree of coolness calculated to chill even those hardened by a Canadian winter. Mortified at this discomfiture, he consoled himself with attributing it to her rustic ideas and want of discernment.

There was enough of the raw material about our lover to make, if properly worked up, a very clever and useful man; this the father of Louise soon discovered, and accordingly he told Baptiste that the girl should be his on two conditions, which the impatient lover eagerly demanded, confident that in such a cause he could readily surpass the dangers encountered in days of old to obtain the Hesperian fruit.

"Louise shall be your wife," said the father, "as soon as you have satisfied me that you can support a wife, and that she is willing to marry you."

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"Keep you! but how will you keep her?"

"Now that is a pretty question," exclaimed the single-minded lover; "look at me, and be satisfied."

"Right! she may feast her eyes upon you, but I am inclined to think that such a feast will not satisfy her hunger. When poverty stalks in at the door—you know the proverb."

"Eh!" ejaculated Baptiste, his lower jaw falling at least an inch from the other.

"Remember, she is no angel yet, though you fancy her such; she must have bread and meat, man."

"Oh, curse the realities of life! Bread and meat! There is nothing of the kind in Cupid's calendar from the title-page to the last chapter."

"Still Cupid has no objection to a plentiful larder, and, if you expect to marry my daughter, you must come over to my way of thinking."

"I am not prepared to argue against you, if that is your manner of reasoning," replied Baptiste. "You have made me a convert already."

"Then come to my farm to-morrow by sunrise," replied the other, "and the truth of your conversion shall be tested."

They parted; the old emigrant to pursue his

happiness.

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ence of another; there we behold the miser locking up his whole soul with his gold and jewels; that fashionable fair loves nothing on earth like a splendid equipage; this sportsman despises the human race when compared with his horses and dogs; that primitive damsel doats upon her tabby and lap-dog, and our hero views, with feelings bordering on veneration, the old scarlet small-clothes worn by his progenitors. But enough of moralising, and to resume our story.

Baptiste, having made his toilet, and buckled a rusty rapier by his side, which had descended from the same distinguished personage, took his flute in his hand, and sallied forth to the place of appointment. He had ruminated for twelve hours on the foregoing conversation, and could not by any course of reasoning arrive at any other conclusion than that the old man, having discovered his merits, had determined to yield his daughter without further opposition. His heart beat wildly, and hope was on tiptoe, as he drew near the emigrant's romantic cottage. The neatness of all about the house did not escape his notice. Against the southern side of the cottage was an arbour, overshadowed by the rose tree, jasmine, and honeysuckle. He drew near

to it, and the fragrance of the flowers seemed to increase, as he reflected by what hand they had been planted. All was silent, for the family had not yet risen. He gazed with a wistful eye upon the small window, just above the arbour, and into which the vines were creeping, for well he knew who sanctified that chamber by her presence. He sighed as he gazed, and envied the jasmine flower that was slily peeping through a broken pane of the window.

With throbbing heart he breathed a plaintive air on his flute, while the birds, flitting among the trees and shrubbery, swelled their little throats to emulate the serenade. It was not long before the casement opened, and a smiling face peered among the green foliage, with lips that might have been mistaken for buds of the vine, and cheeks for full-blown flowers. It was too much for a lad of Baptiste's temperament. His flute was suddenly silenced, and, without loss of time, he called in the aid of words, as being more expressive than music. He poured forth his feelings with ardour and eloquence, for love works miracles, and had made even Baptiste eloquent, and, as he proceeded in his declaration, the smiling face among the foliage became brighter: the change did not escape the

quick perception of the lover: "the victory is gained already," thought he, "she can never resist a personage of my family, parts, and figure" —on the instant the window closed, the smiling face disappeared, and Baptiste's ears were saluted with a sound that too nearly resembled laughter to be agreeable at that moment. He stood—not thunderstruck—for the morning was perfectly clear, and there was no thunder, but an electric shock could not have astounded him more than did the closing of the window and the laughter that succeeded.

"What are you doing there, dressed off like a new-fledged popinjay?" exclaimed a hoarse voice. He turned and beheld the old emigrant, who repeated his question.

"Serenading Louise," replied Baptiste.

"Serenading! very pretty, by St. Anthony! Henceforward, as you value my opinion, never let me hear a tune from your lips, unless it is whistled between the ploughshafts. And what is the meaning of this tawdry dress? Silks and satins, and of all the colours in the rainbow! Very well for a clown in a playhouse, but not altogether the thing if you intend driving my cart, or digging in my garden."

"I came to make myself agreeable to Louise,"

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or since, took place on this occasion. Baptiste was notorious for playing a conspicuous part in frolics of the kind, and accordingly many a rustic Benedict came far and near to retaliate. A mad scene ensued, compared to which the sufferings of the redoubtable Lieutenant Lismahago on his wedding night were as paradise to purgatory. Baptiste discountenanced charivaris from that day, and it is now looked upon as a custom "more honoured in the breach than the observance." We omitted to remark, that on the wedding night the splendid family dress, which had lain perdu ever since Baptiste entered the cottage, was again displayed, and his rusty rapier suspended by his side. Thus equipped, he imagined the ancient glory of the Baptistes regenerate. His flute was again brought forth, and was often listened to with delight by the little family circle when the labours of the day were over.

Human affairs are but transitory. In the course of time, Baptiste buried his father-in-law and his beloved wife, who had brought him a daughter and a son, of whom more will be learnt in the subsequent narrative.

There resided in the village a wealthy advocate, who valued himself not only upon his

fortune, but that his father before him had lived by his wits, and not by the labour of his hands. Counsellor Martin, as the rustics called him, had a son about twenty years of age, who had early imbibed all the prejudices of his father, and entertained an exalted opinion of his own inherent importance. He made but little progress at school, for he was too lofty a personage to be under the controul of one who had neither wealth nor pride of ancestry to boast of. The village schoolmaster was a preacher, also, and verily Frank Martin called into practice, during six days of the week, the precepts of moderation and forbearance duly delivered from the pulpit on the sabbath. Frank, as he approached the state of manhood, was seldom seen abroad without his rifle on his shoulder, or his angle in his hand. He was dexterous at hooking a trout, and seldom failed to put out the eye of a squirrel at the distance of fifty paces.

Frank had from his childhood watched the growing beauties of Claudine, the daughter of Baptiste, as they were gradually developed, and daily became more sensible of their influence; his pride, however, shrunk from the suggestion, that the best feelings of his nature had been awakened by a rustic girl: he called to his aid

what casuistry he could command to define his sentiments; he reasoned like another Locke to satisfy himself that he was not in love; he anatomised his mind; new-christened his feelings by the names of regard, respect, esteem; but even under their new titles they remained as irresistible as before, and still were as sensibly alive in the presence of Claudine, as though he had deigned to call them by the name of love.

Towards the close of a day in autumn, as Frank was returning home from a ramble among the hills, with his gun on his shoulder, he chanced to cross a meadow where Baptiste's little herd of cattle was at that time grazing. He had not proceeded far before he met a female approaching the meadow. It was Claudine. Frank's heart throbbed, and it flew to his lips as he accosted her—

"Good evening, pretty Claudine; which way do you go at this hour?"

"No farther than the meadow, sir."

"And why to the meadow, child?"

"Victor has gone to the village, and I have come to drive the cattle to the cottage."

"That must not be while I am with you."

"You will not prevent me, Mr. Francis?" inquired Claudine, half jest, half earnest.

"Certainly; I will do it for you."

"You, sir! that indeed would be a strange sight!" she exclaimed, laughing.

"Then we will do it together, Claudine, and the oddity will not appear so glaring."

She rallied him on his gallantry, and, as her lovely features became animated, Frank gazed with increased delight, and doubted whether esteem or regard was a term warm enough to describe his feelings. Claudine was possessed of much beauty and archness mingled with simplicity, and Frank felt more forcibly their influence, as he walked by her side towards her father's cottage. The succeeding evening, as the sun was declining, Frank unaccountably found himself lounging near Baptiste's meadow; the herd was still grazing there; he felt overjoyed at the sight, but was at a loss to tell why a few cows peaceably grazing occasioned such a throbbing at the heart. He remained quite restless for half an hour, with his eye constantly bent in the direction of the farm-house, the smoke from which was seen curling above a hill at a distance, when a shout was heard, and, winding around the hill, little Victor appeared, running after a huge watch-dog in the direction of the meadow. One look was enough for Frank, for he felt little interest in the gambols

of the boy and the dog. His heart beat twenty pulsations less in a minute, and, as he slowly retraced his steps, he had time enough to investigate philosophically his feelings and motives.

Frank's intimacy with Baptiste increased from that day forward, and his visits at the cottage became so frequent, that it was a question with the curious whether he resided there or at his father's mansion. His field-sports had given place to a love of agriculture, and few were more active than Frank in the hay-field or at harvest-time, for on these occasions the females left their housewifery to assist, and it was remarked that Frank was always near Claudine, and preferred doing her share of the labour to his own.

Claudine had now completed her seventeenth year, and the day that ushered in the eighteenth was a day of hilarity beneath her father's humble roof. The affectionate old man rose in the morning earlier than usual, and, when Claudine descended, she beheld his face dressed with smiles, and his person in the pride of his wardrobe, the legacy of his great-grandfather. To have started any objection to the antiquated cut of this dress would have been to Baptiste conclusive proof of barbarous taste, for it was the

standard by which he tested every modern fashion, and he looked upon it with reverence, as the connecting link between the present humble state of the family and its former consequence. At times, when Baptiste was riding his hobby of family distinction in the presence of some incredulous rustic, the scarlet breeches and rusty rapier were produced, and invariably closed the contest triumphantly.

The countenance of Claudine as she entered the room was over-shadowed with grief, which in vain she endeavoured to conceal as her father rose from his seat to greet her.

"How is this, my child, you look sad, but are not ill, I hope?"

"I did not rest well, and my head aches in consequence."

"The truth is, you are pale, but cheer up, it will never do for the pride of the village to be ill on this day, your birth-day, and that of your happy old father, too, Claudine."

Every nation has some peculiar custom, which is religiously upheld by the people as a birthright, and looked upon as a spot of verdure in the waste of life. In Canada, from the earliest settlement, it has been the practice on the birthday of any person, for his friends to assemble

and present a bouquet to the individual whose birth-day is commemorated. If a man, the present is usually a pipe decorated with flowers; and, if a female, a cake similarly adorned, if it is the season for flowers, otherwise artificial flowers are substituted.

At an early hour, the villagers began to assemble on the lawn in front of Baptiste's cottage. Among them were grey heads and light hearts, dimpled faces and elastic feet, for the companions of Baptiste's early days were seen among the young and gay friends of his charming daughter. The farmer soon espied them from his window, and went out to meet them, leading Claudine by the hand. It appeared as if they had changed the time and condition of life, for, as they approached the crowd, they were greeted with strains of enlivening music, to which Baptiste's heart beat time, and his feet indicated the same propensity, but Claudine looked as if she were in a place of mourning rather than of festivity.

At no time of life had Baptiste felt prouder than on this occasion. As he approached, he frequently cast a glance of delight upon his child, and then, raising his eyes to his old friends, gave them an inquisitive look, which

seemed to ask—Is she not indeed the pride of the village? Many a hearty greeting passed between the old man and the villagers, among whom were some who were conspicuous in the charivari on the night of his marriage, thirty years before. Baptiste recalled that memorable event, and enjoyed the recollection much more than he had the circumstance.

A seat intended as a sylvan throne was speedily constructed, and Baptiste and his child were speedily escorted to it with no little "pomp and circumstance." Frank was officious on this occasion, and, though an hour of general joy, his countenance was evidently troubled. Little Victor was delighted, as also was his favourite watch-dog, and, in the fulness of their joy, the one laughed and the other barked, and turned somersets on the green together. During the ceremony a simple air was sung by the villagers. There was one voice distinguished from the rest by the richness and wildness of its melody. It proceeded from a young woman, who, in spite of both mental and bodily suffering, still possessed no ordinary share of beauty. Her tall and slender figure was covered by a shapeless black gown, which descended so low that her feet were concealed, but still the perfect

symmetry of her person was discernible. From her stately neck was suspended, by a string of large black beads, a little silver crucifix, with the image of our Saviour on it. Her dark hair hung in profuse curls around her neck, and rested in the hood of her dress, which at that time was thrown from her head. There was a nervous quickness in her motions; her eyes were wandering, the expression wild, and on her lips, which were still beautiful, an unmeaning smile seemed to be constantly playing.

The ceremony of presenting the pipe and cake being over, the assemblage was about to adjourn to the cottage, when Frank inquired of the female just alluded to, who was at the time in a state of mental abstraction—

"Ninon, have you not your usual offering to make to Claudine?"

The sound of his voice recalled her wandering thoughts. She hastened to Claudine, and presented her with a small cake and a rich bouquet, and said—

"If you have been an apt scholar, Claudine, you may read my regard in this bunch of flowers; it has been carefully culled. There is the amaranth, that crowns all, the emblem of virtue; the budding rose will stand for constancy; and

the sprig of rosemary, that peeps between, bids you remember me. Here is a cluster of heart's-ease——" she was going on to illustrate the flowers, when Claudine interrupted her—

"But where is the yellow jonquil?"

"The emblem of sorrow!"

"Ninon, my bouquet should have been composed of the jonquil alone."

She descended: Baptiste invited his friends to partake of an entertainment, and they moved towards the cottage.

Ninon Leclair was the only daughter of a wealthy merchant of Quebec, and, on arriving at a marriageable state, her father destined her to become the wife of his partner in trade, who was at least three times her age, and whose ruling passion was avarice. Ninon was accomplished both in mind and person, consequently such an unequal match could not fail to be revolting to her feelings, even if her affections had not been pre-engaged. The object of her passion was well calculated to please a woman's eye, but not to realise the golden dreams of her father, who soon discovered the bias her sentiments had received. He now strenuously urged a speedy marriage with his old friend and partner, which she as obstinately resisted, and, words

losing their effect, Ninon was finally consigned to the walls of a nunnery.

She bore her seclusion from the world with resignation, for she looked upon herself as a martyr in the cause of virtuous love, and was consoled with the hope that the day would arrive when her constancy would be rewarded. Her swain belonged to that numerous class, who care not at what shrine they bend, or in what creed they worship; and Ninon being soon out of sight, she was out of mind also, and he married a friend of the lovely creature he had forsaken. She bitterly mourned his faithlessness, and, as afflictions usually crowd upon the stricken, her father died shortly after, without forgiving her disobedience. The bulk of his property was bequeathed to his partner, and a certain sum to his daughter, on condition that she married him, otherwise she was left destitute. The old man made an offer of his hand, which was rejected with scorn, and he left the heart-broken novice to console himself with his legacy.

Ninon still continued in the nunnery, and, as her earthly affections had been blighted, she devoted her whole heart to Heaven; but doubts constantly arose whether the offer would be accepted, as she had not made it until this world

had lost all charms for her. She dwelt upon the fearful trials undergone by the several saints in her calendar, and felt her own unworthiness when compared with their purity, fortitude, and resignation. Her doubts increased with study, and her distempered imagination clothed her God in terrors. He appeared a jealous God, who created but to punish, and weighed not the frailties that his own hand had implanted in the bosom of his creature. The stability of her mind was shaken, and as she had not taken the veil, she left the nunnery to lead the life of a mendicant, and encounter suffering, for she felt assured that our joys hereafter will be in proportion to the severity of our trials here. Since her arrival at the village, by her amiableness, piety, and sorrow, she had acquired the respect and compassion of all, and to none was she dearer than to Claudine, who profited much by her instruction.

During the entertainment, which Baptiste had prepared for the villagers in his garden, Frank, who sat beside Claudine, urged her to taste of the present of her favourite, Ninon, as her feelings might be wounded by apparent neglect. She replied—

"Ninon knows that I, too, highly value the giver to slight the gift."

Ninon bowed her head in acknowledgment. Claudine broke the cake, and added, in a tone which only reached Frank's ear—

"And as a proof of the value I set on it, I give one half to him whom most I value."

Frank slightly recoiled as she presented it, and replied in a hurried low tone, accompanied with a forced smile—

"True, the evil and good we should share alike, Claudine, but the good be wholly thine."

She sighed in a voice scarcely above her breath—

"The evil we have shared, indeed, and it is right we also share this token of unmerited regard."

Frank remained silent; received one half of the cake, and Claudine ate the other. Frank's countenance became distorted; his eyes were kindling with fierceness, and his mind was evidently racked with contending passions. Claudine perceived the change without surprise, for she had of late been accustomed to these sudden and violent transitions in his moody disposition, from one extreme to the other.

"What is it ails you?" she inquired tenderly.

"Nothing."

"I fear you are ill."

"Slightly; but what troubles me will speedily be removed." He smiled, and Claudine would have shuddered, had she not been accustomed to his smile. She again requested him to partake of Ninon's present.

"No!" he replied, "it would but increase my illness. But farewell, Claudine." He rose and left the table: she followed him.

"Do not leave me, yet. Remember it is my birth-day, and it rests with you to say whether I should bless it or curse it."

"Bless it, Claudine, bless it; though it has cursed my earthly prospects, bless it."

"That thought is a curse heavy enough to outweigh every blessing this world could bestow," she replied, and wept.

"Forgive me, Claudine, I am a selfish wretch, unworthy of your love. But the next time we meet your mind shall be at rest."

He pressed her to his bosom, and hurried away. Claudine stood gazing after him until he was out of sight, then returned dejectedly to the company, and resumed her seat at the table. She had not been long seated before she became pale as death, and trembled violently. Ninon

observed the change in her countenance, and inquired—

"Are you ill, Claudine?"

"Deadly sick," she faintly replied, and supported herself on the shoulder of the other who sat beside her.

"What has occasioned it?"

"I know not: something I have eaten, I fear. My head ached when I rose this morning, and now it feels as if it would burst. My sight fails me, and I tremble. Water, or I shall faint."

She drank, and Ninon bathed her temples.

"I feel revived," continued Claudine, "but still deadly sick. While I have strength, pray assist me to my chamber."

They retired from the table, and the company dispersed in consequence of Claudine's sudden illness. Joy was an inmate in Baptiste's cottage in the morning, but Sorrow had driven her thence before the close of the day. Claudine's illness increased, and the fears of her doating father were wrought to the highest pitch. Medical assistance was resorted to. Days and weeks passed away, still she was confined to her bed, and her recovery was doubtful. Ninon seldom left her bed-side, and by the most assiduous attentions proved the affection she entertained

for the invalid. She read to her, and was
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the beautiful creature, once admitted to be
pride of the village. She had not smiled si
the commencement of her illness, or in s
sort as indicated more forcibly the utter ho
lessness of her affliction. She became fon
solitary walks, and seclusion in some ru
bower.

Shortly after Claudine's recovery, she w
on an errand to the village. Night closed
and yet she returned not. As the darkn
increased, her father's impatience changed
alarm, for he could not assign any satisfact
cause for her absence. It was not proba
that she had tarried at any of the neighbou
for she had not expressed such an intenti
and, knowing her father's affection, she was
considerate to occasion him unnecessary anxie

The old man went to the village in search
her; he called at every house she was in
habit of visiting, but could gain no tidings
the stray one. Some had seen her the precedi

day, others a week before, and others on that morning. This was all he learnt, and he hastened towards his cottage with a heavy heart, trusting, however, that she had returned during his absence. He opened the door with a tremulous hand, entered, and looked anxiously around the room.

"Has she not returned?"

"Not yet," replied Victor, who was there awaiting the result of his father's search.

Baptiste sunk into a chair, and said in a tone mingled with grief and despair:—"Light the lantern, my son—sorrow hath overtaken me in my old days."

The lantern was speedily brought; the boy whistled for his dog, who slowly crawled from his kennel, and they directed their course towards the margin of the lake, for the fears of Baptiste suggested the worst. The boy hurried on with the light, and the father followed in silence, which was only broken by his sighs. They walked near a mile along the beach, the boy stopping at intervals, and raising the lamp above his head to throw a light upon the surface of the water. The anxious father strained his eyeballs, until the intensity of his gaze gave to every obscure object the outline of the image

that engrossed his mind. He remained for
moments silent in this attitude, and at l
cried, "She is not here!" and turned
with feelings partaking of disappointment
dreadful as even such a discovery would
been, it could scarcely have surpassed his a
of suspense. As the enjoyment of ple
seldom equals the anticipation, so the pa
dreaded sorrow, when endured, is often f
to be less acute than the apprehension.
again moved on in silence; again paused,
raised the lantern. Baptiste gazed and trem

"Father of mercies, what is that? Rais
light, my son; higher yet; my old eyes
dim."

"What is it you see, father!"

"Look there. Your eyes are young.
me, is it my child, my dear Claudine?"

"Oh! no, father; your eyes deceive
again. It is but the white surge. Cheer
I will soon satisfy you."

He called the dog to his side, at the s
time throwing a stick into the lake. The
plunged in, and swam through the froth w
had there accumulated.

"Thank God! she is not here," exclai
Baptiste. "We will next search the meado

They turned to execute this determination, when a figure was indistinctly seen receding at a distance. They hailed it, but no answer was returned. Baptiste conjured the person to stay and assist their search, but he hurried on, and soon disappeared in the obscurity of the night. The mastiff growled and darted off in pursuit. He seized the fugitive, who fled with increased speed. The dog became furious, and as the person fled he in vain strove to beat the animal from him. He was now closely beset, and, in his fear, called several times to the dog by name. The dog then desisted; the man patted him, made himself known, and hurried away.

"Whose voice is that?" inquired Baptiste; "I know that voice as well as the voice of my own child."

"As I live, father, it was Frank Martin."

"I thought so. But why should he avoid us, and what does he out at this time of night!"

"You know, father, he is abroad at all hours, trapping and hunting, which I would not be if I were rich, as he is."

"I now remember he was absent when I called at his father's house, in search of my poor Claudine," said Baptiste. "But why did he not answer when I hailed him? Impossible it could have been he!"

"I know his voice well," replied Victor, "and do not think I am mistaken now."

Baptiste's heart felt like lead in his bosom: his fears were increased, but the cause was undefined. The fact that Frank, if it were he, had not answered, was inexplicable; it wrought his apprehension to the most fearful pitch; he knew not why he feared or what he dreaded, but he knew enough of human nature, and the course of human events, to pronounce the depression of his mind the infallible precursor of approaching sorrow. Baptiste implicitly believed, as many others believe, that there are times when the mind is permitted slightly to raise the dark curtain which conceals the future, and ascertain whether light or shade is to prevail.

The dog, with his nose alternately close to the earth and raised in the air, made a wide and rapid circuit, as if he were on the scent of some object. He frequently gave tongue, and, after traversing the ground for some time, came to Baptiste, howled piteously, appeared restless, and darted off again in the direction of the meadow.

"Father, what ails Rover? he is on some strong scent."

"He scents blood!" exclaimed the father, in an agony of fear.

The yelping of the dog continued at a distance: "Hark! the scent becomes stronger; he is on the trail. Come, my son, let us follow him."

"Do not give way to your fears, father. A fox or a racoon may have occasioned all this."

"True, boy, true; but see, the dog is already back again."

The dog came to his feet, looked up into his face, howled, made a short and hurried circuit around them, and darted off again.

"He would have us follow him: come on, Victor"

They moved rapidly in the direction of the meadow: the dog kept far ahead, but at intervals gave a short bark, which served to guide them. They crossed the meadow, and paused in their progress; for the dog had not been heard for some time, and they knew not which direction to take. A few moments of doubt elapsed, when several short, hurried yelps were given by the dog, as if he were close upon a fresh scent.

"Where is he now, my son?"

"As I judge from the echo, in the cypress hollow, near the falls of the creek."

Baptiste's feelings.

"His search is done," said Baptiste. "Whatever it is, the faithful brute has found it. Listen, Victor. Do you know the spot?"

"He cannot be more than a quarter of a mile from us. Hasten, father, and we will soon be there."

"Your limbs are young and light, but mine are old, and my heart is heavy. But move on, my son, I will keep pace with you."

They hurried forward; the plaintive moan of the dog continued, and, as they entered the mouth of the deeply overshadowed ravine, the faithful creature appeared, and, crouching at his master's feet, whined and licked the hand extended to caress him.

"Lead on, Rover, and we will follow you," said Baptiste. The dog continued to whine, but stirred not. Victor urged him on the scent, but he was spiritless.

"I fear the worst; move on, Victor, this is the way he came."

"A little higher up, father, and we can cross the stream more easily."

They followed the margin of the creek for a short distance, and having crossed it, entered into the depths of the ravine. The dog preceded them, slowly and dejectedly. The aged pines towered loftily, and added their shade to the almost impenetrable darkness of the night. The lantern carried by Victor served to discover the intricate path. Having walked some distance in silence, Baptiste inquired, in a voice scarcely articulate, and hollow with anxiety, "Do you know where we now are, my son?"

"Oh yes, and Rover knows right well too: we are on the way to the Deer-lick."

"Raise the lantern; the path is nearly overgrown with laurel bushes."

"The walking will become better when we pass this rising, and draw near the basin of the creek."

"What a wild and frightful place it is!"

"Even in day-time, for seldom a single ray of the sun reaches it, and at night it is indeed a fearful place. They must love venison, who venture here at night to watch the licking."

They proceeded some distance farther, and, having crossed a slightly elevated piece of ground, entered a dell where the creek had extended into a basin. This spot was free from the underwood which had heretofore obstructed the path of Baptiste and his son. The old man paused: "Hark! do I not hear music, or have my senses already become distempered?"

"I hear nothing but the raven and her young on the pine tree."

"Again! It sounds like a hymn for the rest of the departed."

"Father, you frighten me."

"Listen boy. I hear it yet. What can it mean? Are there spirits in the air, or does it proceed from a human voice?"

Victor trembled, and drew close to his father; the dog did the same, and they observed a profound silence until the voice ceased, when Baptiste hurried towards the spot whence it proceeded. It came from the margin of the basin, and, as he drew near, he indistinctly beheld a human figure seated on the earth; he heard it sob; and when he called to it, a shriek of terror was returned. The figure stood erect; the light of the lamp fell upon it, and discovered a female form, which glided rapidly forward,

and disappeared in the intricacies of the wilderness.

"What does all this mean?" exclaimed the father.

"I think," said Victor, "it was Ninon Leclair."

"I think so, too, but she vanished from the glare of the lantern before my old eyes could distinctly see. The dog has left us."

"He has not gone far: I hear his moan."

They were guided by the sound to the spot where the dog stood, mourning over the object of their search. The light of the lamp fell full upon the pale features of the lovely Claudine, prostrate upon the earth.

"God of mercy, my child!" exclaimed Baptiste, and sunk beside her.

"My sister Claudine dead. Oh! father, who has done this?"

"Her cheek is cold as ice; her limbs are stiff. See how her glossy hair is entangled, and her clothes are bloody. Oh! my child, my child!" He groaned as if his heart were breaking, and sank upon the corpse and kissed it repeatedly.

"Raise her, father, from the cold earth; something may yet be done to save her."

"Not in this world! from the cold earth! to

that she must soon return, for she is cold as the earth upon which she lies."

His voice was lost: his son knelt beside him, and their tears mingled together on the body. The dog whined, as if he participated in their affliction.

"See where the murderous wretch has stabbed her," exclaimed Baptiste, pointing to a rent in the left side of her garment, which was stained with blood. "And see, her right hand is all cut! Heavens! what a fearful struggle she has had! My child, my child, why was I not near thee in thy time of need!"

Baptiste raised the body in his arms, Victor preceded with the light, and the dog followed dejectedly as they retraced their steps to the cottage. The stricken father did not quit the body for an instant during the night. The human heart will cling to the excess of grief with even greater tenacity than to the excess of joy. The following morning, Ninon Leclair was arrested on suspicion of having committed the murder.

The day of burial having arrived, the mourners slowly ascended the hill on which were deposited the remains of the first settlers of the village. Their narrow abodes were marked by rough slate stones, on which the names of the tenants

were rudely chiselled, while here and there might be seen a polished marble slab with a fulsome epitaph upon it, as if the grave admitted of distinction, and pride might be gratified even after the portals of death had closed.

The mourners drew near to the newly-dug grave, and the bier was placed beside it. The preacher commenced his functions; the father listened to his voice and strove to subdue his feelings, but consolation administered at the grave, by those whose affections have not been equally bruised, rather aggravates than allays the poignancy of grief.

At Baptiste's feet stood his dog, a mute but not unconcerned spectator of what was passing. The discourse being over, preparations were made to deposit the coffin. Baptiste and his son sobbed aloud. Until the moment when the body is about to be taken from the sight of the mourner for ever, he is unconscious of the full extent of his heart's desolation.

Baptiste bent forward and rested his hand upon the coffin; Victor did the same, while the severest pang they had yet experienced rent the heart of each. A half-subdued groan indicated their deep mental suffering. It was audibly responded by one of the crowd at some distance,

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or the tedious ceremonies of his courts of justice, but actest by never-failing instinct, and punishest on the spot. Well done! well done!

She still laughed and pointed at Frank, who writhed beneath the wild glare of her eye more than he had while under the fangs of the mastiff. Silence prevailed in the assemblage, and he felt that all eyes were fixed on him. He heard nothing but the triumphant laugh of Ninon, and the silence was dreadful; every moment seemed an age. Ninon called the dog to her, and patted him; he fondled her; she looked him full in the face, laughed, and pointed at Frank. The dog growled and darted towards him, but was driven back by those present.

"He knows him, and justice will yet be satisfied, and the guilty punished."

"What does the idiot mean?" exclaimed Frank.

"That Claudine's murderer is known; that he will be condemned before God and man; punished in this world and in the world to come."

The young man trembled like an aspen leaf, as he said, "True, Claudine's murderer is known: you are accused of the inhuman deed, and if not guilty, where is the wretch?"

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After a pause, Fr
voice—
"Who is my accuse
"Ninon Leclair."
"The accused

Frank was conscious of this, and averted his face. Ninon appealed to the bystanders, and deliberately said, "Look there and judge; innocent or guilty?"

"Enough of this, neighbours," exclaimed one of the villagers; "it is not for us to listen to such a shocking charge against one of the wealthiest, made by one of the humblest among us."

"True, I am the lowliest among you, yet God makes no such distinction, though man in his wisdom permits it to influence every thought and action."

"She is crazed," said another, "and knows not what she says."

"Those who obstinately close their eyes, and those who were born blind," replied Ninon, "possess equally the power of perception."

"Gaoler, lead her to prison," said the man who first spoke.

"I return to my prison with a light heart. My limbs are shackled for a time, but my soul is free;" then, casting a look at Frank, she exclaimed, "Thy limbs are free, but thy soul is shackled with bonds which time cannot eat away—they last for ever." She then moved towards the coffin, and, bending over it, mur-

mured, "Unfortunate, murdered Claudine! the grateful tears of her you cherished are shed over you; receive them, for they will shine more brilliantly than diamonds or pearls on your garment, in that world where we shall soon meet again."

Ninon was taken back to the prison, the coffin was deposited, the grave was closed, and the villagers returned to their homes. How changed was the home of Baptiste! She who had made it all sunshine was shrouded in the gloom of the grave; her gentle voice was hushed, and the cheering light of her eye extinguished for ever; but she still retained her influence over the little circle of which she had been the centre, though that influence partook of her altered condition.

At the next assizes, Ninon Leclair was arraigned and tried for the murder of Claudine, it having been decided that she was of sufficiently sound mind to be placed on her trial. Old Martin conducted the prosecution. The evidence against her was strong, both circumstantial and positive. Frank testified to frequent evidences of marked dislike betrayed by the prisoner towards the deceased; recalled the circumstance that Claudine was taken deadly

sick, and continued so, immediately after eating the cake presented by Ninon on the birthday of the former, and suggested that the effect might have been occasioned by poison.

"Oh! monstrous!" exclaimed the prisoner; "he knows that the cake was made at his father's house; that his mother gave me the ingredients! nay, assisted in the making. But I know not—" she paused—"if poison were in it, he can best tell who placed it there."

Frank shrunk at the implication, and proceeded in his testimony with a faltering voice. He stated that he was out on the night of the murder; that about a mile from the village he had met the prisoner; that some time after he had heard a violent scream, but sought in vain to ascertain whence it proceeded.

"It is false," cried Ninon, "you did not meet me, though I had a faint glimpse of your figure. True, you heard a scream, but well you knew the cause, and from whom it proceeded. You heard a second shriek, which you could not account for, and it frightened you from your victim. I hastened to the spot you had left, and found Claudine bleeding; she was speechless; I raised her; her head reclined upon my shoulder, and she breathed her last.

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Baptiste inquired o
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pursued him.

"The question is
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was the witness."

"The old man's voice against me, and the boy's too!" exclaimed Ninon, and laughed; it was the unmeaning laugh of an idiot. She sank upon the bench in the prisoner's bar; and from that moment took no note of what was passing. The elder Martin argued the cause, and gave to the testimony such a colouring, that an immediate conviction was the consequence. The verdict being rendered, Ninon was called to stand up. She looked about vacantly, and the command was repeated.

"Oh! I had forgot; I crave your pardon. I am in a court of justice to answer to a charge of murder. I now remember well."

"Ninon Leclair," said the judge, "after a patient and impartial trial you have been convicted of the crime of murder."

"What, is it all over? I did not think they would have been so speedy. Murder!—I that would not harm an insect knowingly!"

"Due weight has been given," continued the judge, "to all advanced in your defence by your learned counsel; and, after mature deliberation your crime is manifest, and so says the jury."

"Then so it needs must be," said the prisoner, without appearing conscious of what she

guilty, be it so; for
me to deny it."

"Have you any
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"Nothing—but le

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passed near Frank Martin. He was absorbed in thought. She touched him, and he shrunk as if he had been stung by a viper.

"Fear not, young man," she said, "I have not the power to harm you. You have triumphed before this tribunal, where wealth is conclusive evidence of innocence, and poverty, of guilt; but remember, we shall again be heard before a court, where the dross of this world may not enter, and every thought is read by the searching eye of the Eternal Judge. Remember!"

She was led away, and Frank leaned on his father for support, as they retired from the court-house.

The day fixed for the public execution of Ninon at length arrived. The crowd assembled early to witness the fearful exhibition. Ninon was conducted to the gallows, and, while beneath it, she asserted her innocence, but expressed no regret at leaving a world, which for years had been one unbroken scene of sorrow, and entertained but little fear as to her future destiny. There was not an eye to shed a tear for her, though there was not a more deserving and less harmless being in the whole concourse present. The executioner was about to perform his last office, and the crowd was in breathless suspense,

when a horseman at a distance was seen riding at full speed towards the spot. He shouted, and the executioner paused. The horseman rode up to the gallows, and cried aloud, "She is pardoned! she is innocent! and here is the governor's warrant to set her at liberty!"

Ninon fainted at the shock occasioned by this sudden change. Her mind was prepared to meet death, but not to encounter again the ills of a life of hopelessness. She was removed to Baptiste's cottage, amidst the fruitless conjectures of the crowd at the manner in which the fact of her innocence came to the knowledge of the governor, who had never heard of her existence until he signed her death-warrant. The mystery increased on their return to the village, and seeing placards offering a reward for the apprehension of Frank Martin, as the murderer of Claudine. Search was made for him, but he had fled the country, and no trace could be found of the course he had taken.

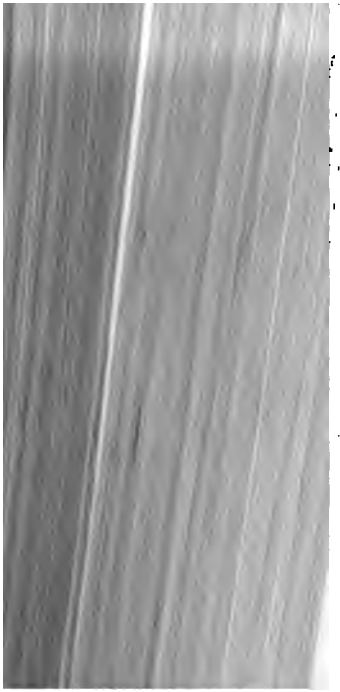
Baptiste lived to see his son Victor arrive at manhood, but seldom smiled after the death of his daughter. Among the best and purest feelings which nature has implanted in the human breast, there is not one so sublimated, partaking so exclusively of Heaven, as that

which a fond father entertains for a lovely and deserving daughter. He looks upon her as the very essence of all that is good in him; even more lovely than her who won his early affections, when romance threw the richest colouring upon the things of this world.

Ninon continued an inmate of Baptiste's cottage until her death, which occurred about two years after the events just related. The pride of the Martin family was humbled by the public disgrace of Frank; for, like a baneful disease, disgrace, if it touch but one member, extends to the whole body. They removed to a remote part of the province, where it was not probable that the name of the fugitive would ever be heard.

* * * * * *

Thirty years after these events, on a fine summer evening, while the village boys were playing among the tombs in the grave-yard, an old man suddenly appeared, and approached the spot where Claudine was buried. His figure was covered with a black cloak, and his beard was grey, and fell over his bosom. He supported himself with a staff, and trembled and wept as he bent over the grave. The boys suspended their sports, and timidly drew nigh



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turned to the boy — "Your father is still alive?"

"Oh, yes; come with me and you shall see him in a few minutes."

"Not for the wealth of the world!—Look at me; describe me to him as I am; feeble, broken down in body and in spirit—tell him where you found me mourning, then give him this." He handed a paper to the boy. "God bless you, my child!—I leave you in a state of things where a pebble may turn the whole current of your life awry, but, as for myself, old as I am, I return to the wilderness to find my grave."

After a mental struggle, which agitated his feeble frame, he tottered from the cemetery and struck into the most unfrequented path that led to the forest. In a few moments he disappeared, and the boys returned to the village. The paper on being opened was to this effect:—

"Providence has implanted in the human breast passions which the weakness of our nature cannot subdue, and which it is eternal death to the soul to indulge; as if our earthly career had not been sufficiently prescribed and straitened by the divine law, society has created distinctions, which, if observed, literally verify the poet's dream, and carry the path to Heaven

through purgatory, even before we have passed the confines of this world.

"Why should man make distinctions which God will not acknowledge! If intrinsic worth alone were the standard of the human race, what a multitude of evils should we escape, since all would study to become more worthy; but, as it is, the best feelings of our nature are debased to acquire that which alone elevates man in the estimation of the world. But it is not for the guilty to arraign the decrees of Providence, or call in question the justice of human laws.

"I was the victim of false pride. Having inflicted a lasting injury on one of the best of God's creatures, I feared to redress it; for the eyes of the world were on me, and, rather than encounter the judgment of man, and be humbled in his sight, I trampled on the laws of God, and became a devil. Oh, Claudine! I attempted to poison her who loved me most, and, failing in this, inhumanly murdered her. To screen my guilt, another was convicted through my instrumentality. I calculated much on the prejudice created by the absurd distinctions among men, and matters terminated as I foresaw. I had the mind to plot and the hand to execute, but my load of guilt already weighed like a

mountain on my soul. I dreaded an increase of the weight.

"My brain became wild, and, as the day appointed for the death of my second victim approached, the fever of my mind increased. I had already sacrificed every prospect of happiness in this world, and every hope in the next. The thought pursued me night and day. The suffering and injured Ninon was constantly before my sight. I resolved to save her, but wavered, and, when the time had nearly elapsed, I wrote to the governor, confessing my crime, and fled from justice, but let it not be supposed from punishment. An outcast on the face of the earth, the never-dying worm was in my bosom: death at the instant had been mercy, for, cut off from communion with my race, I held it with my offended God alone in the wilderness. What punishment so appalling could be inflicted on a wretch so guilty as I had been! But I trust a life of sincere contrition may have atoned for an act, the recollection of which, even at this distant day, sinks my soul in despair. Thus much I have written that you may know I am still in existence, and to beseech that your curse may be recalled before I die. Let me quit the world reconciled, at least, with those who are

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distant."

ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

I HAVE no doubt that the year 1796 had many a terrible night, especially for the Italians and Germans. It was the first of the victorious career of Napoleon Bonaparte, and the year of Moreau's celebrated retreat. I had just then finished my academical studies at the university of my native city; I was doctor of both faculties, and should not have shrunk from the task of deciding the quarrel between all the emperors and kings in the world and the then French republic, if they would but have taken Grotius, Puffendorf, and myself, for umpires.

Meanwhile, however, I was selected to be nothing more than the commissary of justice of a small town in East Prussia: and for me this was no mean honour. To step with one foot into office while the other is yet in the academical lecture-room is a rare piece of good fortune. For my appointment I was indebted to the fall of Kosziusko, and to the erection

of the Prussian conquests in Poland into a new province. His late Majesty, of blessed memory, is accused of having taken part in a crying injustice, when he lent a hand to subjugate an independent people; but let those who would fix this imputation upon him consider, that, had it not been for this injustice, many thousands of Prussian students would have remained without appointments. Throughout all nature, the death of the one is the life of the other: the herring exists for the stomach of the whale, and the whole animal and vegetable kingdom, ay, and the mineral too, only that in some cases the latter is rather indigestible, for the craving appetite of man. For the rest, it would be easy to demonstrate that a female who loses her honour and a nation deprived of its independence have themselves to blame for their misfortune; for they who are not afraid to die are sure to be invincible.

My mother gave me her warmest blessing, together with a supply of linen and money for the journey, and thus I set out for New East Prussia, a country not to be found in the modern systems of geography, though it was not a fairy-land, arising and disappearing at the nod of an Oberon. I shall not tire the

reader with a long account of my journey. What, indeed, could I say about it were I ever so well disposed! A flat country, dull people, wretched carriages, rude postmasters, detestable roads—and every one as proud upon his dunghill as a Shah of Persia upon his throne. It was one of the most admirable ideas of nature to allot to each of her creatures a peculiar element in which it is capable of enjoying itself. The fish languishes in the air, the Polish Jew in the elegance of a boudoir.

To cut the matter short, then, I arrived one evening before sunset at a pleasant looking little town—I believe they call it Brczwczmcisl —I say pleasant looking, though its houses were dingy with smoke, its streets unpaved and muddy, and its inhabitants not a whit more cleanly in its appearance. Still a chimney-sweeper can look as pleasant, in his way, as the most fascinating opera-dancer, whose pirouettes call down thunders of applause from admiring connoisseurs.

Now this Brczwczmcisl was the place of my destination: fancy had pictured it to me as a most frightful spot; and probably for this very reason I found it more agreeable than it had

appeared to be at a distance. The name of the town, the first time that I tried to pronounce it, had nearly dislocated my jaw, and hence perhaps my secret horror of the place itself might have originated. People may say what they please, but I am persuaded, with my Uncle Toby, that names have always considerable influence upon our conceptions of things; and, as the good and evil in this world lie not so much in things themselves as in our conceptions of them, the ennobling of names tends to the real embellishment of life.

Another circumstance might have contributed in no small degree to increase my horror of the New East Prussian theatre of my jurisprudence, and this was, that in the whole course of my life I had never been far enough from my native place to be out of sight of its church steeple. Though I well knew from the books out of which I had learned geography that the cannibal nations dwelt at a considerable distance from me, still I could not sometimes help feeling surprise that I had not been despatched by the way, considering the many excellent opportunities that were constantly presenting themselves in places where not a creature would have cared a pinch of snuff about my

sudden disappearance from the face of the earth. I will venture to affirm, that a man knows not how to place confidence in his fellow-creatures, till he commits himself as a stranger to their kindness or ill-will. Misanthropes are the most consummate, the most narrow-minded, egotists: selfishness is a disease of the soul, arising from permanence of abode. To cure an egotist, you must make him travel. Change of air is quite as beneficial to the mind as to the body.

When I surveyed my Brczwczmcisl for the first time from my post-wagon, it looked at a distance for all the world like a mud-heap protruding above the plain; but to the aëronaut sailing among the clouds of London or Paris, Berlin or Petersburg, with their palaces and public buildings, would not appear a jot more magnificent. My heart throbbed vehemently. There, then, was the end of my journey, the beginning of my public career: perhaps, too, its termination, if the Poles, transformed into New East Prussians, should take it into their heads to rise and cut my throat as one of the hirelings of their oppressors. I knew not a soul there, excepting a quondam comrade at the university, named Burkhardt, who had been appointed, though but recently, to the post of

receiver-general of taxes at Brczwczmcisl. He was apprised of my coming; and I was aware that he had at my request taken a temporary lodging for me, and provided what was necessary for my reception. This Burkhardt, who had formerly been to me one of the most indifferent of men, and with whom I had associated but very little at the university, nay, indeed, whom I had shunned at the desire of my mother, because he was notorious among the students as a drunkard, a gambler, and a duellist, rose higher and higher in my esteem the nearer I approached Brczwczmcisl. I vowed by the way constant friendship and regard for him as long as I lived. He was the only creature I knew in this utterly strange Polish town, the only one who had, as it were, escaped with me from shipwreck, and had been wafted upon a plank by the waves to this desert island.

Though not superstitious at bottom, yet I cannot refrain now and then from putting faith in omens. When none present themselves I sometimes coin them. Such things are done, I presume, by way of mental pastime: it is an amusement that may prove extremely entertaining for the moment. Thus, on this occasion, I resolved to take particular notice of the first per-

son who should meet us on entering the gate of the town. I predetermined that a young damsel should be a favourable, and a man a sinister omen. I had not yet arranged with myself all the different signs that might be applicable, when I saw the gate just before me, and a female, apparently of good figure, young and handsome, advancing from it. I could have flown, with my bumped and bruised limbs, from my rumbling Prussian post-wagon, and worshipped the Polish Venus. I fixed my eyes intently on her to scrutinize her features, at the same time wiping my quizzing-glass clean from dust—for I am rather near-sighted.

As we approached one another, I soon perceived that this Venus of Brczwczmcisl was not exactly a model of beauty. She was slender to be sure, but it was the slenderness of a consumptive person, with a haggard look and a flat bosom. Her face, too, was flat, that is to say, it exhibited very little appearance of that prominent feature—the nose. I could have sworn that it was a death's head, but for a piece of flesh protruding in a singular manner from between the teeth. I could scarcely trust my eyes. On looking still more closely through the glass, I perceived that this Polish she-patriot was putting

out her tongue at me in token of abhorrence. I immediately pulled off my hat, and made her a polite return of the compliment. Mine was probably as unexpected by the lady as hers was by me. She drew back her tongue, and laughed so immoderately that she well nigh choked herself with coughing.

Such were the circumstances under which I entered the town. The driver drew up before the post-house. The Prussian eagle over the door, which had been quite fresh painted, was speckled with spots of mud, probably thrown by the juvenile patriots of the town. Its talons were buried in dirt; either because this renowned bird of prey is accustomed to sin as much with his claws as with his beak, or because the Poles meant to denote that our king had got no more by New East Prussia, than this emblem of his power bore between its claws.

I inquired, in the civilest manner, of the postmaster, where Mr. Receiver-general Burkhardt resided. The man seemed to be rather hard of hearing, for he gave me no answer. As, however, he presently began talking to a letter-carrier, I concluded that his inattention was merely designed to convince me that I was in one of the best regulated post-offices. At the

"My good friend," I at length resumed, "we surely misunderstand one another. What do you mean by dying?"

"Make dead," said he, at the same time eyeing me strangely askance.

"What dead? Why? When?"

"When night is."

"Night? To-night? You cannot be in your right senses!"

"Yes, yes, Polack, but not Prussian."

I shook my head, and said no more. It was evident that neither of us understood the other. And yet there was something frightful in the expressions of the savage-looking fellow. I was but too well aware of the hatred of the Poles to the Germans, in which name the Prussians were included. This hatred had here and there produced fatal consequences. The man might wish to give me a warning. Was it not possible that in his stupidity he might have betrayed a plot for murdering all the Prussians?—I became thoughtful. I resolved to communicate this conversation to Burkhardt, my friend and countryman, and was heartily glad when we at length arrived at the old Starosty, as they called it. It was an ancient, lofty, stone building, situated in a quiet, retired street. I observed

sharp face, sallow complexion, and black bushy hair, was quite horrible.

"My friend," said I, after we had slowly waded for a while through the deep mud, "do you know Mr. Burkhardt?"

"The old Starosty," replied Peter.

"You know, my good fellow, that I wish to be taken to the receiver-general's?"

"The old Starosty."

"Well; but what am I to do at the old Starosty?"

"Die."

"I have no such intention, I assure you."

"Dead as mouse—die."

"Why so?"

"Prussian!—No Polack!"

"I am a Prussian."

"Well know."

"Why die, then?"

"So, and so, and so."—The fellow made thrusts, as though he had a dagger in his fist. He then pointed to his heart, groaned, and rolled his eyes in a frightful manner. A qualm came over me. I was satisfied that Peter was not deranged; a postmaster would never think of employing a lunatic: on the contrary, he appeared to be rather intelligent.

gamester than an affectedly coarse postmaster, and a spirited duellist than discontented Poles. Indeed, whatever might once have been my sentiments respecting the last mentioned vice, it now served to raise Burkhardt very high in my estimation; for—between ourselves—my gentle, mild, modest, disposition, which mamma had so often extolled, was not likely to be of much service to me among the Poles in case of an insurrection. There are virtues which at times may be vices, and vices which may be virtues. A thing is not the same on all occasions, though it remains intrinsically *the same.*

Having entered the lofty portal of the old Starosty, as it was called, I began to fear that I should be puzzled to find my dear friend, Burkhardt. The house was large. The creaking of the door on its rusty hinges resounded through the building, but not a creature was induced by it to see who was coming. I ascended the broad stone stairs.

Observing on the left the door of an apartment, I rapped gently at it. Not a creature answered. I rapped louder. Still all was silent. My knocking was re-echoed in the second and third story of the house. I became impatient. I longed to grasp the hand of my

before we reached it, that persons passing the house cast stolen glances at the dark grey massive edifice. My guide did the same. He uttered not another word, pointed with his finger to the door, and without salutation of any kind, shuffled away.

In truth, my entrance and reception at Brczwczmcisl had not been the most agreeable and the most flattering. The first persons whom I had here encountered had quite disgusted me, as well with my new place of abode as with my official appointment. I congratulated myself on having at length reached the dwelling of a man who had at least once breathed the same air with me. To be sure Mr. Burkhardt had not had the best of characters in his own country: but how much men alter with change of circumstances! What else is the disposition of the mind but the work of surrounding objects! The coward placed amid the perils of battle is transformed into a hero, and Hercules among women into a flax-spinner. Admitting that my receiver-general had faithfully served his king, though he might not have adopted stricter principles for himself personally, still it was far better to have for a companion a good-natured toper than a noseless anatomy, a thoughtless

gamester than an affectedly coarse postmaster, and a spirited duellist than discontented Poles. Indeed, whatever might once have been my sentiments respecting the last mentioned vice, it now served to raise Burkhardt very high in my estimation; for—between ourselves—my gentle, mild, modest, disposition, which mamma had so often extolled, was not likely to be of much service to me among the Poles in case of an insurrection. There are virtues which at times may be vices, and vices which may be virtues. A thing is not the same on all occasions, though it remains intrinsically *the same*.

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beloved friend, Burkhardt, to press him to my heart. I opened the door, entered, and in the middle of the room I beheld—a coffin.

I am naturally very polite to the living, but still more so to the dead. I would have retired as softly as possible, but at the moment I perceived that the tenant of the coffin was no other than Mr. Receiver-general Burkhardt himself, from whom Death had now exacted his last tribute. There he lay, reckless of his bottle and his cards, and looking so grave and so solemn, that I durst scarcely think of his favourite pursuits. His countenance had an expression as much at variance with human life as if he had never had anything to do with it.

As soon as I had recovered from the surprise into which this sight threw me, I hastily retreated from the apartment, and found myself in a dark, solitary passage. I was now seized with that horror which the living feel in the presence of the dead, and could scarcely conceive how I had found courage to look so long in the face of the corpse. The embarrassments of my situation now fell with ten-fold force upon my mind. There was I, five hundred good miles from my dear native place, from my mother and my home, in a town the name of which I had never heard till

I was appointed to assist in the duty of unpolacking its inhabitants. My only acquaintance had left me in the lurch, without counsel or consolation. Where was I now to lay my head? Where was the lodging which my deceased friend had provided for me?

At this moment, the hinges of the house-door screeched with a harsh discordance, that almost shattered my nerves. A smart, nimble fellow, in livery, skipped up stairs, gazed at me in astonishment, and at length accosted me. I suffered him to talk as long as he pleased, for the fright deprived me for some minutes of the power of answering. Besides, I understood not a word that he said—it was Polish.

Seeing me stand without attempting to reply, he addressed me in German, which he spoke with the fluency of a native. I now mustered courage to mention my name and my office, and to relate all my adventures since I had entered the accursed town, the name of which was enough to choke me. Suddenly, assuming a respectful demeanour, he took off his hat, and related to me, in minute detail, the circumstances which I shall communicate to the reader as briefly as possible.

He told me that his name was Lebrecht, that he had been Mr. Receiver-general's interpreter

and faithful servant till the preceding night, when it had pleased Heaven to remove his worthy master from this world to a better. This removal had indeed been quite contrary to the inclination of the deceased, who would rather have continued at his post; but, being the day before at play with some Polish gentlemen over a bottle, something occurred to awaken his Prussian pride and the Sarmatian patriotism of the Poles. A violent altercation ensued; blows were exchanged, and then the Sarmatians gave his master three or four stabs, though any one of them would have sufficed to despatch him. To avoid unpleasant consequences from the interference of justice, the conquerors had immediately retreated without beat of drum, and gone nobody knew whither. Shortly before this unfortunate catastrophe, his master had taken apartments for the expected commissary of justice, that is to say for me, bought furniture of all sorts, and even hired an experienced German cook, who was ready to enter into my service immediately, so that I was well provided for. The narrator observed by the way, that the Poles were sworn enemies to the Prussians, and, therefore, I must accustom myself to trifles, such as the silent eloquence of the lady at the town-gate. Peter, he said, was upon the whole a

good-natured fellow, who no doubt only designed to acquaint me with the death of his master, but wanted words to express his meaning; and hence probably arose our mutual misunderstanding. He would, nevertheless, advise me to be upon my guard, because the rage of the Poles was vehement, though smothered. For his own part, he was determined to leave the town immediately after the funeral of his unfortunate master.

After this explanation, he conducted me down the broad stone stairs, to my new lodging. He then led me through a suite of large, lofty, empty, rooms to a spacious apartment, containing a bed with old yellow damask hangings, an ancient table with gilt legs, and half a dozen dusty chairs. A prodigious, old-fashioned, highly-ornamented gilt frame, without mirror, hung against one of the walls, which were covered with tapestry, representing incidents in the Old Testament, but which, being half decayed by age, hung down in tatters in several places: King Solomon, seated upon his throne to give judgment, had lost his head; and the guilty hands of the elders in Susannah's bath had dropped off.

In this dreary place, I felt far from comfortable.

[illegible] Lehrecht, and most likely the experienced cook, too, in the house with me during the night. Lehrecht speedily lighted a couple of candles, which stood ready on the table with gilt legs. It began to be dark. He then advised me to have something fetched for supper, with wine and other necessaries, and my trunk brought from the post-house, and also to apprise the cook of my arrival, and to require her attendance. The trunk arrived, and so did the supper; but Lehrecht, as soon as I had repaid him what he had expended, wished me good night and retired.

So rapid were the fellow's movements after he had picked up his money, that he was gone before I was aware of his intention. I sprang up in alarm to follow him, and to entreat him not to desert me: but again shame held me back. How could I make this menial a witness of my timidity! Besides, I had no doubt that he would pass the night up stairs, in some of the [illegible]

thrilled through marrow and bone. I hastened to the window, and saw the fellow flying along the street, as if the very devil was at his heels. Darkness soon shrouded him from my sight—and there was I left alone with the corpse in the old Starosty.

I am not a believer in ghosts, but yet at night I cannot help being afraid of them. This is natural enough. What sensible person would believe all that may be? and yet how ready are we all to hope and to fear that which we consider as not absolutely impossible?

The death-like silence, the old tattered tapestry in the great chamber, the corpse over my head, the strangeness and dismal appearance of the place, the national enmity of the Poles—all concurred to depress my spirits. Though hungry, I could not eat; though tired to death, I could not sleep. I stepped to the window to examine whether, in case of emergency, I could get out that way into the street, for I was afraid of losing myself in the labyrinth of passages and apartments in the vast house before I could reach the door: but, alas! that chance of escape was cut off by strong iron bars.

At that moment, a great bustle commenced in the old Starosty. I heard doors open and shut;

I heard the sound of near and distant foot-falls, and the faint tones of voices. I could not conceive the cause of these sudden evidences of life and activity. But it is precisely what we cannot conceive that we comprehend the soonest. An internal monitor warned me and said;—"It is you they seek. Did not the stupid Peter betray the murderous designs of the Poles? Save yourself!"—A cold shiver thrilled through my nerves. I beheld the blood-thirsty wretches concerting the manner of my death. I heard them come nearer and nearer. Presently they were in the ante-rooms which led to my apartment. Their voices were lowered almost to a whisper. I leaped up and locked the door, and the next moment some one tried to open it on the outside. I durst scarcely breathe lest I should betray myself. The voices were loud enough for me to distinguish by the language that my disturbers were Poles. Unluckily, as soon as I had received my appointment, I had learned Polish words enough to be able to make out that they were talking of blood, death, and Prussians. My knees shook—cold perspiration trickled from my brow. They attempted a second time to open the door of my room; but it seemed as if they wished to avoid making a

noise. I at length heard them retire, or rather creep away.

Whether these Poles had designed to take my life, or only my money; whether they meant to execute their purpose without making any alarm, or to renew the attempt in some other manner, I could not tell: I resolved, however, to extinguish my lights immediately, lest they should be seen from the street, and discover to them where I was. How did I know but that some of those fellows, if they perceived me, might take aim at me and shoot me through the window?

Night is no friend to man; man is, therefore, a natural enemy to darkness; and the very children, who have never heard of ghosts and apparitions, are afraid in the dark of they know not what. No sooner had I put out the lights, and sat down to await the further incidents of this dreadful night, than my affrighted imagination conjured up the most agonising apprehensions. An enemy that we can see, or a misfortune that we know the extent of, is not half so terrible as one which we have to encounter unseen, or the nature of which is unknown to us. In vain did I strive to divert my thoughts from the subject; in vain did I throw myself on

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of the ante-room the murdered receiver-general in his coffin, as I had seen him the preceding evening; but this time I clearly perceived the dark stains of blood upon his shirt, which had before been covered by a sheet. I strove to rally my spirits, and to persuade myself that this was a mere phantom of my excited imagination. I drew nearer, but happening to kick against the coffin, which was laid upon the floor, it gave a dull sound, and at the same moment the corpse appeared to stir, and seemed trying to open its eyes. Losing all self possession, I fled back in an agony of terror to my chamber, and threw myself upon the bed.

Presently I heard a loud noise, which seemed to proceed from the coffin. I could hardly help thinking that the receiver-general had come to life again, for it was just the kind of noise that would be made by a person raising himself with difficulty. I distinguished a faint moan. In a short time I beheld the figure of the murdered man standing under the door-way of my chamber, holding by the posts, and slowly tottering or staggering into the room, where I lost sight of him in the dark. While my incredulity strove once more to deny all that I had heard and seen, this spectre, or corpse, or dead-alive, confuted

it in a way that was quite irresistible. The figure fell with the weight of lead not only upon the bed but upon me, and his cold back covered my face in such a manner that I had the greatest difficulty in the world to breathe. Never to this day have I been able to conceive how I escaped with life. My fright might almost be termed a mortal one. I must have lain a long time insensible, for the first thing I heard after consciousness returned was the clock striking. I concluded that it was one, the wished-for end of the spectral hour, and the moment of my deliverance, but it proved to be two.

Let the reader imagine, if he can, the horror of my situation—Surrounded by an earthy, death-like odour, crushed beneath the carcase, warm, breathing, rattling in the throat as preparatory to a second death—myself powerless, partly from fright, partly from the pressure, under which I could no more stir than if I had been beneath one of the Giant Mountains. All the misery of Dante's hell is a trifle compared with this situation. Indeed, had I possessed strength to wriggle myself from under the resuscitated corpse, I know not that I should have had the courage to do so; for I now felt that the unhappy man, who, probably exhausted by loss of

blood, had at first only fallen into a deep swoon, but, being looked upon as dead, had been thrown after the Polish fashion into a coffin, was now struggling with real death. He seemed as if he could not rally, as if he could neither live nor die. And I—unable to help myself—I was forced to serve for the dying pillow of the Receiver.

Many a time was I tempted to regard all that had befallen me since my arrival at Brczwczmcisl as a horrid dream, but I was impressed with too painful a consciousness of the reality of my manifold sufferings. And yet I should at last have persuaded myself that this whole night of horror with its apparitions was a dream, and nothing but a dream, had not a fresh circumstance, and a more impressive one than any of the preceding, thoroughly convinced me that I was wide awake.

It was already light—I could not see it, for my dying friend's shoulders sealed my eyes up too closely for that—but I could perceive that it was so from the sound of passengers and the noise of carriages in the street—when I heard the footsteps and voices of men in the room. I could not understand all that they said, it was Polish; but I could make out sufficient to know

One of the searchers came up to the bed, and with a stout cane began to belabour the dead or dying man so unmercifully, that the latter suddenly started up, and stood bolt upright by the side of the bed. My shrinking person, too, received so large a share of this liberal donation, that I could not forbear crying out lustily, and, leaping up also, I sheltered myself behind the dead man. This old Polish or New East Prussian method of saving people from death was an efficient one—that could not be denied—for the present experiment spoke loudly in its favour; but it was so harsh that one would almost have preferred dying to living, in order to be exempted from its operation.

When I had sufficiently recovered myself to look about me, I perceived that the room was full of people, mostly Poles. The blows had been dispensed by a police-officer, who had been charged with the superintendence of the

room, where it was deposited in mistake by the drunken Poles, who had been directed to carry it into what was formerly the porter's room. They had left one of their intoxicated comrades to watch by the corpse; he had probably fallen asleep, and, awakened by the noise which I had made in the night, had staggered instinctively to my bed, to sleep off his debauch.

This strange affair so deeply affected me, that I was seized with a violent fever, during which for seven successive weeks, I raved of nothing but the circumstances of this one fearful night. Even now that—thanks to the Polish insurrection—I am no longer commissary of Justice at Brczwczmcisl, I can scarcely think of my adventures in New East Prussia without shuddering. I like, nevertheless, to relate them, because they may perhaps serve to entertain some and to instruct others. At any rate, they convinced me how very wrong it is to be afraid of that which one does not believe.

THE DEVIL'S BARN.

In the beautiful province of Champagne might be seen until very lately a barn, which, for nearly a century, was currently believed to have been built by the devil. The legend which has been handed down to us respecting it, is still often repeated and implicitly credited among the peasantry.

An honest peasant, named Jean Mullin, lived in peace and comfort upon the produce of a small farm, which he cultivated with his own hands. He had been some years married, and he saw, not only without uneasiness, but with pleasure, the annual increase of his family. His wife was an active, industrious woman, very fond of her children and her husband; and his greatest pleasure was to work for her and them. She had already brought him five, and when she informed him of the probability of another addition, he answered, "So much the better! when God sends mouths he always sends meat, and

we shall find enough to feed the new-comer, I warrant thee."

But he who relies upon the continuance of good-luck too often reckons without his host; and so it fared with our honest farmer. Lightning fell upon the farm, and not only destroyed the house and all the offices, but consumed also the whole of the crops which were stored in the barn and the granary; nothing was saved, and poor Mullin would have been entirely ruined had he not fortunately possessed a round sum of money, which he had saved during the preceding years.

Grieving, but not despairing, he lost no time in vain regrets, but set himself to work immediately to rebuild his farm, for which he flattered himself that he had sufficient funds; but he soon saw with sorrow that he had miscalculated, for by the time the house was finished his cash ran very low. He contrived, however, to complete his stables, and had begun his barn, when all at once he found his money exhausted. He applied successively to his relations and friends, who, as usual on such occasions, had nothing to give him but expressions of sorrow and regret, of which they were not sparing. Some had no money to lend, others were bound by oath never

fully repeating to himself, "An ounce of help is worth a pound of pity."

What to do he did not know, for as his farm was at a distance from any other, he could not avail himself of the barns of his neighbours, and he saw with the greatest uneasiness the autumn approach, and the barn no nearer to being finished. One evening, as he was walking in a cross-road near his house, thinking of his sad situation, he saw a tall man dressed in black coming towards him; he wore boots of a singular form, which entirely concealed the shape of his feet, and his hands were covered with flame-coloured gloves.

Accosting Mullin with a frank cordiality, he asked what made him so sad: the other readily told him.

"Courage, my friend!" cried the stranger; "only trust to me, and you shall soon see your barn finished."

"How so?" said Mullin

don't let it frighten you—one that you have heard a great many lies about. The priests, who have a mortal hatred to me, say, that I am always employed in doing mischief: 'tis no such thing; if now and then I do play a malicious prank, I am not always ill-natured; and to prove that I tell the truth, I am willing to do you a considerable service for a small return. I am particularly fond of little children, and if you will only agree to give me the one that your wife is about to have, your barn shall be finished before the cock crows."

"Jesu! Maria!" cried the terror-struck farmer, crossing himself devoutly.

The man in black disappeared that instant, and left Mullin firmly persuaded that he had just received a visit from the devil.

He hastened home trembling like a leaf, and did not say a word to his wife of what had passed, but he swore in his own mind never to make such a bargain. Yet when the harvest drew quite near, and he was still without the means to finish the barn, he often recollected the offer of the devil, and though he rejected the thought with horror, it continually occurred to him.

"After all," said he, one day, "if I could

give the fend one of his.

The month of July came, his situation appeared utterly hopeless, and his reflections became more sorrowful. In one of his evening strolls he returned mechanically to the place where the devil had appeared to him; it was just nightfall; he seated himself on the turf, and sighed bitterly. At that moment, he heard a slight noise, turned round, and saw the man in black.

"Well, Mullin," said he, "have not you made up your mind yet? You have five children, what will you do with the sixth if the others and their mother die of hunger? Besides, what have you to fear in giving it to me? I shall take care of it, and you will be rich."

Mullin would have tried to procure other terms, but Beelzebub would not hear of them; and he drew such a hopeless picture of the farmer's situation, that he succeeded in frightening him out of his consent: in short, the unfortunate man signed with his blood an engagement,

on condition that his barn should be finished that night before the cock crew. No sooner was the engagement signed than the devil vanished. Mullin returned sad enough to his house; he could eat no supper; and when every body was in bed, he went into the yard to see what was going on. He found it full of little imps, all as busy as bees; they brought beams, straw, planks, and mortar; and worked in silence, but with incredible rapidity. Their flame-coloured visages, crooked claws, and cloven feet; their horns, and the long tails that they switched without ceasing, convinced him directly that they were inhabitants of the infernal regions. Their chief, a monster of gigantic dimensions, hurried on the work. Mullin recognised him directly by his voice for the fiend with whom he had signed the contract; but his heart died within him when he beheld him in his native ugliness. He was naked; his body black, but stained here and there with flame-colour; his legs were crooked and covered with coarse black hair, and his feet cloven. He had the head and beard of a goat, the talons of a vulture, the ears of an ass, and a mouth still more frightful than that of any known animal, filled with teeth prodigiously large and sharp. Sulphureous

this horrible monster; he thought with the keenest agony on the fate to which he had consigned his poor child. Suddenly a ray of hope beamed upon him, and he quitted the yard precipitately, to run and tell the *curé* of his parish.

He was obliged to pass through the house, and, in doing so, he met his old nurse coming in search of him. She had been in the family from the time she suckled him, and was as fond of him as if he had been her own son. Perceiving his dejection and want of appetite, and thinking that the latter circumstance, a very unusual one, boded no good, she was coming to look for him. Seeing the state in which he was, she laid hold of him, and protested that he should not move till he had told her the cause of it; which Mullin, fearing lest he should be too late with the *curé*, did in a few words. One may easily conceive the fright of the good nurse.

that he might be in time to break the infernal bargain.

Hardly was he gone, however, when she began to despair of his success. The night was already so far advanced that it appeared impossible for him to go and return before cock-crowing. This thought filled the mind of Marie with dismay; for, being learned in these matters, she knew that if the devil finished the job, the child would be lost without resource, as the contract had been drawn according to the regular forms of the French law on the one hand, and signed, on the other, in the usual manner of the courts below, by the human contracting party in his blood. Thus Beelzebub, who, it must be confessed, is no fool in such affairs, had contrived to bind the poor fellow both ways, and Marie shuddered to think that it was next to impossible for him to escape the clutches of the fiend.

Thus every moment appeared an age to her. At last she summoned courage to go into the yard; but we may conceive the consternation that seized her when she found the barn not only raised, but very nearly covered.

"Eh! good Lord!" said she to herself, "is there no way to outwit that renegade Beelzebub?" and inspired, no doubt, by her good

a tremendous yell. Truly it was time to interrupt their labours, in another minute there would have been no resource, for there remained only about the breadth of two feet of the roof to cover in.

It was nearly a quarter of an hour afterwards when the farmer and the *curé* arrived, out of breath with running. We may easily guess the joy and gratitude of Mullin. The *curé* applauded the nurse's stratagem, and exacted a promise from Jean, which he readily gave, and religiously kept, never to have any more dealings with the black gentleman, from whose clutches indeed he did not consider himself yet thoroughly extricated.

All the neighbours were astonished when they saw the barn, and heard how it had been built. Several of them said they should not be sorry to make a similar bargain with his infernal majesty; but he appeared no more. "Forewarned, fore-

himself to such treatment a second time. The corn was reaped and stored in the barn, which was very complete in all respects, except the hole in the top, and that they strove in vain to cover; for whatever they did to it in the day, was sure to be undone in the night. Finding, then, that Beelzebub was determined that none but his own workmen should have a hand in this job, Mullin desisted, and was contented to use it as it was.

Our readers will easily imagine the anxiety with which Mullin and his wife waited for the birth of their child; it took place at the usual time. Catherine was delivered, after a very sharp labour, of a girl, whom they took care to have baptized immediately. She was very weakly and hard to rear, but by the incessant care of her mother she grew up to be one of the prettiest girls in the province.

Nothing remarkable occurred in regard to her, but in the year that followed her birth all the inhabitants of the farm-house were dreadfully alarmed on the anniversary of the building of the barn. At the hour when the devils had been sent about their business, a tremendous noise was heard all over the farm, and particularly round the barn. The most horrible yells, mingled with

The girl, whom they named Mannette, grew up, as we have said, extremely pretty, and when she had attained the age of fifteen, her parents determined upon marrying her, to rid themselves at once of the fears which they still entertained of the devil. They were not at a loss to find her a husband, for several of their young neighbours had already asked her hand; but she had hitherto shown no preference for any one; however, at the desire of her parents, she promised that within a month she would fix her choice, and accordingly she set herself seriously to think about it. The task was not a very easy one to her. She had no mind to leave a home where she was perfectly happy: she thought first of one, and then of another of her sweethearts, without being able to determine which she liked best.

She was strolling one evening, in a melancholy mood, ruminating upon this subject, in a wood near the house when she saw a very handsome

his air and his dress, that he was much superior to any one she had ever known. He fixed his sparkling eyes upon her; their amorous expression caused her to blush and cast hers down. He then took her hand, and, kissing it, said, "You are about to choose a husband, charming Mannette; if your choice is not already made, look with a favourable eye upon me. I can place you in a very different situation from what you will fill if you marry any of these clowns who pay their addresses to you."

Mannette blushed, and stammered out something about her father. The stranger, without appearing to notice it, said so many fine things that he succeeded in turning the poor girl's head. He prevailed upon her, before they parted, to promise that she would meet him the next night. She kept her word. He was still more urgent than in the first interview, and he drew from her, without much difficulty, a promise to be his, and his alone, for ever. He charged her to say nothing of what had passed to her parents, and promised, before the expiration of the time appointed for her answer, to present himself to them, and to ask her hand. The time, however, drew on; he came not, and Mannette began to be very unhappy. Mullin

asked her several times in vain which of her suitors she meant to have. He received always the same answer, that she would tell him when the time came. At last, irritated at hearing continually this reply, he swore that if she did not choose then, he would choose for her. There remained only three days till the expiration of the time appointed. Mannette's faith in her unknown lover began to waver; and, as she was strolling that evening in the wood where she first met him, she reflected sorrowfully on what she should do if he did not come.

"Ah!" said she aloud, "is it possible that he can be so perfidious?"

"No, lovely Mannette," said a voice close to her, "it is not possible;" and, turning, she found the stranger at her side.

The artless girl betrayed plainly enough the joy she felt at seeing him again. She would have led him directly to her parents, but he begged of her first to hear what he had to say; and, after abundance of fine speeches, he proposed to her to flee with him to his estates, which were, he said, at a great distance. This proposal was a thunder-clap to our pretty villager. But in spite of her love for the handsome stranger, she had the courage to resist it firmly. In vain he

wheedled and flattered, and reminded her of her oath to be his; for she always replied, that she would be his, but it must be with the consent of her parents.

"Well," said he, at last, in a very angry tone, "since thou wilt have it so, I will take thee from their hands, but not to-night."

He turned sullenly away, and Mannette hastened back to the house. No sleep closed her eyes that night, and she kept repeating incessantly to herself, "Ah! if he should be offended and should come no more!"

Scarcely had the clock struck twelve, when she heard at a distance a frightful noise, accompanied by claps of thunder and flashes of lightning, in the midst of which she perceived by her bed-side a horrible spectre. She was about to cry out, when he placed his death-cold claw upon her mouth, making her at the same time a sign to be silent. It was unnecessary; for the poor girl, sinking with fright and horror, had not the power to cry. He then, seating himself by the bed-side, and stooping over her, looked at her in silence, and with eyes which seemed ready to devour her, for almost an hour; then rising, and taking her hand, he cried in a terrible voice, "Thou art mine to all eternity! Thou

hast sworn it to me." And with these terrible words he vanished, leaving in the chamber a sulphureous smell, and in the heart of the unfortunate Mannette all the terrors of hell.

Her screams soon brought assistance. We may easily conceive the alarm of her parents when they heard what had happened: they instantly sent for the *curé*, who came and watched with her during the two following nights, but nothing appeared, and they began to think that the supposed spectre was only the night-mare. The next day was that fixed for making her choice: she had till then said nothing about the stranger; but pressed on all sides, she could keep silence no longer. She owned what had passed between them.

Honest Mullin heard her with indignation. "What!" cried he, "thou hast the presumption to fancy that a great lord like this will marry thee? Foolish girl! his only design is to ruin thee: he has shown that plainly enough; but I will be a match for him, I warrant. You shall choose a husband this day, or I will choose one for you; for you shall not bring shame upon me in my old age."

In vain the poor girl wept, in vain the mother entreated, for, mother-like, it did not appear to her improbable that a great lord might take

a fancy to her daughter; the old man was inflexible, and finding that the day wore away without his daughter's coming to any resolution, he sent to invite her suitors to supper, determined that her choice should be made that night. The hour of supper drew near; the poor girl was almost in despair, when, to her infinite joy, the stranger appeared.

"Cease," cried he, in a stern voice, "cease to torment this maiden; she is mine by right, and I have come to claim her."

The farmer uttered a cry of terror, for he recognised in the tones of the handsome young pretender to his daughter's hand, the voice of the fiend to whom he had sold her yet unborn. Beelzebub, for it was he sure enough, finding himself discovered, no longer kept any measures. Quitting his assumed form in the twinkling of an eye, he stood before the astonished Mannette in the exact shape of the horrible monster who had presented himself at her bedside.

"Hope not to escape me," cried he, in a voice of thunder, "since thou art mine to all eternity! Thou hast sworn it to me."

At this dreadful sight, at these frightful words, the suitors, all but one, ran away; and he, seeing the fiend spring forward to seize his prey, threw himself in the way; but the mother had already

render a compact sacred, since he had both her own consent and that of her father; and that if any further opposition was made to his taking his own, he would carry off not only Mannette, but all the inhabitants of the farm; and, in proof of what he could do, he instantly raised a most dreadful tempest, accompanied with strange noises and the appearance of the infernal band who had built the barn.

At this moment, Marie came undauntedly forward. "Since," cried she, "this unfortunate girl has given her consent, it is of no use to attempt to save her. We acknowledge, then, that you have right on your side, but if we consent to yield her up to you without more ado, at least you will not refuse to allow her time to bid farewell to her parents and to me. We ask but a short delay, only till the candles, which are now half burnt, are consumed."

The devil had not expected to get off so well,

a moment's silence, to the terms offered; and Marie, triumphing in the success of her stratagem, instantly extinguished the candles, and plunged them into a vase of holy water, which was placed, according to the custom of the times, in a corner of the apartment. Thus the fiend was obliged to retire without his prey. He vanished, with his infernal troop, in the midst of the most horrible yells and execrations. Mullin and his wife fell at the feet of Marie, whom they called their guardian angel. She joined them in recovering Mannette from a swoon, into which terror had thrown her.

No sooner did she open her eyes than she fell at the feet of her parents and her deliverer begged their pardon for the undutiful action which had nearly been so fatal to her, and readily gave her hand to the honest young miller, who had courageously disputed the possession of her with the devil. They were speedily married, and lived long and happily together, without ever being disturbed by her infernal lover. Mullin, his wife, and Marie, ended their days quietly and comfortably in the farm; and the latter was generally known all over the province by the name of the old woman who got the better of the devil and his horns.

At that part of the road leading from Rome to Naples, which winds along the seacoast, are seated, on steep and nearly inaccessible rocks, the ruins of the Roman town of Anxur, for ages the haunt of robbers, who often descend in numerous bands, and strike terror and consternation into the surrounding country. Not unfrequently they make incursions into the village of Terracina, situated on the high-road at the foot of the hills, and other adjacent places, plundering, murdering and carrying off young persons belonging to distinguished families. For most of these captives they extort a heavy ransom, but others they refuse to restore at any price.

The villains dwell securely amid the ruins, whither no one can pursue them: horses trained for the purpose carry them with amazing swiftness up the steep narrow path to the tops

pursuit would be of no avail, for they plunge with their steeds into a dark cavern, the entrance of which, yawning like the mouth of hell, scares the horses of the pursuers to such a degree, that, regardless of the rein, they betake themselves to a precipitate flight. This aperture leads to an immense excavation, which serves for a stable, and from which a winding staircase, hewn out of the rock, conducts to the top of the hill, where the robbers have formed habitations among the relics of the once considerable town. In this dreary abode, a circumstance of no ordinary interest occurred about a century since; and I only wish that my narrative of it may afford as much pleasure to the reader, as I received from the relation given me by a person who has long resided in these parts.

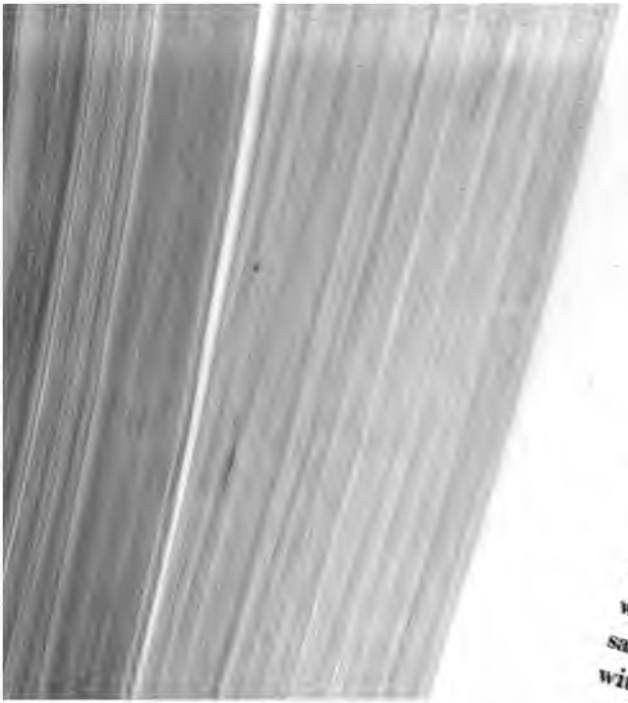
The Marchese Lorenzo Altamonte, the descendant of a very ancient family, resided at Terracina. His ancestors were once very opulent, and had extensive possessions in the Ecclesiastical States: but misfortunes of various kinds had so far reduced this noble and flourishing house, that its last representative had nothing he could call his own besides a small villa on the seacoast, and a good house at Terracina, the former of which he inhabited in summer and

black glossy, luxuriant ringlets, over a neck of dazzling whiteness. Her face, cast in the Grecian mould, was delicately fair, and her cheeks were tinged with the hue of the rose. In figure, she was tall and elegant; her gait was that of a goddess, and her voice melody itself. At the same time Bettina was a model of virtue and piety; she was the joy of her parents, and beloved and admired by all who knew her.

Altamonte, though not actually rich, enjoyed the reputation of possessing wealth, and this reputation he was particularly anxious to maintain. His wife, Camilla, understood as well as himself the inestimable art of keeping their expenditure in equilibrium with their income. As they observed the strictest order in their whole domestic economy, their house was well managed, and they lived in a very respectable manner. The fair Bettina soon had many suitors, but only one of them was able to make any

a very ancient family, was the handsomest and the most amiable, but, at the same time, the poorest, of all her suitors. Besides a small landed property, which yielded him but a scanty support, Federico Maraviglia possessed absolutely nothing. The loving Bettina easily overlooked that fault: not so her parents, who, being better acquainted with their circumstances, deemed it incumbent on them to seek a wealthy match for their daughter, to whom they could give but an inconsiderable portion. They were of course decidedly averse to this silly passion, as they termed the romantic attachment of their charming daughter to the high-spirited Federico.

The love of the young people for each other was almost as old as themselves, for Bettina had grown up with Federico. They had been playmates in childhood; and their young hearts had even then conceived a mutual predilection which strengthened with their years, and grew up in the bosom of the ardent youth in particular into an uncontrollable passion. Bettina loved the dear companion of her infantine sports with enthusiastic tenderness: but her heart was tender, and love there assumed a delicate form; and when Federico, with vehement impetuosity, abused her parents as cruel and hard-hearted,



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him, alas! an eternal adieu. Her nurse, on whose fidelity and silence she could depend, was despatched to him with a letter, in which she apprised him of her melancholy lot, and invited him to meet her at night in the garden, that they might take leave of each other for ever. These tidings burst like a clap of thunder on Federico, and drove him almost to despair: he promised, however, to keep the appointment. He then abandoned himself to the excess of his grief, furiously struck his brow with his clenched fist, and more than once he was on the point of throwing himself from the lofty parapet of his mansion; for, after the loss of his mistress, life seemed to him an oppressive burden: but a sudden thought darted through his brain; he led forth his best horse from the stable, vaulted into the saddle, and galloped away.

Night spread her veil over the face of nature, and the moon gleamed through light clouds on the dark embowered alleys, when Bettina, with her attendant, softly descended the marble steps leading into the garden. She soon found in a distant summer-house her lover waiting for her with impatience. Bettina sank weeping on Federico's bosom, and he strained her ardently to his throbbing heart. After the first

so, the last time that I must see you. Duty commands me to shun you henceforth and for ever."

"No, that you must not—shall not! Flee with me. It will not be difficult to get over the garden-wall: two horses, ready saddled, are waiting for us on the other side; let us hasten, then, dear Bettina, and you shall be safe, for I will convey you to a place whither no one will pursue us!"

Bettina shuddered at the idea of a step which would have been death to her beloved parents.

"Cease, Federico," said she; "indeed I cannot assent to your proposal: my father and mother would die of grief. And to what place could we flee whither the anger of my parents and the power of the count would not pursue us?"

"Look at me, Bettina! Cannot you guess whither I would convey you?"

a short jacket; by his side hung a broadsword, and in his girdle were stuck a dagger and a brace of pistols.

"You must know the ruins of Anxur," said he; "there I have friends living in secret. Apprehensive that the pride and the selfishness of your parents might some time or other tear you from me, I long since secured their assistance and an asylum for us both, in case of such an event."

"O heavens!" exclaimed Bettina, starting back with horror, "art thou then become the associate of robbers and murderers? Is it to them that thou wouldst conduct me? Is it to the den of ruthless banditti that thou wouldst have me flee from the arms of beloved parents, who have trained me to virtue and honour? Desist, Federico; and do thou too return, and forsake not the fair path in which thou hast hitherto walked. I loved only the noble and upright Federico—the comrade of banditti I abhor. I will not flee with thee, for I would rather be unhappy than criminal."

"Ha, serpent! is this thy affection? Girl, girl, drive me not to madness! In order to possess thee I have sold myself to the men whom thou callest villains, and who are far less guilty than

now recede; thou must go with me, for it shall not be for nothing that I have sacrificed myself!"

With these words, he seized Bettina, and would have dragged her away by force, but, disengaging herself from his grasp, she flew on the wings of the wind towards the house. He would have pursued her, but the nurse threw herself in his way; she caught hold of him, and clung to him so closely as to fix him to the spot. Suddenly, drawing his poniard from his belt, he plunged it into the bosom of the faithful creature. He then hastened after Bettina, who had meanwhile reached the door, which closed with violence as soon as she had entered. All he could now do was to make a precipitate retreat. He passed, not without shuddering, the unfortunate old servant, who had fallen a victim to her fidelity, and was just breathing her last. He mounted his horse,

which he was now worthy to be numbered, for he was already a murderer. He had nothing more to lose; his account with the world was closed; the powers of darkness had taken possession of his soul, and he now belonged wholly to the guilty band with which he had associated himself.

Bettina hurried breathless to her chamber, where she fell on her knees, and thanked God that he had granted her strength to escape. With burning tears, she besought the Father of Mercy to conduct the misguided youth back to the path of virtue. She sank exhausted upon her bed, and tossed about in restless anguish; hideous phantoms crowded upon her brain, and she was soon seized with a burning fever.

In this condition, she was found in the morning by her mother, who was not a little alarmed at the state of her beloved child. The physician who was summoned, declared that her disorder, which must have been produced by violent agitation of mind, was dangerous, and likely to be protracted; but he hoped that her youth would overcome it. The phantoms of her delirium were frightful. Sometimes she fancied herself among murderers, whose daggers were pointed at her heart; at others, she bemoaned her lover,

The body of the murdered nurse was found; her mother readily guessed the connexion of the matter, but strove to conceal it as much as possible from her husband, fearing the effect of his anger upon Bettina. She was anxious to keep the count also in ignorance of what had happened, lest he should recede, and break off a match, which, under the then circumstances, appeared to her to be more desirable than ever. Bettina now needed protection against the robber, who might easily snatch her from the very bosom of her family. The count was powerful, and, when he rode out, his coach was always surrounded by a number of armed servants. His castle on the sea-coast was guarded by a troop of soldiers, whom he kept in his own pay; there then, Bettina might live in safety.

In a few weeks, Bettina recovered, to the joy of her parents and the count, who was impatient to lead his beauteous bride to the altar. The lovely girl was reserved and melan-

played, like the moon bursting for a moment through gloomy clouds. Poor Bettina! her mind was wrung by the giant conflict between duty and passion; the former proved victorious, but her heart was rent in the struggle. She gave her hand to the count at the altar, and pronounced the solemn vow of fidelity, which she firmly resolved to keep. No more did Federico's name escape her lips; and once, when her mother would have spoken of him, she urgently entreated her never to mention him again. Neither was he ever seen by any one, so that it seemed as though he had disappeared from the earth.

The Count of Castelmare felt inexpressibly happy in the society of his lovely and beloved wife; but the tranquil melancholy which pervaded her whole manner frequently filled him with apprehension. They had been married two years and yet had no prospect of issue; this was the only cloud that darkened the horizon of his felicity. Still he hoped that time would fulfil the fondest wish of his heart, and strove more and more by every means in his power to promote the happiness of his adored Bettina. The countess, on her part, esteemed and respected her generous consort,

forget that.

The robbers of Anxur meanwhile prosecuted their unhallowed trade more daringly than ever. They had elected a new chief, whom, on account of his hardihood and intrepidity, they had named *Cor di Leone*—Lion-heart. Of this chief, the most extraordinary stories were circulated throughout the whole country. Many could recount traits of his generosity and liberality shown to persons who had been plundered by his band; others, on the contrary, attributed to him horrible acts of cruelty and revenge. The domains of the Count Castelmare and the Marchese Altamonte suffered more especially by the depredations of the banditti. To no purpose did the count send forth his soldiers, reinforced by *sbirri*; the wretches carried their audacity so far as to drive away the cattle from the farm-houses, and to set fire to the villages, almost before the face of the troops posted to

welcome visitations; and often when a numerous band had routed the count's soldiers and the *sbirri*, and were ascending in full career the hill on which the castle was situated, a commanding figure appeared on a stately steed. His dress was black; feathers of the same colour waved above his high-crowned, broad brimmed hat; from beneath it descended a profusion of raven hair, which so shaded his embrowned face, that nothing could be seen for it but the glare of his wildly rolling eye. At his beck, the victorious troop turned about and hastened back to their retreat. This conduct appeared strange and inexplicable to all but Bettina. She alone knew the elegant equestrian: his figure was too deeply impressed upon her memory not to be recognised.

Atrocious outrages had been committed by the banditti; they had fallen at night upon Terracina, pillaged and plundered, and carried off several females, whom they conveyed to their haunts and there detained. The public authorities and the landed proprietors of the whole adjacent country consulted together by what means the excesses of these villains might be checked. They assembled the inhabitants of Fondi, Itri, Gaeta, and the neighbouring villages, and all the *sbirri* and soldiers in the whole

district: they beset all the avenues to the rocky defile, in hopes of securing some of the robbers, or at least their captain, who, it was learned, frequently repaired alone to the sequestered chapel, seated on a steep rock, overshadowed with pines, in the vear of Castelmare.

Bettina heard of these arrangements, and trembled for him whom she durst no longer love: she might, however, without any violation of her duty, warn and save him; and this she resolved to do at all hazards. She wrote in a disguised hand a few lines, in which she cautioned him against visiting the chapel, because danger awaited him there. She then conjured him by the image of the crucified Redeemer which looked down upon him from the altar of that chapel, to forsake the disgraceful profession of a robber, and return to virtue.

"The Saviour," she thus wrote, "has shed his blood for thee also—let him not have suffered in vain! Return, ah return, from the black slough of vice, where thou wilt be involved in certain perdition!"

Taking with her this paper, she went in the evening into the garden. A walk overgrown with grass conducted her among thickly tangled shrubs to a door, which she opened with consi-

derable effort. She then found herself in a wood, where a footpath wound between rude crags to the chapel on the rock. She pursued her way trembling through the dark shade of the trees, fearing lest she might be discovered and made prisoner by the banditti; but, the consciousness of good intentions, as she hoped to bring a sinner back to virtue, infused into her courage and confidence in the protection of higher powers.

She entered the sacred precinct just as the beams of the departing sun, gleaming through the painted windows, irradiated the face of the dying Redeemer. Overpowered with melancholy and devotion, she sank upon her knees on the steps of the little altar; burning tears trickled from her eyes, and she raised her supplicating hands to him from whom alone she could expect comfort for her distressed heart. She besought pardon and repentance, for the unhappy man whom she loved.

Absorbed in grief, long had she continued in this posture when a noise roused her: she deposited the paper on the altar, and with precipitation regained the garden. It was lucky that she stayed no longer, for it was Federico himself, who was making his way through the thick shrubs to the chapel.

offered him the command, which, being th
under the impulse of furious revenge, he ac
cepted. Too soon he had occasion to rue th
horrid covenant into which he had entered
for he quickly discovered that those whom h
had considered as unfortunate men, persecute
by the injustice of Fate, were but the scum o
society, who had richly deserved their lot, an
who undertook to procure by murder, robbery
and every other outrage, what they were to
indolent to earn by honest means.

His eyes were at once opened, and he felt
horror of the atrocious society to which he be
longed. He often fled from their company to th
chapel: there, at least, he was sure not to b
disturbed by them; for, according to an ancien
tradition, that place had always been dangerous t
the banditti, and several of them had been take
there. Federico laughed at these fears, relying o
his weapons, his personal strength, and the swift
ness of his horse, which was always at hand. I

fondly clung to the recollections of his juvenile years. Hither, when a child, he had often been brought by his beloved and pious mother, and here she had often prayed for his future prosperity He had had such excellent parents!—his father had taken pains to implant in his soul courage and noble sentiments, and his mother religion and integrity. Both had passed with the fondest hopes into a better life. And he—O heaven! how completely had he blasted those hopes, degraded as he was—a robber, a murderer, and an outcast from society! His bosom was agonised by these reflections, and burning tears, such as fallen angels might weep, started from his dark eyes. A gleam fo sunshine suddenly burst upon him—he perceived Bettina's note. In spite of the feigned hand, he immediately knew the writer, and the thought that she still felt an interest for him filled him with transport.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "she loves me still! O thou angelic spirit, how easy it seems to thee to return to a path, from which, as soon as we have taken the first step, we are irresistibly urged forward. Alas! I can no longer recede—the powers of darkness hold me fast—nothing can rescue me from their clutches. But I will no more distress thee; thou shalt no longer feel

the domains of Altamonte and Castelmare ceas
to be molested. None felt happier in this tra
quillity than the count and his father-in-la
Their satisfaction was soon after augment
by the hope which Bettina at length afford
of becoming a mother. Nothing but the decli
ing state of her health since she began to cheri
this delightful hope, disturbed the joy felt by t
whole family on the occasion. It was suppose
however, that her indisposition was owing to h
situation, and that after her confinement sh
would speedily recover.

Still there appeared but little probability of th
fulfilment of these expectations, for the counte
became gradually worse and worse every da
She suffered more particularly from cramps an
convulsive attacks; often swooned suddenly, an
then lay for hours together without exhibitin
any signs of life. The count and her parent
were greatly alarmed, and still more so when th
physician declared that he was afraid the patien

one day the amiable Bettina fell insensible in the midst of the family circle, and all the means employed to revive her proved unavailing. The grief of the husband and the disconsolate parents baffled description; the latter especially seemed to have lost with their beloved daughter all the joys of life. The funeral was solemnised with great pomp, and the remains of the beautiful countess were deposited in the vault of the Castelmare family.

Night had spread her sable wings over the land, the sea broke furiously against the rocky shore, and its wild roar sounded fearfully amidst the dead silence. A tall figure stalked through the gloom, wrapped in a dark mantle, and, approaching the burial-place, strove to open the iron door. It was Federico. He had gained intelligence of Bettina's illness, visited the castle in different disguises, and contrived to obtain minute information concerning her. Every hope of recovery filled his heart with joy,—every threatening danger with mortal anxiety. The news of her death burst all at once upon him, and despair took possession of his soul. From the chapel on the rock he saw the funeral procession. He threw himself upon the ground; a

the dear remains of his beloved to his own abode to assign them a resting-place near his couch and daily to bedew the sacred spot with his tears. The lock could not long resist his efforts, and he entered the lofty vault containing the splendid monuments of the Castelmare family. Bettina's coffin was placed near the entrance: he raised the lid, and beheld the form of his adored, lovely even in death; her beauteous eyes closed for ever in that slumber which no frightful dream can disturb or interrupt. With tears he threw himself upon her; he imprinted a long kiss on her pallid lips. He fancied that he perceived the sound of a slight respiration; he applied his hand to her heart, and felt faint throbs. O what rapture, what extasy filled his breast! He carried her without loss of time into the open air, placed her upon his horse, which he slowly led by the bridle, and thus conveyed her to the ruins of Anxur, where he laid her upon his bed, and summoned some females to attend her. It was

recovered as to be able to distinguish the objects about her. She was alarmed on finding herself in a strange place, and inquired where she was, and how she had come thither. Federico, who had till then kept out of sight, now advanced; she immediately recognised him, and from this circumstance well knew where she was, though she could not imagine what had happened to her. Federico ordered all present to withdraw; he then threw himself on his knees beside her couch, seized her hand and pressed it, in a transport of joy, to his lips and to his heart. He related to her how he had stolen her out of the tomb, and thus rescued her from death.

"Now," he exclaimed, "thou art mine! wholly mine, and none shall again wrest thee from me! To thy parents and husband thou art dead; for they have consigned thee to the grave, and cannot have any further right to thee. I have given thee back to life, and thy existence is now my work!"

"O Federico!" replied Bettina, in a faint voice, "how cruel art thou to recal me to life, which can have no value for me, if it is to be purchased at the expense of my honour! Thou knowest that I am a wife, and that duty even yet enjoins me to preserve that fidelity which I vowed at the altar."

shield her delicacy. Her presence alone sufficed to make him happy; and the society of h beloved transformed the dreary scene arou him into a paradise.

Several weeks elapsed before Bettina's co plete recovery. The first time she quitted h wild abode, she was not a little astonished at that met her eye. Her habitation was the ru of a palace, the rich interior decorations of whi in gold and marble still attested the magni cence that had once reigned there. A lo portico conducted to a terrace, from which s beheld the sea spread out at an immense dep below her. Gigantic masses of rock surround her, and extended their ramifications far into t water. It was morning: the rays of the s gilded the tips of the mountains, and the s looked like a burning mirror. Ah! how deep did her heart at that moment deplore, that, c off from her husband and parents, she was in t power of one who was a robber, living amo

follow their example, and, as she was lost for ever to her family, to become the wife of the captain! They had, moreover, a confederate in Bettina's own bosom: her love for Federico was not yet extinguished, but her sense of duty gained the ascendency. She felt that she was bound by indissoluble ties to her husband; he was the father of the infant to whom she was likely soon to give birth, and nature and duty imperatively commanded her return to him. But still it was painful to abandon Federico—him who had rescued her from death, who was so ardently attached to her with such ardent passion, and who nevertheless treated her so generously, so delicately. Duty and virtue attracted her on the one hand, and love and gratitude on the other.

Her presence in the ruins operated beneficially for the whole surrounding country, for Federico very rarely quitted Bettina: her remonstrances, her entreaties, weaned him more and more from the criminal course which he was pursuing; and had it been in his power, he would instantly have forsworn the horrid confederacy. But how was he to escape? The number of the banditti was too great, their power was too extensive. They would have overtaken

Bettina and him, and sacrificed both to their vengeance: they began already to murmur, that, entangled in the toils of love, he forgot their main object, and frequently prevented them from the execution of the most promising projects.

Federico perceived that Bettina was a prey to grief. Painful as it was to him to part from her, he nevertheless promised to restore her to her family; but he wished first to ascertain how matters stood, and whether her return to Castelmare would be conducive to her happiness. Upon pretext of making inquiries concerning a favourable opportunity for an excursion, he left the ruins and repaired to Castelmare. Bettina's coffin yet stood unopened, on the same spot where he had found it, and no one had the least suspicion that it was empty. Two others had since been placed by its side: the marchese and his wife, heart-broken for the loss of their beloved daughter, had not long survived, and their remains were deposited, according to their desire, beside those of their darling. The Count of Castelmare had taken a voyage to Spain to dispel his grief. He had declared his nephew heir to his estates, and left to him the management of them during his absence. Such

were the tidings brought by Federico: they were not calculated to raise the spirits of Bettina, and, with tears of anguish, she deplored the loss of her dear parents. She was aware, too, that under these circumstances it would not be prudent in her to come forward as one risen from the grave. The young count, who already imagined himself in possession of the large property of his uncle, would feel no particular pleasure at her resurrection; and, without a protector, as her husband was abroad and her parents were dead, she might run some risk in putting herself into his power. She would have been importuned, also, to discover the access to the ruins, which had so long been sought in vain, and before she would have betrayed her friend, Federico, she would have sacrificed her life.

Federico comforted her, and promised to conduct her to her husband soon after her confinement. Though his heart burned with the most ardent passion for her, he nevertheless kept his promise, nor did he ever utter a wish that could offend the rigid virtue of Bettina. When in the radiance of the evening sun he sat by her and saw her delicate cheeks tinged by its rays, he felt inexpressibly happy; no unhallowed desire

The mother wept in secret over her son, wl
entered the world under circumstances so e
traordinary.

The infant was too delicate to be able to be
a voyage to Spain in the winter season; Betti
was therefore obliged to make up her mind
remain in the ruins till the spring. Federi
took care that during the inclement seas
neither herself nor her infant should lack a
comfort or convenience; and she gratefully a
knowledged his attention to gratify her eve
wish. Bettina felt but one want: she w
devout, and had not for a long time visited a
place of worship. She well knew, indeed, th
wherever a pure heart sends up its orisons
Heaven there is a temple of the Deity. B
man is too much habituated to sensible thing
to be able to dispense with all external incit
ments, hence the impression which pictures
the religious class produce upon the mind. Sh

christened; there was no priest in the ruins, and thus this sacrament could not be administered.

Federico once conducted her through several passages in which she had never been before. As she advanced, she was met by a soft light issuing from a vaulted apartment. What was her astonishment to find there an imitation of the chapel on the rock, and a good copy of the admirable crucifixion on the little altar, illuminated by a lamp! She cast a look of gratitude on her companion, and tears of emotion glistened in her eyes. Federico withdrew, to leave her undisturbed to her feelings and her devotions.

Bettina went up to the altar and laid her infant upon it by way of oblation to the Redeemer. "O be gracious," she thus prayed, "to this helpless child, who, born in these ruins, amidst a band of robbers, has not yet received that sacrament which should incorporate him with the Christian church! Grant that the act which I am about to perform before thine image may have the effect of binding him in that great covenant, till circumstances shall enable me to have the ceremony performed by consecrated hands!" With these words she uncovered the head of the child, and poured

the little Christian, and felt her heart consid
ably eased and lightened.

Weeks and months elapsed: little Lore
gained strength under the fostering care of
mother; he already began to smile, with
large dark eyes, as expressively as if he und
stood her. The winter passed away; the
became softer; grass and spring-flowers shot
between the stones; the merry lark warbled
strains in the azure concave of heaven. T
robbers grew impatient; they bitterly reproach
their captain for having so long prevented the
upon frivolous pretexts, from sallying forth, a
urged him to lead them out again to deeds
daring. They had learned that a wealthy cou
with his retinue, was expected along that ro
and they hoped to make a rich booty. Federi
was forced to do what he now abhorred:
issued his orders, and directed his people
form, at nightfall, an ambush near the high-roa

his comrades had devoted to death. She conjured him to tear himself from the wretches, and to return to honour and virtue. That, alas! was impossible; but it was in his power to spare human lives, and this he promised to do.

Night came on; the robbers set out, and, headed by the captain, went forth to meet the travellers. They posted themselves near the road which winds along the coast. The moon was just obscured by clouds when the count's carriage, surrounded by a considerable number of armed attendants, drew up. His retinue were prepared for an attack, and an obstinate conflict ensued, in which several were killed and wounded on both sides. At length the superior force of the banditti proved victorious. The count was dragged from his carriage, and would infallibly have been put to death, had not Federico interfered and saved him. He had recognised the traveller, who was no other than the husband of his Bettina returning home from Spain. Federico gave the count his own horse, which he led respectfully by the bridle. In this manner, they returned to the ruins, where he conducted the prisoner into his apartment, and resigned to him his own bed. He then went in quest of Bettina, whom he found in the chapel,

Bettina was accustomed to go every mornin
with her infant in her arms to the chapel, a
this time she repaired thither as usual. S
knelt before the altar, and implored the prote
tion of Providence for herself and her child, a
forgiveness for the unhappy robber. She th
prayed aloud for the welfare of her husband, a
besought Heaven to restore her to his arm
Hearing the sound of footsteps behind her, s
looked round and beheld Federico, and, at h
side, a man of dignified appearance, in who
she instantly recognised her husband. S
shrieked with surprise and fell swooning on t
floor.

Castelmare was struck dumb with astonis
ment when he perceived his wife, whom h
believed to be dead. Federico raised Bettin
from the floor, and placed her in the arms of th
count. "Be not afraid," he exclaimed, "to cla
your faithful wife to your bosom: it is not h

thus was she recalled from apparent death to life. I considered her then as mine and demanded her love; but with virtuous warmth she repulsed me, and even brought me back by her example to the path of rectitude. Pure and immaculate I restore her to you, together with the child to whom she has here given birth. With her, alas! I surrender to you all the happiness of my life; for her presence converted these frightful ruins into a paradise, and her angelic spirit imparted peace and consolation when my horrid state had well nigh driven me to despair."

With transport the count pressed his new-found wife and the sweet pledge of their love to his heart, and thanked in the warmest terms the man who had saved her life. They then consulted what was further to be done, and in what manner Federico could proceed to liberate his prisoner, together with Bettina and the little Lorenzo. Though the chief of the banditti, yet Federico could not act as he pleased: according to the laws which they had adopted, and to which every member of the band was obliged to swear obedience, the prisoners were common property, and could not be released even upon payment of a ransom without the general consent. Federico hoped to persuade

important matter to discuss.

The remains of a small temple were dedicat to this purpose: it was a lofty edifice, of nob architecture, surrounded by a colonnade. Th light which entered at the arched windows fe upon the walls decorated with gold and marbl while the painted glass diffused "a dim religiou light" through this rotunda, which presented strange contrast of proud magnificence an deplorable ruin. The robbers entered—robus Herculean figures, with dark animated eye glistening beneath bushy brows, loosely flowin hair and neglected beards. They were at lea fifty in number, and among them there was on besides Federico, whose physiognomy seeme to denote that he was worthy of a better lo He was the only person whom Federico deeme deserving of his friendship; for a rash an oft-repented step had brought him, too, amon these wretches. This man had gained almo

thing depended on his decision. The two friends had previously come to an understanding, and they succeeded, after some opposition, in persuading their comrades to accept the large ransom offered them by the count. It was not without difficulty, however, that they were induced to consent to the release of Bettina, whom they regarded as the particular property of their leader—they insisted that she must consider herself as his wife, and never think of leaving him. Nothing but Federico's assurance that he himself wished to get rid of her, and a promise that the ransom should be doubled, reconciled them at last to the proposal for her liberation.

The count then wrote to his nephew, directing him to pay the sum specified to the bearer of his letter. He charged him not to detain the messenger, or to commit the least hostility against the robbers, as his own life and the safety of his wife and infant might otherwise be endangered. The young count, astonished and not exactly overjoyed at Bettina's resurrection, had yet honour enough to collect as speedily as possible the requisite sum for the ransom of his captive relations. The money was duly brought, and the very same night the prisoners

r

gr
He
who
know

he resolved to quit the country for ever. He gave up part of his possessions to his nephew, sold the rest, and returned with Bettina and his infant son to Spain, where he purchased an estate, and lived very happily in the small circle of his family. Bettina was not sorry to leave Castelmare, a place which was continually renewing so many painful recollections.

Years had rolled away since their removal to Spain; Lorenzo had grown up to be a remarkably handsome, high-spirited youth, his father's pride and his mother's joy. A tour which he was once making with several juvenile companions, brought him into the vicinity of Montserrat. To be so near this remarkable mountain, and not ascend it would have been inexcusable; the company resolved, therefore, to climb to its very summit. The young people set out in high glee on this arduous expedition. At the hermitage of St. Bernard they stopped to rest themselves and to enjoy the magnificent prospect. Lorenzo conversed with the inhabitant of this hermitage, a good-natured talkative old man, who took pains to direct his attention to the most remarkable objects embraced by the extensive view. The youth expressed his surprise that he could pass the winter at such an elevation, where

which is half enveloped in clouds has for so
years dwelt a recluse, who devotes himself
prayer and the most rigid penance."

"And may any one visit him?"—ask
Lorenzo.

"If you are not afraid of a fatiguing asc
of more than two hours, you will be sure o
hearty welcome from Fra Benedetto; for hos
tality is one of the most sacred duties of
order."

Lorenzo informed his companions of
intention to ascend to the rock in question; th
were too weary to join him; it was theref
agreed that they should wait for him wh
they were, and he set out alone. He had gr
difficulties to surmount, but, at length, when t
sun was just setting, he reached his journe
end.

He found the hermit on a mossy seat in fr
of his little cell. As soon as he saw the strang
he went to meet him, and saluted him kind

vehement passions; but time and self-controul had thrown over them a veil of tranquillity, through which past storms were still visible, like distant masses of rock half enveloped in fog, in the back-ground of some delightful landscape. He beheld the youth with astonishment; a flush mantled his cheek, and his dark eye flashed more vividly as it scrutinised the features of Lorenzo. He bade him welcome and offered him a seat by his side. The youth gazed with delight on the magnificent spectacle presented by the setting sun gilding the surrounding peaks. At his feet he beheld a grey sea of undulating rocks, between which peered forth the cells of the hermits, with their little flowery gardens, producing an interesting contrast of the sublime and beautiful.

To the east the eye ranged over a wide extent of charming country, which was lost at the horizon in the roseate tinge of evening. Benedetto brought forth fruits and pure water, and Lorenzo refreshed himself with the frugal fare. The distance was too great and the road too dangerous to think of returning in the dark; and Benedetto invited his visiter to pass the night with him on a couch of moss. As his companions designed to sleep at the hermitage of St. Bernard, and did not expect him back before

and pressed him affectionately to his bosom.
was Federico, who in this solitude hoped
expiate by rigid penance the sins into wh
he had formerly been hurried by inordin
passions.

When Lorenzo, fatigued with his journ
retired to rest, Benedetto sat down and wr
for a considerable time by the light of a la
Next morning he gave his visiter a letter for
mother. He accompanied him a good distan
and then look leave of him with a tender embra
Lorenzo's companions were waiting for hi
they finished their tour to their infinite sa
faction; and soon afterwards he returned to t
country-seat of his parents, where he deliver
Benedetto's letter to his mother. She receiv
it not without emotion, for she guessed t
writer. Having opened it with trembling han
she read what follows:—

"In the evening of a turbulent and paint

of peace on the storms of the world. If I can do this—if my bosom, relieved from the oppressive weight of guilt, can again inhale the pure breath of heaven—to whom am I indebted for this? To thee, my tutelar angel; to thee, who by precept and example didst draw me forth from the sink of crime; whose virtue supported and conducted me into that path, upon which I am now cheerfully proceeding towards eternity. Bettina, I have kept my promise: I have torn myself from the hell-hounds; at the hazard of my life, I have worked my way through almost insuperable obstacles. I was frequently on the point of succumbing; but the thought of thee and of virtue, whose emblem thou wast to me, gave me fortitude to endure the worst.

"I have chosen the land in which thou dwellest for my residence, the topmost peak of Montserrat for my place of abode. When from this lofty pinnacle I survey the country, it is a soothing consolation that I can see, though indistinctly, the spot inhabited by thee, my yet dearly beloved friend. I have seen thy son; thy features are pictured in his face. The sight of the dear youth revived the recollection of the days that are past, when an infant he was borne

again; but yonder, in some of those hi
spheres which at this moment glisten abov
head, compared with the joys of which
mortal life is nothing, there I shall meet
again in the society of all who are near and
to us. Meanwhile, farewell!"

Bettina was profoundly moved by the pe
of these lines. She thanked God that he
given Federico the grace to return to vi
and showed his letter to her husband, who
sincerely rejoiced in his conversion.

Lorenzo's parents, anxious for his wel
related to him the history of Federico,
warned him against the danger of giving
to the vehemence of the passions. The ar
youth listened attentively to the counsels of
parents, and vowed never to deviate from hon
and integrity. He paid two more visits to
hermit of Montserrat, from whom he recei
instruction and good advice. The third t
that he repaired to his cell, he was shown in

which he reposed. As he sat silent and solitary on the mossy seat, which he had once shared with Benedetto, the tears that he shed on account of his departed friend glistened in the rays of the setting sun.

BLACK HAWK,

CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES OF THE SIX NATIONS.

DUCAMP was tired of adorning the
Royal with his dashing shop and its tasteft
play of gold and silver plate and elegant j
lery. Vexed at the little sale he found f
goods, he packed up watches and chains,
and precious stones, quitted Paris, whe
had been established for six years, and arri
New York. Having observed the trade o
city for some time, and perceived that h
no chance of selling his stock there but by p
auction, he concluded that those dealers
might purchase his commodities, and carry
into the interior of the country, would b
real gainers by them, and thought that he n
as well reserve that profit for himself. H
out, therefore, on the long and laborious jou
If you start early in the morning by the st

you are only in another part of the city which you have just left; for you see the very same sort of people in the one as in the other, and their manners are the same: the only difference is that in Philadelphia there is less bustle, less activity, and that it is consequently duller than New York. Ducamp lost no time, but, having made some fruitless attempts at Philadelphia and Baltimore, hastened to the seat of Congress.

All the principal persons of the government reside in the Capitol Square, which, luckily, is well paved, for there had lately fallen a deluge of rain, for which reason, the other interminable streets, where the houses stand half a mile apart, were absolutely impassable. Ducamp now went from door to door, and exhibited his goods. The inmates inspected every thing with the most gracious but yet dignified condescension, and in every house they promised to take an opportunity of calling upon him in New York, because it was customary with people of distinction to make all their purchases themselves in that city. Ducamp hired a horse, and, mounting him, strove to make his way through the swamps, in quest of other traders in the great city. With infinite fatigue, he travelled about in this manner for two whole days in Washington, without doing any business: he therefore went in search of the

a hundred questions: whence he came—whit
he was going—what was his business—and
forth. "Ride to the west," at length said
interrogator, and closed the window.

To the west Ducamp accordingly rode, till
came to another house, where he tapped
before at the window. Here he had to under
the same examination as before, and was to
"You must ride northward." When he h
satisfied the curiosity of a third householder,
was sent to the south-east, and a fourth, n
less inquisitive, directed him drily to the sout
Meanwhile it grew dark; the horse began
tread more and more softly, and, at length,
sink by degrees, so that presently his head alon
and from the rider's shoulders upward, belong
to the upper world. A night passed on th
damp ground in America is mortal; but th
danger of being completely swallowed up w
still more urgent. Ducamp shouted with a
his might: for two full hours he kept bawlin

it stood still. Ducamp cried out as vehemently as though a dagger had been pointed at his heart. "Who cry, dare?" at last said a human voice, in the negro dialect. Ducamp described his situation, and begged for help. "Me tell massa," replied the harsh voice of the Black. The light moved farther and farther off, and totally disappeared. Hope cheered the spirits of the adventurer, especially as the horse seemed to have found a firm footing, at least, for his hind legs. He now began to be sensible both of cold and hunger, and his imagination wandered from the swampy centre of the capital of America to the brilliant galleries of the Palais Royal, and the comfortable eating-rooms of Vertot, the restaurateur: but yet he was not angry when the approach of several lights awakened him from these Elysian dreams, though it brought him back to the full consciousness of his unpleasant situation.

Meanwhile, the lights had come pretty close, and, by the help of lanterns and burning pine-splinters, he discerned human figures, carrying planks and poles. A voice arose from amidst the confused mass: "Whence come you? whither are you going? what is your business?" When these questions were answered, the negociations began.

across the swamp to wit
paces of the jeweller. A rope was t
to him: he was directed to tie it round
that he might be drawn by it to the b
"Hold!" all at once cried the vo
had made the previous inquiries: "y
then to give twenty dollars, ?"
"Yes, yes; but for God's sake lose no
"Have a moment's patience. What
can you give ?"
"Only drag me out, and if I don't pa
throw me in again."
"That would be contrary to law: some
rity would be the best, or a reference—do
know anybody at Washington ?"
One end of the rope had long been faste
round Ducamp's body, while a negro upon
bridge had hold of the other.
"Ah!" cried he, full of impatience, "risk
little for once!" and before the master had tim
to reply, Ducamp felt himself
horse, dr

under his nose, and, with scrutinising look, and in the well-known voice, inquired, "You have money about you, perhaps?"

Ducamp sprang up, and in a trice was over the bridge and on *terra firma*.

Ducamp carried with him a box containing specimens of his jewellery, out of which he paid the gentleman for the labour of his slaves. To the good-natured Negro, who, at his own risk, had so abruptly broken off the negociations, he made a present of a watch, which, however, the gentleman immediately took from the slave, saying, "I will take care of it for you."

Ducamp has since declared that the most disagreeable part of this adventure to him was his being obliged to pass the remainder of the night at the house of this monster, and to witness the flogging inflicted by him with his own hand upon the Negro, because he had dared to pull the rope without waiting for his orders. Daylight at last arrived, and for five dollars he was conveyed to his quarters. His host received him with great grief—for the loss of the horse, of course—he declared, nay, he was ready to swear that the animal was a genuine descendant of the celebrated racer Barefoot, and consequently he could not take less than four hundred

...ter gleans, by the way, from th... ...ountains to C...
ture, a proof that the plan of Washingto...
scale of astonishing magnitude. In th...
everything is designed here, and the p...
over the Blue Mountains, when once com...
will certainly be one of the wonders ...
world. Meanwhile, none but an Am...
coachman can find it, and nothing bu...
American post-coach is capable of overco...
the obstacles thrown in the way by giga...
Nature. To the least of these belong ...
majestic oaks, which have seen ten generatio...
covered with a coat of moss which hangs in lo...
threads from their lofty branches down to t...
ground, and attests their venerable age; the...
they lie to point out the way, right across whic...
they have unluckily fallen. On this road now...
behold our traveller in the diligence, and see...
how, after descending the Blue Mountains, he...
encounters incessantly increasing difficulties in...
surmounting the Alleghanies ...
frequently ...

earned repose, according to the custom of the country, two in a not very wide bed, invariably in the order in which they sat opposite to one another in the coach. If there are ladies in the party, they are treated with the utmost delicacy; and should there happen to be an odd one, the *help* of the house, that is, the maid-servant, lies with her that she may not be alone. It often happens that when the number of the travellers is uneven, one of them is put into a bed that is already half occupied and thoroughly warmed; or, on the other hand, he is roused from his sleep to make room for a bedfellow, a later arrival and an utter stranger to himself. These are comforts of which the people of old Europe have yet no idea. When, after a journey of ten days, the traveller reaches the last height of the picturesque mountains, an open undulating country is spread out before him, and the Ohio, like a silver thread, disports through the luxuriant savannahs, and seems to wish, by a thousand wanton windings, to prolong its course through this delightful country, as though disliking to proceed direct to its distant goal, to be united with the muddy waters of the Mississippi, and to roll on between their dull, swampy, woody shores. At a certain point you perceive

Pittsburg—a busy town forsooth! ... by a volcano
an incessant noise and bustle, hammeri
rattling, stamping and thumping. If, ho
you hear much, you see but little, and tha
as through a pair of black spectacles, fo
can scarcely open your eyes, so dense
oppressive smoke in the streets.

These details of the journey I am enabl
give by the way, from my own disagree
experience. I shall now hasten to conduct
poor jeweller to his catastrophe, and to br
him back to the auction at New York.

At Pittsburg, he did not venture to open
chest, but looked out for the next steam-vesse
and proceeded the same day down the Ohio fo
Cincinnati. It is only twelve years since thi
large town sprang up out of the ground as if by
magic; and already it numbers, according to
American calculation, upwards of forty thousand
inhabitants, who are said to live in the
elegant houses. The

the patriotic topography. Here, Ducamp had been told he might make his fortune. He tried what he could do, and found a few persons who were inclined to be customers; but ready money is quite out of the question in this part of the country, and, indeed, after leaving Pittsburg, every thing is done by barter. He was offered hogs, hams, and smoked beef in abundance, for his pearls, his chains, his rings, and his watches. Ducamp therefore continued his voyage down the Ohio, and then the Mississippi. Of all the beautiful towns marked by the American geographers on the banks of this river, he saw not one; at most, every hundred miles, the wretched hut of a wood-cutter, who lives there among alligators, and supplies the passing steam-vessels with wood in exchange for other necessaries. The only place worth mentioning is the insignificant town of Natchez. Ducamp therefore pursued his way to New Orleans.

Whoever would live in New Orleans must attempt it in winter only, for every summer pestilential fevers prevail there, and these, when they sometimes rage with greater virulence than usual, are called the yellow fever: in reality, however, it is always the same disease. Al business is at a stand during the summer, and

every one goes into the country as far from the river as possible, to breathe a less unwholesome air, or at least to get away from the focus of contagion. Those whose circumstances permit repair to the neighbouring islands. The wealthy always spend the summer in New York or Philadelphia and their environs. Ducamp found the town empty, and most of the houses shut up, because his voyage had been more rapid than he had expected. To escape the fever he was obliged to take lodgings for a month in the country. After this new trial of patience, he returned to the city and fell to business. In order to raise a little money he was forced to make a great reduction in his prices, and then he took about enough to defray his current expenses, which were not inconsiderable, since living is three times as dear at New Orleans as at New York. In the former place, however, the people are more sociable, more accessible. Ducamp soon became known throughout the whole town, and his new friends advised him to return to New York, to sell his goods by auction, and to try some other line of business. Constrained to yield to circumstances, he followed this advice, embarked for Charlestown, made another attempt with no better success, and at

length again reached New York in the beginning of April.

The die was cast. The chests of jewellery were transferred to the warehouse of Messrs. Slim; the day for the sale arrived. Ducamp had learned his trade at Brussels, his native city, gained improvement in London, and carried it on in Paris. He had now collected a tolerable store of experience in the United States, and it is natural to suppose that, on this occasion, he exerted all his skill to prevent fraud. His goods were all together in one case, on which he kept one eye, whilst, with the other, he followed all the motions of the honest Messrs. Slim. Many other articles were put up, and apparently the business was conducted with tolerable regularity, which made him somewhat more easy. At length he saw a clerk take one of his caskets after another from their places, and carry them to a different one. "Aha!" thought Ducamp, "it is come to their turn now." He went to the clerk, and inquired whether the jewellery was then going to be put up. The clerk winked, smiled, put his finger to his lips, as if to intimate to him not to interrupt what was going forward, and made a sign with his head, which might signify yes, just as well as any thing else. Du-

camp, who wanted a decisive answer, took it to mean the affirmative; but, as he saw no preparations making, he sought to speak with one of the brother auctioneers. These, however, were so busily engaged in puffing off the goods which they had to dispose of, and in cracking wretched jokes, that they could not spare a moment to listen to him. After Ducamp had looked on for about two hours longer, the people gradually dropped off, and the auction was over. Now, thought he, I shall be sure to get an answer.

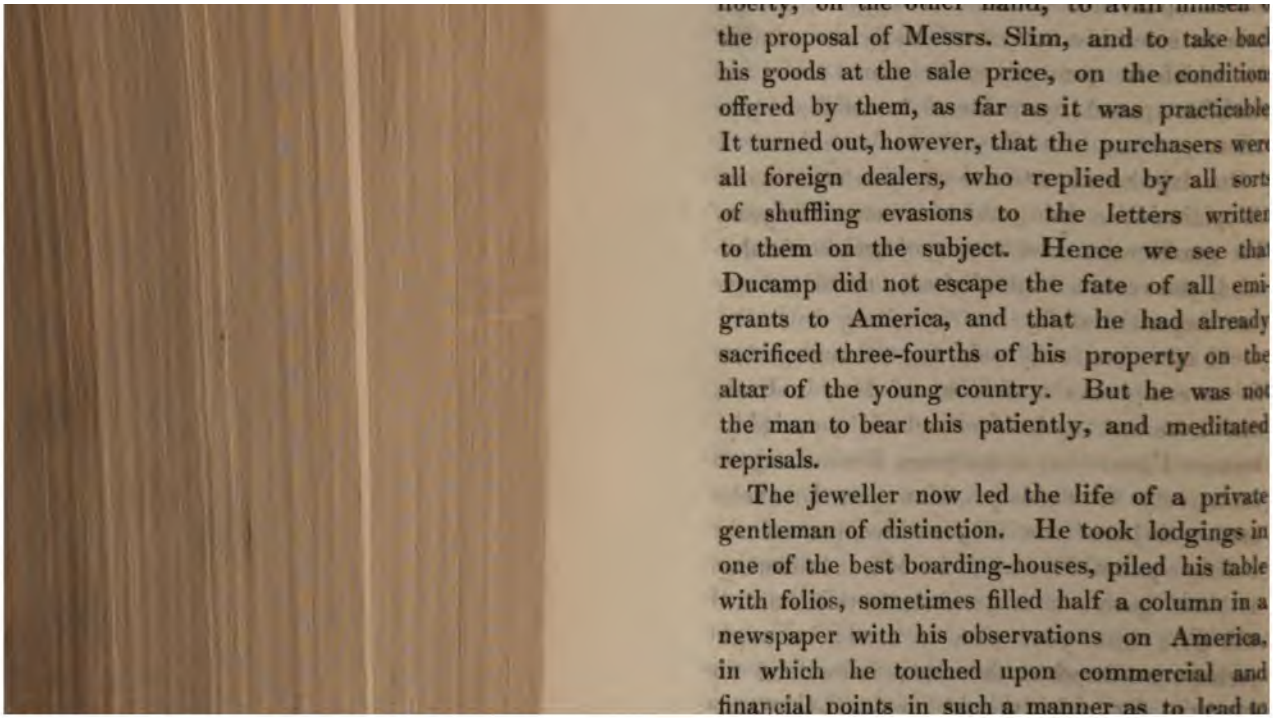
"Good God!" was the reply, "don't you see how busy we are! We have our books to make up. A house like this, which does business to the amount of millions, may surely be trusted for twenty-four hours."

This was all that he could learn concerning his fate. In the evening there was only a clerk in the counting-house, who knew nothing about the matter, but assured him that every thing was perfectly safe, and that Mr. Slim would be there the next morning. On the following day, Mr. Slim was there sure enough; he congratulated the astonished jeweller on the advantageous sale of his goods, and handed him the account. This was certainly a surprise; for as far as Ducamp could perceive, not an article

had been put up for sale. When he requested some explanation of so extraordinary a procedure, the auctioneer at first pretended not to know what he meant, though he had, till then, perfectly well understood his English, though spoken with somewhat of a French accent. He broke out into an angry remonstrance.

"What would you have?" was the reply. "Your goods sold well, as more than a hundred persons witnessed, and are ready to attest upon oath. Besides, the purchasers are all respectable gentlemen, and my very good friends; and, if you are not satisfied with the sale, I am sure they will oblige me by giving back the goods for what they paid for them, together with a compensation for loss of time, and ten per cent. for the profit they might probably make; and, as to my commission, I have charged you no more than nine per cent. upon the whole amount. At such a trifling sacrifice, you cannot possibly grumble; and, indeed, considering every thing, you have no reason to be dissatisfied."

Ducamp thought otherwise; he wished to have his goods fairly sold, or to have them returned, and carried the affair into court. It decided, after the proceedings had been carried



liberty, on the other hand, to avail himself of the proposal of Messrs. Slim, and to take back his goods at the sale price, on the condition offered by them, as far as it was practicable. It turned out, however, that the purchasers were all foreign dealers, who replied by all sorts of shuffling evasions to the letters written to them on the subject. Hence we see that Ducamp did not escape the fate of all emigrants to America, and that he had already sacrificed three-fourths of his property on the altar of the young country. But he was not the man to bear this patiently, and meditated reprisals.

The jeweller now led the life of a private gentleman of distinction. He took lodgings in one of the best boarding-houses, piled his table with folios, sometimes filled half a column in a newspaper with his observations on America, in which he touched upon commercial and financial points in such a manner as to lead to

of the bitterest irony were taken for genuine coin, and the panegyrist for a scholar, which he put beyond doubt by always wearing black. He now called himself Doctor Ducamp; he sought divines upon the pretext of conversing with them on scientific subjects, and by the admiration which he paid them he gained theirs; in short, he spared no pains to establish a reputation.

One day, he went to a clergyman, and solicited his opinion of a comprehensive mercantile plan. The combinations were so profound, so complicated, the results so prodigious, that the clergyman was astounded.

"I must confess," said he, "though I was for several years a clerk in the Marble Bank, that I cannot quite comprehend your plan, because I have for many years devoted myself exclusively to divinity. However, I have a brother-in-law, who is Vice-President of the Pennsylvanian Leohay Coal Mine Association at New York; it is precisely in his line. I will give him your plan to read; he might perhaps be disposed to embark himself in the concern; for, since the confounded Lakawanna Company has sent its coals into the market, there is scarcely a cent to be got by the business."

explanations from me, it would be impossible
do any thing."

"Perhaps you would have the goodness
favour my brother-in-law with a call," said th
parson.

"Most certainly, when I have an opportu
nity," replied Ducamp; "but for some days
shall be too much engaged. A friend in Balti
more, who carries on an extensive trade in th
Baltic, has sent me a plan for my opinion, an
I must despatch that the first thing. I hope t
be able to be very serviceable to him throug
my numerous connexions in the ports of tha
sea, for he is a most honourable and excellen
man. Farewell, reverend Doctor." With these
words, he left the learned divine in gaping
astonishment.

In a short time, Ducamp received an invitation
to tea from the vice-president of the Coal Asso-
ciation, and was introduced by the reverend
doctor to the brilliant company. The

sion into company were removed. He daily enlarged the circle of his acquaintance, whose confidence he contrived to gain by artifice and insinuating manners. By degrees, he procured free access every where: he visited the merchants in their counting-houses, where he sometimes gave his advice, and picked up news. He now proceeded to the execution of his plans. He connected himself with some notorious rogues, and, when he discovered that any of his friends had left a considerable sum of money over-night in his counting-house, it was sure to disappear before morning.

It was necessary to keep a vigilant look-out for such opportunities, as almost every firm, nay every family, deposits in some bank or other its whole stock of cash, were it even no more than ten dollars. It gives a person an air of consequence to make his payments in cheques upon his banker. Still it is frequently the case that tradesmen are obliged to keep cash by them over-night, because the banks pay no money after two o'clock, and receive none after four. His accurate local knowledge, and the address with which he contrived to obtain false keys by means of wax impressions, favoured his undertakings; and, as not the slightest suspicion ever

When he was once engaged in an affair of this kind, which was prolonged by accidental circumstances till near day-break, he all at once heard a noise at the door of a shop, into which he had found his way. He instantly laid hold of a box, packed it full, shoved it out of the window, where his accomplices were ready to receive it, slipped after them, and got away. But no sooner had he turned the corner of the first street at Parknow, than he met a watchman who knew him, and bade him good morning. Ducamp hastened home, whither his comrades had already conveyed the booty by another way. About ten in the morning two constables came with a search-warrant. They politely apologised for being obliged to execute the warrant granted on the report of the watchman, who asserted that he had met him at an unseasonable hour, and covered with dust, not far from the shop which had been broken into, but who, they were sure, must be mistaken. Ducamp opposed

learned doctor, the oracle of the city, was carried to gaol. At his examination, nothing but this last robbery could be alleged against him: of his previous enterprises not a trace that would have justified a legal prosecution could be detected; and, notwithstanding the expensive manner in which he had been living for above a year, he had saved a tolerable sum, which he now rendered subservient to his deliverance.

Among his companions in misfortune our hero found a man who attracted his whole attention. An agreeable exterior, manners which could have been acquired only in polished society, and resignation to an unmerited fate, were qualities which sufficiently distinguished the unfortunate man in such a place. He was sentenced for almost half a life to confinement and hard labour for crimes which he had not committed. The labour was of a peculiar kind. In the rear of the gaol of New York was a circular building in which there was a sort of tread-mill, an invention too well known in England to need description. It is not above two years since the American legislature abolished this mode of punishment: but the building and the machine are still in excellent condition, and may be seen any day.

great number of offences under his disguise,
he had dyed his hair and wore a dress in col
and fashion exactly like James's. Hence it h
pened that the poor fellow was one day app
hended for uttering forged bank-notes and
other charges. All his friends, even the co
itself, were convinced of his innocence, but m
than twenty witnesses swore that they knew hi
and that he was the culprit: it was imperati
therefore, to put the law in force, and senten
was passed accordingly. Many years afterwar
the real criminal was apprehended for fresh misd
meanours and committed to gaol. Here he fou
his prototype and continued to enact his pa
When the gaoler called him, he did not stir; b
when James the senior prisoner was summone
both came forward at once. The culprit cou
scarcely have been brought to trial, had not
third person who was connected with hi
been committed to prison. This person,

knew that the criminal had red hair, and advised that the heads of both should be washed with warm water. By means of this accident all was cleared up, and James was let at liberty. He is still living at New York, free, but in the most abject poverty, and of course despised. He has recently published a book, in which he relates all the tricks played him by his double: it proves the rogue to be at the same time an arch wag; for it details the most surprising contrivances and the most ludicrous situations into which James was brought by him. Sometimes, he was taken for a swindler, at others, for a madman.

All the period that Ducamp was committed to prison, James was still performing his daily penal task in the tread-mill, and, when he returned from his bootless labour and saw the new inmate sitting with a look of despair among the convicts, he imagined, in the goodness of his own heart, that he beheld a fresh victim of error and knavery; whereas Ducamp was a prey to shame and remorse. James strove to comfort him: he related to him his own history, and concluded with expressing his assurance that God would not forsake him in his tribulation, and that the day of deliverance was not far off. On Ducamp this story produced the very con-

trary effect to that which it w
for to the consciousness of h
the torturing thought that p
person might be suffering the
He resolved, in this case, to
pensation in his power for
confided his situation to his n
now made inquiries among th
and of the gaoler, and actuall
man named Macsleep was
charged with offences which
that he had himself committe
accumulated such a mass of e
this man, that he could scarcely
himself from the dilemma. D
hesitation begged his forgiver
that he had done the deed whic
Macsleep's charge, but cautiously
hoped to be able to justify himsel
mony, however, was not satisfacto
of the examination alone could de
admissibility; and Ducamp had n
situation a great deal worse. Macsl
was liberated and permitted to a
at large on giving bail and depo
amount of four thousand dollars.
deed, no such sum; but Ducamp

the money by his solicitor to the bail, and thus rolled a heavy stone from his heart.

When he had somewhat tranquillised himself by this step, he began to think of his own deliverance. His story had excited too strong a sensation, and too many expected that he would make further disclosures, in the hope of being indemnified for their losses, for him to expect to find any person willing to be security in his case. At length, his solicitor met with a poor devil, who had come but a few months before from France, and had been shopman to a dealer in French mercery. This fellow, with the aid of two witnesses, who swore that they had known him for five years in the United States, obtained letters of naturalisation in New York. The new citizen and bail were obliged to deposit twenty thousand dollars, and by means of this legal security, Ducamp also obtained permission to await his trial at large, but if he removed from the city the deposit would be forfeited. This deposit exhausted Ducamp's resources to the last cent: had more been required, he could not have gained his liberty: but it appears that in America people in general are so reasonable as to require no more than is possible. No sooner was Ducamp at liberty

New York, with a r
not to punish any other person for his off
In his heart, however, he had become an
concilable enemy to the North Americans,
for the purpose of seeking an opportuni
revenge himself, he repaired to the Six Nat
near Lake Huron.

This is no other person than the celebr
diplomatist who, by the name of Black Ha
conducts the affairs of those Indians, and
has ventured to pay several visits to New Y
taking care, however, to bring with him abu
ance of legal documents proving that he
really and truly Black Hawk, and that he
never had any other than this Indian designatio

THE LAST ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

A BRISK *vento greco* wafted us from the ever blooming plains of Sicily to the magnificent shore of Naples. We left Palermo at nine in the evening, and by the next morning were in sight of Uttica. So favourable a passage is very uncommon, and the captain, a lively Genoese, gave us hopes of a speedy voyage, when the wind, which had previously been fair, turned towards evening nearly due south. Our joy was increased to the highest pitch, when the last glowing rays of the sun, sinking in full majesty into the sea, tinged the high rocky shore of the Marble Island of Tiberius.

On our near approach to the new and beautiful goal, none of us felt the necessity of sleep, and though we knew that, if we entered the port after dark, we should not be allowed to land till next morning, we all resolved to sit up during the night: accordingly, the passengers assembled in the cabin, which, with

...mplished females. Th
first hours of the night flew away wi
same rapidity as our ship pursued her
through the deep, when, all at once, a g
huzza of the sailors, and cries of *Il mon*
monte! summoned us upon deck.

Of all the wonders of the world, its
vomiting mountains are certainly the
extraordinary. This phenomenon, beheld
dark night from the sea, surpasses all
ception. No trivial remark escaped our
no loud observation disturbed the fixed
tention with which all of us contemplated
magnificent sight. It was a long time bef
we were capable of expressing our amazeme
our rapture; and we resolved to pass the re
of the night upon deck, to watch the volcan
Camp-chairs were brought, and we seated ou
selves in a semicircle, turned towards th
mountain, towering above the yet invisible lin
of coast. The mildness of the

while our approach to the sublime object threw a magic charm over the inimitable night-piece. The increasing brilliancy of the column of fire eclipsed even that of the stars, and not a single luminous point was to be seen in the whole vast firmament, excepting the torrent, tinged with all the hues of fire, poured forth into the upper region of the atmosphere.

We stood into the harbour. Each had formed his own plan for obtaining a near view of the splendid phenomenon. This general desire was greatly heightened when I related that, before I went to Sicily, I had twice descended into the crater; that I had even climbed the little Vesuvius; that the wide clefts in the fields of lava forming its deceitful bottom had sent forth volumes of flame beneath my feet, and its sides emitted clouds of smoke; that I had scarcely been able to climb up the steep and scorching inner margin of the crater, and had at last succeeded only with burned boots and clothes. Even at that time the experienced inhabitants of Resina and of Torre del Greco, so often and so dreadfully destroyed, had, from infallible indications, predicted an approaching catastrophe; and the white conical column of smoke pouring forth at my last visit, the failure of

events generally succeeding su
cursors. I declared my resolution to
once more, and if possible to obser
eruption in the interior of the crater
All my companions dissuaded me i
strongest manner from this intention,
sight may be enjoyed in sufficient perf
on the margin, where any danger conse
on a change of wind, on which, as it is
known, every thing depends, may be
easily avoided. All dissuaded me—that
say, with the exception of a young En
lady. I asked her if she was the only pe
who agreed to my proposal; she smiled wit
making any reply.

The sun had risen over Calabria and r
dered the fire of Vesuvius invisible. Its clo
of smoke rested upon the Apennines, a
frequently obscured the light of day. T
harbour swarmed with vessels, and thousan
of curious spectators

nounced his absolving *Siete in pratica!* we all hurried into the boats which crowded round us, and, after undergoing the visitation of the custom-house officers, we repaired to our respective inns.

Naples is continually in a state of ferment, but on this day the bustle was much greater than usual. The eruption of the mountain had increased in violence from day to day, and had in the preceding night become truly alarming. Apprehensions began to be felt for the places at its foot, and arrangements to be made for saving their inhabitants. Meanwhile curious persons without number poured in long files of carriages to Portici, Torre dell' Annunziata, Resina, and Pompeji, and many ascended the mountain itself, to observe it as near as possible in its terrible beauty. I was one of the latter.

For the benefit of such readers as have not seen Vesuvius since the eruption of 1822, or perhaps not at all, it may be proper to describe its present state, from which it may be inferred that the descent into the crater is not so difficult as formerly, and that even during its last eruption this was by no means impracticable. At the eruption above-mentioned, which was one of the most violent on record, the whole

of the topmost peak, through
matters were previously proje
the long excavated crater, whi
a much greater extent. This
down in its former shape into
bosom of the mountain, and
the columns of fire at this ne
of it burst the streams of lava
surrounding the great crater.
called Little Vesuvius; and it
so high as the rocky ridge by
is encompassed. From the marg
you overlook the whole abyss,
places is several hundred feet de
walk at the top of the ridge ro
crater, though in parts, where
to crawl on all fours, the effort is

Good walkers may accomplish
two hours, or two hours and a
first visit, volumes of smoke issue
sides of the crater and from Li
and flames darted forth from th
fields of lava with which the cra
as it were, and which chiefly han
irregular manner, in colossal blo
another. It frequently happens
the mountain is perfectly quiet, t

of rock roll down; and in the ascent or descent of the crater, loose lumps of lava precipitate themselves into the abyss, to the imminent danger of those who follow or go before. In this lower world you would look in vain for a level spot, so that it is difficult to walk about there, on account of the inequality of the ground and the frequent chasms which are met with.

Such had I found the crater at my former visits; but now how altered was the scene! A white, dense pillar of smoke rose straight from the abyss, to an immense height, before it separated into the most extraordinary forms, resembling majestic pines. Though the sky was perfectly clear, still the atmosphere was frequently darkened, when the snow-white smoke overspreading the whole firmament turned to an ash-grey, at which times the sun himself was shorn of his power. Though I stood on the margin of the crater facing the sea, and it was mid-day, yet it was several times so dark that objects were illumined, not by the sun, but by the torrent of fire poured forth by the mountain.

I had provided myself with one of the most resolute young guides, and watched for some hours the course of the eruption. The noise in

the crater was so stunning that we were frequently obliged to stop our ears lest our hearing should suffer from it. The wind was still south-east, so that the smoke and the stones, projected to a great height, were driven invariably to the contiguous Somma, which was quite covered with red-hot ashes, and looked like another Vesuvius. I concerted a plan with my guide for the evening, as I had heard that a few days before many strangers had descended at night, and I was determined to follow their example, though the eruption had not then assumed so serious a character.

We returned therefore to the hermit, who was making preparations to retire for safety to Naples. Here I dined with several travellers, whom I had previously known at Rome and Naples, and who had come to see the eruption by night. Nothing unites men so easily as exposure to a common danger; and thus this jovial company joined heartily over the Lacrymæ Christi, with which we filled our bottles for the expedition. We were just going to start, when the English family, who had made the voyage from Sicily with us, arrived. Under such circumstances one is doubly rejoiced to meet with acquaintances, and it was no empty compliment

when we mutually assured each other that nothing more desirable could have befallen us. Our caravan now consisted of four ladies and thirteen gentlemen of various nations. The venerable, hoary-headed hermit commended us to Providence; but I had not then communicated my plan either to him or to the rest of the company.

As long as we rode on through the covered hollow ways in the lava, beyond which nothing can be seen, our troop were in the best spirits; though it is not unlikely that the heart of more than one might begin to beat with greater force at the rumbling beneath our feet, which became more and more vehement as we proceeded. But when we reached the level at the foot of the cone, where visiters dismount, and have to commence climbing the steep and stony ascent; when we beheld the mountain vomiting forth fire and smoke so close to us, and considered that the smallest change in the atmosphere might bury us beneath rocks and ashes—those who had previously been the loudest were suddenly struck mute, and some voices were even heard alleging that we should have done quite enough if we were here to commence our retreat. I immediately declared that I should not agree to such a proposal, and, as the noise of the moun-

example; and, with joyful surprise, I
young English lady, whose decisive c
had struck me during the voyage, as
among the foremost without any ass
After a fatiguing ascent of an hour, we r
the top, just as the sun was touching the h
Only a few elderly persons had stayed b
The scene was extraordinary, and the fur
proximity of the crater produced a shudde
it was impossible to repress.

The brilliant rays of the sun, ready to pl
into the Mediterranean, made a last effor
eclipse the light of the flaming mountain.
sank beneath the horizon, and then a spect
presented itself that cannot bear a distant c
parison with any other. What had bef
appeared to be smoke was now fire. The r
column of flame projected glowing rocks to
great height into the air, and the hot ashes, t
gether with the boiling lava bursting from ever

terrible character, which was greatly heightened by the thunder incessantly rolling in the agitated bowels of the mountain. My courageous guide cried out to me that he was resolved to perform his promise, but that we must set out without delay, as the wind was just then favourable. In a few words I acquainted the company with my resolution, and was taking my leave, when the young English lady stepped up to me and said, in a decisive tone, "I shall go with you."

We have frequent occasion to remark, and especially in travelling, that women have more courage to encounter visible dangers than men: but such resolution, such an overstepping of the bounds set by our notions to the female sex, could not at this moment have been expected of a young girl. No notice was therefore taken of her offer, but my companions used their best endeavours to dissuade me from my purpose. After every friendly remonstrance had proved unavailing, and I had walked away with my guide, we heard loud lamentations behind us, as the young lady insisted on accompanying me. When I looked round, both her sisters were on their knees before her, while her father stood by wringing his hands, and the rest of the company were trying to divert her from her intention.

[illegible] to her that the circumstances were [illegible]
different. She replied that she had well w[illegible]
every thing; that she had been inform[illegible]
a few days before several strangers, an[illegible]
females, had been in the crater; and that s[illegible]
cherished this resolution during the whole jou[illegible]

When I at length assured her that I [illegible]
given up my intention, she said sarcast[illegible]
that she could easily believe me, for it was [illegible]
the way of men to talk of dangers wit[illegible]
exposing themselves to them; but that not[illegible]
should prevent her from going, even if she w[illegible]
alone. I somewhat pacified the father by p[illegible]
mising to take all the care I could of his daugh[illegible]
and as the girl was not to be dissuaded, a tr[illegible]
affecting scene ensued at parting. Her fath[illegible]
and her disconsolate sisters clasped her in a lo[illegible]
embrace, and she seemed for a moment to fe[illegible]
how wrong it was to give such pain to so man[illegible]
hearts that dearly loved her.

When we found [illegible]

which somewhat facilitates the descent into it, and which is situated on the side towards Pompeii, I once more exerted all my eloquence to dissuade her from her purpose, but in vain. The guide went first, while I grasped his stick, and our fair companion held by my coat. In this manner, we arrived at the eventful spot, which is nearly opposite to that where we had left the company. Here we were obliged to sit down awhile to rest ourselves. The guide incessantly urged us to lose no time, and seemed to take no particular pleasure in the hazardous expedition. I acquainted the lady with his representations that the wind was incessantly shifting, and that, if it should blow towards us, we must be irretrievably lost.

Nothing could deter the girl from the attempt, and when the guide at length declared that, when below, her long clothes would presently be in flames, and that indeed they would not even permit her to run down the hill, she stepped aside, rolled up her lower garments in the form of a girdle about her waist, and rejoined us attired as a man. Such perseverance could not but conquer. I changed my dissuasions to jest, and sought to inspire her with that courage which a delicate female was very likely to lose,

sions to which I had before given way no
vanished in the necessity for decisive action.

We placed the girl between us, each holdi
her by one hand, and thus commenced o
descent. The brown lava-earth threw out a b
smoke under our feet, which sunk deep into i
at every step we slipped forward ten or twen
paces, without being able to stop, and th
reached the bottom of the crater with such vel
city that we knew not how we had got thithe
But here already very different phenomen
awaited us, and the utmost presence of min
agility, and foresight, were required to keep u
from falling a sacrifice to them.

The first obstacle we encountered was a broa
cleft, which we were obliged to leap over in run
ning down, for stopping was totally out of th
question; and, if this chasm had been wider, we
must infallibly have tumbled into it. The extra-
ordinary girl who accompanied us here exhibited

mountain became so violent that I was in momentary expectation of its bursting. The most vehement cannonade, the loudest thunder, are not to be compared with this tremendous noise; neither is it possible to describe all that was going forward in the infernal abyss. There was fire around, above, beneath us, and, without the utmost and incessant attention, we should ourselves have been on fire. The heat from below was much more intense than that from above; and the small flames, which here and there darted forth at us, like *ignes fatui*, as well as the long, broad stripes of fire, which suddenly broke out under us, rendered our progress extremely arduous.

We had been about half an hour in the crater, when the first stream of lava came towards us. Of a blood-red colour, and flowing majestically along, it took its course towards the Ottajano, destroying, with a tremendous cracking, all that lay in its way. We approached the glowing torrent, which was not of great breadth, but very high. The lava flowed so slowly that any one might easily have got out of its way, and whoever has seen a cannon-foundry may form a tolerable idea of its progress and appearance. Our young companion first ran up, to burn a corner of her pocket-handkerchief at it; but the

guide had a good
trouble to get out again with his iron-sho
The lava which adhered to the coin harde
soon as it came out of the torrent, and this
only memorial of the enterprise that we br
back with us!

We now pursued our way towards the c
of the crater, though at every step the pl
mena became more threatening and the
more terrific. At length, we reached the fo
Little Vesuvius. It was completely on fire,
so covered with dark crimson lava flowing d
its sides, that the column of flame above it seem
to issue from the great crater itself. The h
here was most intense. We durst not sta
still a moment, or we should have taken fir
and this alarming sensation, together with th
tremendous thunder and uproar around us, whic
stunned all our senses, made us think of return
ing. I intimated as much to the young lady,
and would have conducted her back, when fo
what reason I

Our guide stood as if astounded at this movement; I saw him by the brilliant light anxiously tripping after us over the blocks of lava, and, with outstretched arms, beckoning us to come back to him. We were too much engaged with the new picture that presented itself to pay attention to him, and besides, I was vexed that the man did not follow us: I ascribed this in my own mind to cowardice, not perceiving what a horrid obstacle was the real cause of his staying behind. A stream of lava had burst forth between us, and was flowing straight towards a point of the steep side of the crater which we had to pass; and, unless we reached that point before it, our retreat would be for ever cut off. Both of us discovered the danger at the same moment, and fear winged our steps. We luckily reached the extremity of this prodigious torrent of fire, but here we found so broad a chasm, which we must cross in order to get beyond the line which the lava had taken, that we both stood horror-struck before it.

The poor girl, who had thus far performed prodigies, was now exhausted. She had burned her beautiful hair; with difficulty I had saved her combustible dress, which was several times on fire; but now the poor creature was forsaken

the side of the crater. I su
I tried to ascend a few feet on the side
the lava, and actually found a less heated
like recess, where I deposited my burde
rubbed her temples with wine out of m
velling flask. After she had somewhat reco
I made her drink a little, and conjured h
summon all her strength to seek an outlet
she fell upon her knees to pray, and conj
me to leave her to her fate, as she could no
a step further. She pointed to her feet,
with horror I observed that her right foot
quite scorched.

The torrent of lava had completed its cou
to the great wall of the crater: here it turned
the right and pursued its way close to it, ju
below us. The heat was thereby rendered s
intolerable, that we could not have endured it
minute longer. I lifted my companion, wh
was still engaged in prayer, and carried her over
the cavern.

safety, when one of these rocks, on which I stepped gave way, and down I rolled with it. A great quantity of stones followed us, and it was a miracle that neither of us was hurt. The torrent of lava was now behind us, but we found ourselves again on the brink of the broad fiery chasm. I felt exceedingly exhausted, particularly by the heat, and though I might have ventured the leap alone, still, it would have been madness to attempt it with the girl in my arms. She was aware of this herself, and implored me to leave her and consult my own safety; but how was it possible for me to make up my mind to that?

While thus looking around in search of some way of escape, I suddenly perceived our trusty conductor at my side. With a bold leap he had crossed the chasm, and appeared like an angel sent for my deliverance. I was animated with new strength—but he pointed upward, with the fearful exclamation: *Cambia il vento!* and in a moment we were covered with a shower of hot ashes, and large fragments of rock fell cracking around us. The ground began to shake under our feet, and the roaring became so horrible, so stunning, that I fancied the whole mountain was tumbling and would bury us in its ruins. Young Salvator meanwhile lifted my half-dead compa-

How we climbed it I cannot tell. The s
reous vapour pursued us, and when, wi
severest exertion, we had advanced a littl
we frequently slipped almost as far back
Luckily the wind had not turned direct t
point, otherwise we should never have got

My sight often failed me; my knees re
their aid: and I was several times oblige
drop the poor girl, as I had scarcely stre
to support myself. Our guide, too, was q
exhausted, and it was only the remnant of
Lacrymæ Christi that enabled us to make ano
effort. When we had climbed two-thirds of
steep acclivity, the phenomena that surroun
us were truly horrible. The mountain seem
determined to vent upon us all its fury.
thunder rolled awfully, and the side of the cra
where we were ascending began to shake
frightfully, that we could scarcely keep our leg
and the danger of being hurled down again b
the motion seemed

last we reached the margin. Bathed in cold perspiration, I here sank down insensible, and it was several hours before we were able to proceed. Two or three gentlemen of the company, among whom was the father of our unfortunate companion in a state bordering upon madness, had, with their guides, come thus far to render us assistance. They came, alas! too late: the poor girl was in continual convulsions; the guide had his right arm nearly broken by the fall of a stone, and all were scorched and in a deplorable state. The caravan set out on its return in profound silence—what a change from the loud mirth which had prevailed in coming! The lady was carried down insensible. By day-break, we reached Resina. How different were our feelings at the preceding sun-rise, and what misery twenty-four hours may bring upon mortals! Like a funeral procession we entered Naples, and the melancholy tidings soon spread. Pity and consternation filled every heart at the intelligence of the misfortune of our young companion, who was highly esteemed by all that knew her, and whom medical aid was incapable of saving,

With a bleeding heart, I quitted Naples and the disconsolate family, and though they them-

selves and all present strove to soothe and to comfort me, and I have nothing wherewith to reproach myself, still this catastrophe will for ever haunt me and embitter my recollections of that heavenly country.

LHAUDA.

About the middle of the 17th century, there lived at the village of Bachet, near Meylan, two leagues from Grenoble, a young shepherdess, named Claudine Mignot, but commonly called, according to the custom of that country, Lhauda. She was virtuous and modest; her features were regular and animated; her complexion was tinged with the glow of health, and her figure elegant and captivating. Janin, secretary to Baron d'Amplerieux, the lord of Bachet, saw Lhauda, and became enamoured of her; nor was he disagreeable to the damsel. He, however, was accustomed to easy victories, and seemed to seek in Claudine rather a mistress than a partner for life. Though she was young and inexperienced, yet she soon perceived that her lover's intentions were not the most honourable; and vanity came to the aid of virtue, to protect her against his dishonourable intentions. "Why does he tarry so long?" said she to herself, "if

he really has a mind to marry me? I am fifteen, indeed I might say sixteen years old. I see that younger, plainer girls, neither so strong nor so clever as I am, obtain husbands. Perhaps Janin supposes I should not find another besides him. Why, I should have but to pick and choose. Whenever the young lads see me, one brings me roses, another violets, and a third a riband—in short, they are all anxious to please me. Janin must mind how he behaves: I am tired of waiting, and have a good mind to marry the first likely lad that offers."

Claudine's love for Janin seemed to cool from day to day. The more attention he paid her, the less was she disposed to forgive the evasions by which he strove to defer their union. He observed with what complacency she listened on different occasions to the young villagers: he grew jealous, complained, and received a sharp answer.

"Why," said he, "I only wish to prolong the spring-time of our love: the summer must come at last. May I solicit thy hand of thy parents?"

"I must obey my parents; that is the duty of a daughter," answered she with downcast looks. He indulged a hope that the ties of matrimony would draw nearer to him the heart

which he seemed to have lost; and the very same day he applied to Pierro and Thievena for the hand of their daughter. Claudine's father gave his assent; he was fond of Janin. Thievena seemed to coincide with the wish of her husband. Janin hastened away to make preparations for the nuptials, and to provide the presents which he designed to make to his fair bride. When Pierro was alone with his wife, he began to sound Janin's praise.

"The young man," said he, "is somewhat spoiled to be sure by associating with gentlemen, and especially with him in whose service he is; but he is an excellent match for our Claudine: he has four pair of oxen and a fine flock of sheep: his fields and his vineyard supply him with more corn and wine than are required to support a wife and children, if Heaven should send him ever so many. They will have it in their power to do something for us if we need it. The only fault I find with him is, that he seems rather too genteel for our daughter."

"Too genteel! a secretary too genteel, forsooth!" replied Thievena: "for my part I think him too clownish. Our Claudine deserves to be the wife of a king—yes, of a king! Hast thou forgot that I had her fortune told when she

prophecies? Janin is the best match in the village—or dost thou know a better?"

"If I did," rejoined Thievena, "I should not have held my tongue when Janin proposed for her—no that I should not."

Not have held thy tongue, indeed!" muttered Pierro, as he left the cottage.

The enamoured Janin now made the requisite preparations for the nuptials with as much despatch as he had before shown backwardness. Lhauda seemed neither pleased nor dissatisfied, but manifested the same indifference as if she had been any other than the bride. Among other formalities, Janin deemed it his duty to present Claudine to M. d'Amplerieux, and to request him to subscribe the marriage-contract. This gentleman, who was no longer young, but possessed a large fortune, had passed his early years at court, in the mazes of high life and of gallantry, and had quitted the world at the moment when it forsook him, to spend the

charms. The reception of the young country-girl at the castle of Amplerieux, was more flattering than she could have wished. The baron was enchanted by her beauty, praised the taste of his fortunate secretary, and paid the most marked attentions to his lovely bride. Claudine and Thievena returned home quite transported with the condescension of M. d'Amplerieux.

As soon as they were gone, the baron sent for Janin. "Your bride," said he, "is too handsome to wear the coarse ornaments customary in this village; I will undertake to provide the jewels for her wedding attire. As for you, I want you to repair to-morrow in all haste to Lyons, where I have business which requires your presence. Your love to Claudine assures me that that you will lose no time in performing it, for till then your union must be deferred."

This command filled Janin with mingled joy and mortification. His happiness was delayed, but the commission was an honourable proof of the confidence which M. d'Amplerieux reposed in him, and of the interest which he felt for Claudine. Next morning, he informed the bride and her parents of the errand on which he was obliged to go. Thievena and her daughter

his own feelings.

The day after Janin's departure for Ly
scene, such as the oldest villagers had never
nessed, was exhibited at the village of Ba
the owner of the castle, namely, a gentle
and a courtier, paid a visit to the cottage
poor peasant. He found Lhauda and her mo
at home; Pierro was at work in the viney
At the sight of M. d'Amplerieux, Thievena
so astounded, that she knew not what she
and Claudine blushed, not so much from mode
as vanity. In their anxiety to prove themsel
worthy by their attention of so distinguished
honour, pots, spinning-wheels, stools and oth
articles which covered the floor, were throw
pell-mell upon one another. The polite visit
seemed not to notice the confusion; he seat
himself on the only chair that was left on its leg
and when Claudine and her mother had some
what recovered from their trepidation, he th
spoke:—

could not help sacrificing them at the shrine of beauty; for to beauty belong of right all hearts, all minds, all wealth, and all crowns."

"Yes, indeed, all crowns!" repeated the mother, glancing at Lhauda's nymph-like figure.

"I have nothing," continued the baron, but a castle, a few houses, some thousand acres of land, vineyards, forests, rich pastures, and numerous flocks; but the little I possess I am ready to lay at the feet of the fair Lhauda."

Mother and daughter looked at each other, and knew not what answer to make. By what miracle could a man of such rank have been induced to propose marriage to a poor humble country girl? D'Amplerieux guessed the cause of their silence, and thus proceeded—

"Janin, my secretary, loves thee, fair Lhauda: unworthy as he is in point of birth and property to call so many charms his own, still the thought of parting you would not have come into my mind, if thy heart had shared the feelings of his: for love is always the price of love; it supplies the want of every thing else, though nothing can make amends for the want of it. But Janin himself told me in what manner he deservedly lost thy love; and I thought yesterday that I perceived he had lost it for ever. Thy heart is

gain the beautiful and the virtuous Cla
The idea of seeing her in my castle tran
me; but it is only by my name that she
appear there."

Thus spoke M. d'Amplerieux, and re
saying that he would call again the nex
for Claudine's answer. "Remember," a
he, raising her hand to his lips, "that thy
and mine depend on thy decision."

No sooner was Thievena alone with
daughter, than she clasped her in her arms,
strained her to her bosom. "At length," c
she, "my dear Lhauda, the gipsy's propl
begins to be accomplished. Thou art, ind
not yet a queen—but a lady, yes, a grand lad

Claudine seemed to be lost in thought.

"What!" said her mother, "canst thou
think of that Janin, who put thee off so lo
and now finds he could not do better than ma
thee his wife?

"Neither was thy father young when I married him, and yet we were happy. Ah! my dear Claudine, what a triumph for thee to sit at church in the baron's pew! Whenever thou passest along, the cry will be, There is Madame d'Amplerieux!—Who comes there? Why, Madame d'Amplerieux—Make room for Madame d'Amplerieux!—Long live Madame d'Amplerieux! And then what an honour for me to say, Madame d'Amplerieux, my daughter! No more toiling and moiling, no fear of bad weather, no apprehension of winter! A rousing fire and plenty of good cheer! We shall all live ten years the longer at least, that is to say, in case the sudden joy does not kill me. Not a minute more shall thy good fortune be deferred. Come, let's seek thy father, to tell him that thou art queen of Amplerieux—pshaw! baroness d'Amplerieux I would say."

As soon as honest Pierro had heard his wife's story, "Silly woman!" cried he angrily, "I would have a son-in-law at whose table I could sit down without a world of compliments, and who could take his place at mine without blushing. It would become thy daughter indeed to exchange her stuff gown for silks and velvet! Let her marry a man of quality, and she will

to sow and to reap the corn. My daughter's h
band shall labour, and earn the bread he e
What would the fine ladies of quality say
they saw Lhauda here preferred to them? w
our neighbours, the wives and damsels of
village? Once more, Thievena, I tell th
thou art stark-staring mad. Don't pester
with any more of thy foolish fancies!"

Thievena and Claudine durst not reply, f
Pierro was passionate, and sometimes roug
Next morning, when he seemed to have rec
vered his good humour, Thievena renewed th
subject: but Pierro was inflexible. How wa
it possible to confess to M. d'Amplerieux that
poor vine-dresser peremptorily refused him th
hand of his daughter! Thievena repaired pri
vately to the castle. The baron perceived from
the perturbation expressed by her countenance
what answer she had brought; but when he was
informed from what quarter the resistance

you to my level: well then, I will lower myself to yours. Keep the matter secret from all but Claudine; and when you see me with honest Pierro, feign both of you not to know me."

M. d'Amplerieux called together his people, and enjoined the most profound silence in case of any inquiries that might be made respecting the way of life he was about to pursue. He then quitted the castle, and took up his abode at a shepherd's cottage which he possessed at the extremity of the village. Next day, in the disguise of a shepherd, and, by the name of Luke, he drove his flock to the grounds contiguous to Pierro's vineyard. Luke was so courteous, he watched his sheep so attentively to prevent their doing mischief, and praised so adroitly Pierro's operations, his perseverance, the moderation of his wishes, and the wisdom of his discourse, that in a short time he had deeply ingratiated himself in Pierro's favour. Pierro and Luke soon became inseparable. Lhauda and Thievena, with whom the rather aged swain had private interviews, supported him with all their influence. Meanwhile Janin, who was still at Lyons, daily received fresh commissions and orders, which obliged him to defer from time to time his return to Bachet. The letters which he addressed to

[illegible] on account of his absence.

When M. d'Amplerieux conceived [illegible] had firmly established himself in Pierro's [illegible] he sat down one day with him under a [illegible] tree.

"Master Pierro," said he, "you seem t[illegible] a partiality for me, and your friendship [illegible] me the happiest of men. One thing only [illegible] me pain, namely, that my age and circumst[illegible] will not permit me to become your son-in-[illegible]

"Indeed," replied Pierro, "I should ap[illegible] hend that my daughter would think you [illegible] quite young enough, and my wife not [illegible] enough, for she is ambitious, very ambitio[illegible] that wife of mine."

"I have some other property besides [illegible] flock," rejoined Luke; "perhaps it might [illegible] possible to gain Thievena. As to Claudin[illegible] have but little hopes of inspiring her with lo[illegible] but in matrimony it is sufficient if there be o[illegible] no dislike. Were I as sure of [illegible]

So saying he reached him his hand, and they gave each other a mutual promise. Luke considered it a favourable moment for throwing off the mask, and undeceiving Pierro. On hearing M. d'Amplerieux's explanation, he became uneasy, attempted to excuse himself, and mentioned Janin, whom he had quite forgotten.

"He is a young fellow," said the baron, "who thinks of nothing but his pleasures. Were he really attached to your daughter, he would at this moment be here: his business at Lyons was finished several weeks since; but he is never at a loss for pretexts to prolong his stay in that city, where I know he is leading a very dissolute life. Besides, your daughter has ceased to love him, and their union must of necessity prove most unhappy."

Pierro perceived that there was no loophole for escape, and he found all attempts to evade the baron's wishes unavailing. At length, he gave his hand and assented.

The report of so unusual and unequal a match soon spread throughout the whole country, and even reached Lyons. Janin, though he thought the story most improbable, yet quitted that city, and hastened to Bachet. He arrived at midnight; he knocked at the doors of the castle,

Nobody answered. He was now satisfi
the truth of the report.

The idea that Lhauda was lost to him
whelmed his soul with despair; but, whe
reflected that another possessed her, his h
which was closed against hope, opened to
lousy, and he felt the whole power of that
He determined to take a signal revenge.

At the foot of the hill, in a deep dark cav
dwelt a hag renowned for prophetic talent
witchcraft.

The hour was favourable for the myste
of necromancy, and Janin resolved to a
himself of it.

The sibyl had not yet retired to rest.

"Thou knowest," said he, "the most sec
thoughts of men: thou knowest what has broug
me hither. If thou canst not prosper my passio
aid me at least to avenge myself."

"The power of love," replied the hag, "
superior to mine.

Claudine's heart is a rock to thee—the seed which thou strewest on it is thrown away."

"Shame on thy head, thou beldam!" exclaimed Janin. "Thou knowest not the force of love. I was Lhauda's first love. She cannot have forgotten me!"

With these words, he rushed forth into the wood, and there passed the remainder of the night.

Morning dawned—the village was all life and bustle. Cannons thundered, bells rang, trumpets sounded—shouts of joy, songs, garlands of flowers, all announced the nuptials of M. d'Amplerieux. Poor Janin! could he but speak to Pierro, and see Lhauda for a moment, what hopes might he not cherish for his heart, in which love and hatred, his better feelings, and the thoughts of his dishonour, were engaged in tremendous conflict! He heard the acclamations in the castle, and ventured not to approach. He beheld Claudine walking arm in arm with the baron through the garden, and durst not tear her from his side. Claudine had seen him stealing through the shrubbery. She blushed.

"Did we not all believe," said she to herself, "that Janin was still at Lyons, and had forgotten me? Have I then been deceived? How is this?

By what means has poor Ja
Such were the questions t
mind, and excited within h

At the foot of the castle
rushes along between dark
site side rises an abrupt
overhangs the stream, an
to the castle as to comma
passes in the latter.

Janin, with the fearless
cended to the summit of thi
tapers in the castle burne
well-known scenery around
in the mild moonlight, he f
the passion that inflamed hi
soon obscured the face of the
the castle ceased, the lights
and all became

and Thievena to her domestic occupations: they were no longer admitted at the castle; and it was not without great difficulty that Madame d'Amplerieux now and then obtained permission to lower herself so far as to visit her poor old parents in secret. Pierro had foreseen his misfortune; he therefore bore it in silence: but Thievena's vanity, which was so painfully disappointed, transformed her tongue into a two-edged sword whenever mention was made of her noble son-in-law.

Lhauda had not long to endure this galling yoke. M. d'Amplerieux died, and left her his whole property, which was very considerable. The first use to which she applied it was to make provision for her parents, and to erect a simple monument to the memory of Janin on the rock over the brook. It exhibited a female figure throwing flowers into an empty urn.

Madame d'Amplerieux, however, did not remain in quiet possession of the large fortune bequeathed to her by her deceased husband. His relatives thronged around to plunder her: inequality of birth was alleged as a pretext for persecutions, and the marriage itself was attacked as invalid. The matter became serious; a suit at law was instituted, and Madame d'Amplerieux

pital, who was upwards of seventy, and had
many years a widower. His influence mig
doubt turn the scale in favour of the lady
word from him——but he would not fo
world, as he said, afford cause for the slig
imputation on the character of the young w
——people might suspect an intimacy—
short, he solicited her hand, alleging that it
not till he had received it that he could ven
to stir in her business.

The name and rank of the marshal flatte
Claudine's vanity. A union with an old n
was nothing new to her; she knew that if a
husbands are inconvenient they are not so lo

It seemed indeed as if she had only given h
hand to the marshal, in order to assist him
descend the more speedily and agreeably in
the grave.

In a few months, he followed M. d'Ampl
rieux, and left his wife poorer than when h

Thievena was delighted with the intelligence of her daughter's union with a marshal of France. She was not yet cured by any means of her vanity. By the words—"My daughter, Madame la Marechale de l'Hôpital: Yes, my daughter,"—she consoled herself for the contemptuous treatment she had experienced from the baron. Pierro, on the contrary, was far from rejoicing at this new match.

"Ah!" said he, dolefully, "it is a great way from Bachet to Paris: I shall never more press my daughter to my bosom; never shall I again clasp her hand in mine!"—

"The question here is about our child's prosperity, and not our happiness," replied Thievena.

"She is now the wife of a marshal, by and by she will be a princess, and then a queen—yes, a queen. The gipsy-woman said so."

A prince, who had been Jesuit, cardinal, and monarch, John Casimir II. King of Poland, had abdicated the crown, and retired to France, where Louis XIV. assigned him the abbey of Saint Germain des Près for his residence. This prince, who had ceased to be a Jesuit and a king, became noted for his insinuating manners and gallantries. He saw the fair Marechale de

vanity it most w
and if Claudine did not publicly rece
title of queen, still every body knew t
was the wife of a king.

The news reached the humble cottage
father, who died of grief, while joy
equally fatal to her mother. John C
soon followed them, and Claudine was a
time left a widow, in the space of fifteen y
The only child she ever had, a daughter,
issue of her last marriage, was not acknowle
by John Casimir's relations. Her union
the King of Poland had not augmented
property; and the shepherdess, who had
come a queen, lived long enough to see
posterity sink into still more indigent circu
stances than those in which she herself was bor

More than one of the aged inhabitants
Grenoble can yet remember a little Claudin
who solicited the public commiseration wit
the words, "Bestow your charity on th

THE TWO WIDOWS.

HAVING passed a considerable part of the summer in a tour among the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and having been detained there till the end of September by the fascinations of the beautiful and romantic scenery in their neighbourhood, I resolved on passing the month of October at Harrowgate, which I reached in the morning of a most lovely autumnal day. I proceeded to the principal hotel or boarding-house, and, having secured my bed-room, and made a few necessary arrangements, I set out for the Wells, intending to join the party at the *table d'hôte* at the usual dinner hour. On my return I perceived at the door of the hotel a handsome barouche and four, from which servants were taking the luggage, and, on my nearer approach, I recognised, in a gentleman who was just descending from it, an old school-fellow, with whom I had

family, but small estate; and having rem
at the school at which we were together
was sixteen, he was, through the interes
friend, presented with a writership and w
India, where he was eminently successfu
had already amassed a very considerable fo
when the death of his father and elder br
within a few days of each other, recalled
at the age of fifty, to take possession of th
and estate; but he had brought back a r
constitution, an enervated mind, and depr
spirits; so that when, some few years pre
to the period of which I am now writing,
him at Bath, I had difficulty to trace, i
peevish, emaciated, and melancholy invalid
slightest vestige of the laughing, joyous,
animated boy, who had shared my school
sures, and sympathised in my juvenile distre
Since this meeting we had frequently met,
occasionally corresponded, and I was glad

season of gay feelings, delightful anticipations, and transient sorrows, that happy period,

> The April of existence, when the eye
> Is bright, and unacquainted with a tear,
> Save such as Hope can in an instant dry.
>
> A. WATTS.

We entered the hotel together, and at the dinner table we were, according to rule, placed next to each other. The company was numerous, and, as is usual, afforded infinite variety, consisting of some beautiful girls and fine young men, with the accustomed number of grey or bald-headed old gentlemen, ancient maidens, comely wives, dashing widows, and rouged and flaxen-wigged dowagers, with a large proportion of quizzes and nondescripts. Exactly opposite to Sir William and myself were placed two ladies: the elder, who seemed to be about fifty, had nothing remarkable in her appearance; she was fat, and had a good-humoured countenance: the other lady (her friend) might be about thirty; she was extremely handsome, and finely formed; and her majestic figure and noble cast of countenance were shown to advantage by her becoming, though singular, attire, which was a flowing dress of black crape, embroidered round the edge with branches of cypress. On her

chain of jet, to which was a
a locket containing hair, was passed roun
neck, and bracelets of the same material
pleted her dress.

After having been seated for a few mi
at dinner, I perceived her to fix her
intently on Sir William, and exhibit sign
the most alarming agitation; she took out
essence bottle, called for water, and appe
to make every effort to recover herself, an
length whispered to her friend, who see
anxiously to persuade her to endeavour to rem
at table. Sir William, who could not av
noticing her distress, recommended a glass
wine rather than water, and requested the hon
of taking some with her; at the sound
his voice she started, trembled, and, af
apparently making a violent effort to conqu
her feelings, burst into tears, and, accompani
by her friend, quitted the room.

"This," said I, "is very extraordi

you ever met before?"—"Never in my life, to my knowledge," said he, "but I do not care how soon we meet again; she is a beautiful creature, and I feel curious to know the occasion of this attack, which, as you say, did seem to be brought on by looking at me."

After sitting the usual time at our wine, we adjourned to the drawing-room, where all the ladies and several of the gentlemen were assembled, and, perceiving our fair invalid and her friend on a sofa together, we approached them and inquired after the health of the former; she thanked us in a musical voice, and with a sweet smile professed herself much hetter, and, after a little general conversation, I entered into talk with her on the subject of the Lakes, which I told her I had just left, and which she professed her intention of visiting in the course of the following summer.

Sir William and the friend were in the meantime deeply engaged in a conversation, the whole of which I was prevented from hearing, by the sound of so many other voices near us, but I could occasionally catch a few words from the lady, such as "a charming woman—variety of offers—but so devoted—can never expect such happiness again—memory—refinement—

these days, &c. &c. &c.

In the course of the evening I fou
opportunity to ask some of the party who
ladies were, and was informed that the yo
was a Mrs. Morton, the widow of an o
that she was much admired by the gentle
but was not at all a favourite with the la
that she had been seen a great deal at p
places, and had received particular atten
from several gentlemen, but seldom any
serious nature, which was not wonderful, as
informant added that she appeared to hav
great turn for expense, and was supposed t
in possession of only a slender income;
singularity in still continuing to wear the colo
and the emblems of woe, while her dress
hibited proofs of the most fantastic vanity, h
been much ridiculed, and the reality of h
deeply-seated grief for the loss of her husban
was much doubted, especially by those of h
own sex. The other ladi

her fair niece, and they appeared to be well known in all places which were the resort of the gay and the idle.

In the course of a few days, however, I noticed that Sir William was a constant attendant on the fair widow; his whimsicalities and his complaints seemed forgotten while he was conversing with her, and having, before a week was completed, heard him, at her suggestion, gravely propose mounting the coach-box and driving her himself in his barouche to visit some of the neighbouring villages, I became really uneasy, and, seizing the opportunity at an hour in which I knew the ladies were otherwise engaged, I invited him to take a walk with me, to which he consented very readily. When we had proceeded a little way—

"Pray," said I, "how is it that you and I are almost strangers? I do not think I have had an hour's conversation with you since the first day that you came here. Have the charms of the beautiful widow entirely fascinated you?"

"Ah, Medley," said he, "I thought I should not escape your observation, but I am really not sorry that you have yourself introduced the subject, as it is always an awkward one for a man to begin himself; but to tell you the truth,

"That is not her attraction in my eyes," said Sir William; "I have gazed on beauty unmoved, and, though it may have excited my admiration, it would never have gained my love. The charm of Mrs. Morton in my eyes is her devoted attachment to the memory of her husband; her aunt has told me such instances of her love for him while living, and her fond remembrance of him now that he is dead, that I venerate and admire her, and could not have thought the female mind capable of cherishing such constant recollection and fidelity."

"How, then," said I, "can you encourage yourself in an attachment which, if reciprocal, must deprive her of that meritorious constancy which has made so deep an impression on your mind?"

"You shall hear," said he; "and when you have listened to what I have to relate, you will find those feelings not so incompatible as they

the occasion of it was my wonderful likeness to her late husband, which, she said, was quite supernatural; my face and form she thought the exact prototype of his, and when I spoke, the voice was so similar that it produced the effect you witnessed."

"Mrs. Morton's husband must then have been much older than herself, "said I, significantly: "I understand that he has been dead for several years."

"That," replied Sir William, peevishly, "I did not ask; but she herself says that not only do I exactly resemble him in person, but that in our manners, as well as our sentiments and opinions, on every subject, there is the same almost miraculous coincidence, and that there is not another human being in existence to whom she could be prevailed on to give her hand; but that in marrying me she shall feel as if reunited to her beloved husband, and will not consider it as any breach of the vow of fidelity that she pledged herself to observe to his memory."

"It is altogether," said I, "a very extraordinary circumstance; but how very sudden is this resolution of yours! I never thought that, having lived to the age of sixty unmarried, as

single has been the difficulty of making a pr
dent choice. I saw multitudes of our countr
women in India, but they came thither purposel
to gain establishments, and that of itself wa
quite sufficient to disgust me."

"Ladies in England," said I, interrupting him, "sometimes prefer a journey to Harrogate, Bath, or Cheltenham."

"That," said he, "is nothing to the purpose. I wish you would hear me out without interruption. I was going to observe that my feelings are peculiarly delicate, and that I should be wretched if I thought that I was chosen only for the rank and wealth which it is in my power to bestow upon a wife. I am not coxcomb enough to suppose that, at my age, and with my broken constitution and irascible temper, I should be likely to gain the affection of a young and lovely woman; but this is a very peculiar case, and Mrs. Morton, the first moment she saw me, felt an immediate

those tears that she had shed without ceasing since his death: and this you will observe must have been on her part a real and disinterested feeling, for, as I had but just arrived, she could hardly have known even my name, much less whether I was rich or poor."

"You forget," said I, "your barouche and four, which remained for nearly half an hour at the door of the hotel, and I cannot quite comprehend, as this lady has shed such oceans of tears, why she should select Harrowgate, Bath, Scarborough, &c., for the scene of these lacrymals, for I am credibly informed that these are the retreats in which she has chosen to pass the melancholy years of her widowhood; but I beg pardon, I forget that I had promised not to interrupt you, pray proceed."

"Her having been a frequent visiter at these places," said Sir William, "has been entirely against her own wishes or inclination, and merely in compliance with the desire of her aunt, who was really fearful of the effect that solitude might have on her mind in such a state of suffering; but her natural disposition is of the most retired and domestic kind; she would never by choice leave home; she is quite devoted to reading and sedentary amusements, and is so excellent a nurse, and so fond of the duty of

much in the habit of devoting herself
comfort and amusement of her husband
was always sickly and complaining, tha
would not feel herself half so useful, an
sequently not half so happy, with a healthy
and I really think that, as my good fortun
thrown so fine a young woman in my way,
so strong a prepossession in my favour,
with tastes and feelings that would render h
charming a companion for a poor invalid
myself, I should be greatly to blame to let
opportunity escape me. She is not rich,
that is of no sort of consequence: I have mo
enough for both, and I am sure that you
think so too, and I am therefore glad of t
opportunity of asking your advice."

"Which," said I, "will I suppose
valued and followed in the exact proportion
which it may happen to accord with your ow
opinion, for that, I believe, is the usual

herself but in general terms: all the information that I have been giving you respecting her proceeded from the aunt, who is a most discreet and sensible woman."

"Let me entreat you," said I, "to do nothing rashly; your acquaintance is yet but of a few days' standing. Take time to see and hear a little more, and do not commit yourself by speaking decisively to her for at least a fortnight. Promise me this, I beg of you."

"Well," said he, "I can, I think, venture to promise you as much as that; but mind, you only stipulate for a fortnight, for you know I have not much time to lose; though you are mistaken in thinking me sixty, I am only fifty-nine, and perhaps, if I had a comfortable home, and somebody to amuse me and to care for me, I might recover my health and spirits and be as well as ever."

"Perhaps so," said I; "but I see a party approaching who will put an end to our conference, so we will resume it at some future time; but remember your promise."

For a week after this, all went on smoothly; my poor friend was completely in a fool's paradise; he rode on horseback, wore fashionable boots, sent to town for a coat of the most stylish

a whisper, and assented to all that wa
appearing to have neither will nor opin
her own, and I perceived that Sir Willia
impatient for the expiration of the time
his promise to me bound him to wait bef
made his proposals in form. A few days
before this period would have arrived, I happ
to be at one of the inns when the London
arrived, and, among the passengers, I perce
Freeman, who has been for many years
stockbroker, and is a very honest as well
very wealthy man, though not exactly a gen
man either in appearance or manner, being v
short, very fat, and very florid, and havin
purple nose, which speaks of the devotion of
master, not to the purple light of love, but
the purple juice of the grape, to the free use
which, added to the usual city indulgences
turtle and venison, he is indebted for sund
humours which show themselves in the form
pimples, to remove some of which was probab
the occasion of his visit to Harrow

you here—left the Bear garden, you see, for a little Yorkshire physic—won't stay longer than I can help, though—making money like dirt in London, but no use without health—doctor told me a fortnight at Harrowgate would set me up again—offered him five hundred pounds to cure me without leaving town—should make double the money by staying, but he says it won't do, so left home and lots of invitations to venison dinners, and claret and hock, and am sent down here with orders to eat mutton and drink Harrowgate water. Ha! ha! ha!"

The next morning I met him at the well, and joined him in the walk, having just parted from Sir William and the widow, who were proceeding homewards.

"Ah," said he, "I see you know Mrs. Morton—a widow still, hey! fine woman though, but old birds, you know, (winking his eye) are not caught with chaff."

"The lady," said I, "is still a widow, but not likely long I fancy to remain so: the gentleman who is walking with her pays particular attention, and, I believe, is likely to succeed."

"What!" said Freeman, "forgot the dear departed, hey!"

"Not altogether," said I, "for though I

which affected her most alarmingly th
she saw him in this place."

Here the little stock-broker burs
violent a shock of laughter, that every
turned on him, and, having in his c
dropped his glass of water on the g
order to prevent himself from followi
caught hold of the shawl of a young l
stood near him, and who, with looks of
terror, left it in his hand and made he
probably thinking that he was seized wit
phobia. I had enough to do to apolog
restore order, but it was not till after a
burst of laughter, and sundry chuckles a
tortions of mirth, that he could compose
sufficiently to explain to me the cause
uproar.

"Do you really," said he, "mean to s
the widow has placed her affections on th
thin, gentlemanly-looking man, on whos
she was leaning when she left the walk
that it is in consequence of his

"Exactly so," said I.

"Why," resumed he, after another convulsion of laughter, "I was once very near being taken in by this very Mrs. Morton myself; I met her two years ago at Margate, and she was struck at the sight of me in the same manner: I was the express image of her departed love, I spoke like him, laughed like him, and had exactly his free and joyous temper, and she told me that though he had been something too much of a *bon-vivant*, he was one of the most good-natured fellows on earth, and always the life of the company, just as I was. Well, all this made some impression on me; not that I should have cared a pin for it, if I had heard it in London, where I am always busy from morning till night; but, when one leaves business and comes to a watering-place, one is always somewhat disposed to fall in love, from having nothing on earth else to do—and then the women all look so pretty, are so well dressed, and make themselves so agreeable, that I have more than once felt disposed to make a fool of myself, and this time I really had a narrow escape, for I thought such a handsome and loving wife as she would be likely to make I might not meet with again in a hurry; but, by the greatest chance in the world, I met one

diately recollected Mrs. Morton, whose l
had been a lieutenant in the same regime
him, and he told me he was a little,
looking, broken-spirited, contemptible
despised by most of the officers, but by
so much as by his wife, whose insolenc
was noticed by every body. They li
life of a cat and dog, and her shameful
of him in the illness which terminated
had exposed her to the severest repre
She was the daughter of a country sho
had not sixpence of fortune, but had ev
position to spend a large one. This
was quite enough for me; I took Frenc
set off by the steam-packet, and got to
time for a six o'clock dinner, and I
roasted duck, and drank my bottle of po
with double relish, from the thought th
still my own man."

"You will," said I, "have no obje

"Not in the least," replied he, "I will readily do a good turn for him, as my friend at Margate did for me, and really this trick of resemblance is too barefaced, and will soon be as common as ring or money-dropping."

On our return to the hotel, I communicated to Sir William all that I had heard, and introduced him to the little stock-broker, who confirmed it. Sir William's eyes were opened; he thanked us both with great sincerity, and the next morning the barouche and four was at the door at an early hour, and, while we were at breakfast, it was announced by some of the company that Sir William Etherington had taken his departure from Harrowgate without any intention of returning to it during the present season.

A few days afterwards, I fell in with General Lumley, who is, like myself, a frequent visiter to this place. I related the above anecdote to him, and we made ourselves very merry with this and similar stories, of which we could, each of us, recollect more than one.

"Medley," said he at length, "I do not think it quite fair that we should be so universal in our satire: there are good and bad of all sorts; there are many hundreds of artful scheming women,

would redeem the faul
follies of half their sex: but women
estimable character are comparatively bu
known; they do not exhibit themselves
public view, but it is in retirement, in the
of their families, or among their own conne
that we must seek them. I can introduce
to a widow whose constancy has been unsh
and whose affection has survived the object
through the changes of half a century of wid
hood."

"Well," said I, laughing, "if that is the c
I may visit her without danger; but when
first spoke I was fearful you were going
expose me to the temptation of some youth
Ephesian matron."

"The lady of whom I speak," said the Gener
"has been known to me from my earliest year
she is now nearly eighty years of age, an
when I was a mere boy, she was a beautiful an
admired woman. She was an heiress and a
orphan, and, at about the age of twenty, wa
married to Sir Robert

I can remember, when at home for the holidays, being taken to visit at Shirley Park, and never have I seen any living creature so beautiful as was then Lady Shirley, and I have heard my father say that he never witnessed a union which seemed to afford such perfect happiness. Her whole idea of earthly felicity seemed centred in her husband; his wish was a law to her; his sentiments became hers; she formed her character on the model of his, and the result was as perfect domestic bliss, and as perfect excellence of conduct, as are to be attained by mortals while in this world of error.

But this was not to last; a fever, brought on by over fatigue, and cold taken after a day of riding, terminated the life of Sir Robert, eight years after his marriage, and he left his wife, at the age of about eight and twenty, possessed of perfect beauty, a splendid fortune at her own disposal, and the reputation of having made her husband the happiest man in the county. For one month after his death she was seen by no one; the answer to all inquiries was that she was not dangerously ill, but too unwell to receive the visits even of her most intimate friends. At the end of that period she again appeared, but how changed!—it seemed that the events of a few weeks had done

the matchless harmony of her features; but the face was no longer radiant with happiness, the eyes no longer sparkled in the light and sunshine of her felicity; the smile of welcome was no more; no more did she advance with light and joyous step to meet those who loved her and wished her well, but she stood like a monumental figure on the tomb of the dead, as pale, as cold, and almost as lifeless.

She spoke not of her feelings herself, but she did not avoid the subject when introduced by another. At the mention of her husband, a slight convulsive spasm, passing across her face, showed how her heart vibrated to the name: but hers was not the grief that can find relief in words, and those who came with the wish to console her, found that the greatest kindness they could show her was to be silent.

There was no parade or affectation of any sort about her, and none was shown in her mourning

simplicity and elegance, without show or splendour. At this period she was surrounded by lovers; few women, I should think, have ever had more, or more advantageous offers, than she received. She might have added riches to her own wealth, and exchanged her own title for some that ranked high in the peerage, but to all her answer was the same—polite, but decisive; every one felt that it was final, and, though disappointed, few were offended.

One of her admirers, the Nimrod of the county, a man of rough manners and exuberant spirits, was rallied at a public dinner, on his dismissal by the beautiful widow, and advised not to give up the chase so easily, and reminded of his own frequently given opinion on the stability of woman, but he emphatically declared that such calm determination, with such unaffected sweetness and gentleness of manner, he had never before witnessed; that the man must be worse than a savage who could give her a moment's uneasiness by persevering in a suit that she had declared fruitless, and that, if he knew any one who did so, he would willingly horsewhip him with his own hand.

"Her resolution to remain single became generally known, and she was freed from the

"She has now passed rather more than fifty years in her state of widowhood, and has never been twenty miles from her own house in all that time; she spends her noble fortune entirely in acts of beneficence, friendship, and charity. You will not hear of her at Bible-meetings, but it is not her fault if any cottager, within ten miles of her estate, has not a Bible in his possession; you will not see her name enrolled in the list of subscribers to Missionary Societies; but she throws on all around her, and who are within the sphere of her influence, the light of Christianity, while in her own conduct and character she holds forth a brilliant example of all that a christian ought to be.

"All the power over others that she derives from her wealth, her rank, and her understanding, has ever been uniformly exerted to promote the cause of religion and virtue: she has established extensive schools in her neighbourhood,

with no sparing hand, they distribute the liberal bounty of their benefactress, inform the ignorance, reprove the vices, and encourage the virtues, they meet with. She reads a great deal, and mostly, perhaps now exclusively, books of devotion, but she enters into no controversial reading or deep discussion; she believes in the truths of the Gospel as firmly as she believes in her own existence, or in the presence of the sun when he gives her light and warmth; but she leaves nice points of doctrine to those who have had more opportunity to make them their study, and satisfies herself with endeavouring, as far as it is possible, to conform to the rules and practise the precepts of her divine master. If you are so disposed, we will ride over some morning and call on her: the park is not more than a morning's drive from hence, and my brother, who lives within a mile of her, will give us a dinner and a bed."

In the course of a few days, I accompanied the General on our visit, and reached the place of our destination about one o'clock. Shirley Park is large and well wooded, indeed too much so for modern taste, as the prospect around is, in many places, entirely shut out by the immense avenues of oak and beech, and the plantations of fir and

in the lowest part of the park, and it struck me, on my approach, as looking damp and gloomy; the offices adjoining it were quite in the old style; stables that looked like a small town, and a large walled kitchen garden, were on one side, while on the other, and behind the mansion, were situated the pleasure-grounds, and flower-garden laid out in terraces, with summer-houses and fish ponds. An immense dove-cot, in the form of a turret, sent out myriads of its murmuring and cooing inhabitants, whose somewhat melancholy notes were accompanied by the cawing of a multitude of rooks, whose ancestors had, probably for centuries, maintained possession of the ancient pines.

We were received at the hall door by a venerable-looking butler; and, being informed that his lady was at home, we followed him to a room on the ground-floor, where we found her seated. If I was prepared to admire this venerable old

had formed. She was tall, and strikingly elegant and lady-like, and age, though it had given a slight bend to her figure, had not destroyed its majesty and elegance; her face still preserved traces of the eminent beauty for which she had been distinguished; the soft blue eyes, though they had lost their lustre, had retained their sweetness; the complexion, though faded, yet showed much of its original delicacy, and the hair, which had once been flaxen, was now of a silvery and almost dazzling whiteness. Her dress was a model of exquisite neatness and matronly gravity, though the materials were rich and costly. She received us with extreme kindness, and appeared particularly glad to see my friend, on whom I observed she looked with regard and favour; she asked us several questions about Harrowgate, and entered into chat on the usual topics, with cheerfulness and good humour.

The room in which we sat was not large, though comfortable and well-proportioned; the furniture was of the most antique kind, and appeared to have been preserved with unusual care. The walls of the apartment were of carved oak, polished till it had assumed the colour and brightness of ebony; the chairs and sofas were formed of the same material, and the cushions

in the grate, the bars of which, as well as the fender and fire-irons, were of silver. On one side of the fire-place stood a splendid antique bureau of ebony and silver, and on the other a handsomely-ornamented glass-case, containing a stuffed dog. Over the mantel-piece was the portrait of Sir Robert Shirley, a young and handsome man, habited in a shooting-dress, and accompanied by a beautiful water-spaniel. The lady herself was seated at a table, on which were placed materials for writing and two or three books, and on a reading-stand before her lay a large open bible, in which she had been reading, and on which she deposited her silver spectacles when we entered.

After a little conversation, I observed to her that I thought, as she was fond of reading, she had selected a room for the purpose that was not altogether adapted to it, for the large window at the end was almost darkened by the trees that overspread the lawn, and throwing their shadows

now, in a day towards the close of October, though the weather was bright and cheerful out of doors, yet the room appeared enveloped in a sort of twilight. "It is true," replied she calmly, that I often find some inconvenience from the want of light here, but many of these trees were planted by Sir Robert, and many of the others were favourites of his; of course I have never suffered one to be removed, or even a branch of them touched. When I am gone, those who come after me will do as they like, but, while I live, nothing shall be altered from the form which he approved when he was here.

"This room, sir, was his favourite one; being on the ground-floor it was more convenient to him, and he brought into it from the library all the books that we were in the habit of reading together, and arranged them in this book-case exactly as you now see them. In that bureau he kept all his papers and accounts, and it was in this room that our happiest hours were passed, when we were without company, and could enjoy the society of each other free from interruption. That is his portrait over the chimney-piece, and the faithful spaniel who accompanies him once saved his life when he was seized with the cramp while bathing; from that hour I loved

his skin stuffed and placed it here. No article of furniture in the room has been altered or exchanged in any way except the carpet, and even that I have had replaced with one exactly similar.

"It is in this room that I feel at home; the duties or the courtesies of life must be attended to, and I hope I do not omit them; but you cannot conceive the sensation with which, after any temporary absence, I re-enter it—I look at the books—I open the writing-desk, and see the papers, and some pieces of poetry written by my husband: I look at his portrait, and can hardly believe that fifty years have elapsed since I saw the original; for my life hath passed so uniformly, that, long and tedious as have been the years of my widowhood, every event of my early life seems presented to my mind with the most vivid freshness. It is in this room that I call up visions of departed joys till they almost assume the semblance of realities, and I weep, when I recollect they are but phantoms. But to repine would be wicked

years of felicity, such as is seldom granted to mortals, and, when that was taken from me, I was gifted with the power of conferring happiness on others. I sometimes feel anxious to arrive at the end of my pilgrimage, as those who have been a long journey feel more weary and impatient towards the close of it; but I wait with quiet resignation for my appointed time, when I humbly hope and trust that, through divine mercy, my many faults and errors may be pardoned, and that I may be admitted to those regions of bliss, where I shall again see and be reunited to my beloved husband."

It was with regret that I took leave of this charming old lady: we sat with her about an hour, and, after taking some refreshment, proceeded to the house of Mr. Lumley, where we dined and passed the night; and, in the following winter, when I met the General at Bath, he informed me that Lady Shirley had died about a month before, sincerely regretted by her friends, her neighbours, and the poor, for miles around.

JACOB NEVER-SOBER.

Jacob, a wealthy farmer, in a village of Thuringia, lived in a house which had belonged to his family for many generations. He was stout and robust, a man of unimpeachable character, quiet, industrious, respected, and beloved by all the villagers, till Squire Veit's hounds drove him from house and home, and transformed the peaceable rustic into a drunkard, a robber, and a murderer.

One day, when Jacob was harnessing his horses for the last time to his wagon, he heard Packan, his great yard-dog, to which he was much attached, on account of his fidelity and his tried services against thieves, crying lamentably in the road. He ran forth armed with a cudgel, with which he soundly belaboured two monstrous dogs, which had got Packan down, and the latter, thus seasonably relieved, pursued with him the fleeing enemy.

Veit galloped up with several sturdy attendants and a whole pack of hounds; and when Maria, Jacob's neighbour, called to him from her window to acquaint him with the circumstance, he uttered the most dreadful imprecations against the peasants. He fell upon the defenceless Jacob, beat him in the most cruel manner, and ordered him to be dragged half dead to his castle, situate in a forest about three miles from the village, of which he was the lord.

This procedure took place at the time when power held the place of law; when the arrogant gentry, presuming upon the weakness of princes, acknowledged no superior; when they talked only of prerogatives and never of duties, and denied the oppressed peasantry any rights whatever; when the rustic was regarded almost as a slave and a marketable commodity, which the lord of the soil could sell or dispose of at pleasure. Hence no one ever thought of inquiring what Jacob had to urge in his defence, or of attempting his vindication. For five months, tormented by cold, and hunger, he languished in a dungeon, called the dog-kennel, though it was destined for human beings; and the only fare allotted to him was mouldy bread and water.

scorn of the haughty Kate, the only child of
squire. This lady, the darling and counterp
of her father, daily rode out a-hunting with hi
and, as she passed Jacob's prison, which ha
hole in the door for the admission of air and
the bread that was thrown in, she set the d
at him, to the no small diversion of the squi
at the same time asking why the cur did
beat off his fellow-dogs and the like. S
allowed herself many other expressions, of wh
modesty forbids the repetition, and which c
could not expect, without such an education,
a young lady of twenty.

Jacob gnashed his teeth, but kept silen
At length, when she once threatened to ha
him thrown into the dungeon in the keep of t
castle, that he might no longer consume t
bread which justly belonged to the dogs, and
felt that he still possessed some strength, thou
his naked arms, when he looked at them, a
peared but as the shadows of what they h
been, he determined to attempt to break out

conclusion of winter, he began his attack on the crazy walls, and, after a few trials, levelled them with the ground. Crawling on his hands and knees over the deep ditches which encompassed the castle-yard, and which were still covered with ice, he once more exulted in the consciousness that he was free.

But whither was he to go? There were then no judges to whom the oppressed could apply, nor were there protectors of the lowly class to which he belonged to screen him from fresh ill usage. He was aware that if he would avoid the vengeance of the squire and the haughty Kate, he must quit the country; for he already beheld in imagination the servants and the dogs assembled at break of day to pursue the fugitive; and he knew that he durst not return home for many years, till the anger of his cruel lord had subsided, or till it was appeased by death.

Yet, before he quitted his native country for ever, he was desirous of once more seeing his house, and passing a few hours with his faithful wife and his two grown-up sons, of whom he had not heard a word during his long confinement, that he might complain to them of the sufferings he had endured, and rejoice with them on account of his recovered freedom; intending

Lit by the moon, which occasionally peepe from among clouds, he reached his village, an with a throbbing heart stood before his farm yard. He knocked and called in an under-tone but to no purpose; he was not answered b Packan or by any human voice. Impatientl clambering over the fence which surrounde his court-yard, he entered the house, and foun it quite empty—neither wife nor son, neithe table, chair, bed, nor door—in short, nothin but the bare walls. Jacob smote his brow, and seating herself on the cold ground, passed some hours in vacant rumination. The idea of the approaching day at length roused him from his stupor. He felt himself, to ascertain whether he was still alive, or whether he might not be dreaming. He groped the walls to be sure that it was his house. His blood curdled, and horror thrilled his emaciated frame. He could stay no longer, and rushing out of the door, he hurried through the garden into the open fields.

At this moment, he heard the well-known

ray of hope darted into his heart when, amidst the barking of dogs, he distinguished the voice of his Packan. Jacob whistled, and in a few moments the affectionate animal, with loud cries of joy, ran up to his master. Jacob caressed his old friend, whose altered appearance showed him to be half-famished, and proceeded onward with firmer step, for no longer did he now feel himself quite alone and deserted.

Before sunrise, he was already with his faithful companion in a secret cavern at the foot of the Rothenberg, which he had known from a child, and which he had long before pitched upon during his imprisonment for his retreat. It grew light. When the sun was somewhat elevated above the horizon, he warmed himself in his rays for the first time during a space of seven months—for the first time he beheld trees and fields tinged by the beams of the glorious luminary.

He now began to feel the cravings of hunger, and his dog too eyed him with a significant look. At this moment, he perceived at a great distance from the cavern a beggar proceeding with a full wallet along the high-road. Jacob, who had never begged a bit of bread in his life, but given many a one away, hastened down the hill

instead of an old man, for whom Jacob ha
taken him, he recognised, with a loud exch
mation of joy, his eldest son Frederic, the
twenty-five years of age.

He fed his hungry Packan, hastily ate a few
morsels of bread in silence, took a draught ou
of the flask that was offered him, and returne
with his son to the cavern, where he inquire
how matters stood. He now learned the ful
extent of his misery.

Some hours after Jacob's apprehension,
Veit's bailiffs had driven his wife and sons
from their house, scarcely leaving them ne-
cessary apparel. The fields belonging to the
farm had been transferred to his neighbour,
who had once been Veit's groom, and had
married Maria, the squire's cast-off mistress
This Maria Veit had originally destined for
Jacob's son, Frederic; but he was already
betrothed to a maiden, who, though possessing
no fortune, was the crown of the village for
virtue, industry, and beauty. This same Maria

she thought herself slighted, took the furniture and the cattle for her share, to pay her, as she said, for her trouble in attending the squire's bitten and wounded dogs. Next day, the haughty Kate came to the village to enjoy the infernal gratification of exposing Jacob's wife and Frederic's bride to the insults and ill usage of her father's domestics, and of the revengeful Maria. The mother was immediately seized with apoplexy, and died in a few days; and Frederic's bride, pining away with grief, followed her to the grave in less than two months. Kurt, the younger son, had joined a band of roving soldiers, and Frederic subsisted by begging.

When the cruel tale was ended, Jacob threw himself on the ground and gnashed his teeth, but uttered not a word. After some time, he sprung wildly up: still he said nothing, though in his heart he cursed Veit and all his crew. For some days he was absorbed in profound thought. Long was he undecided, whether to terminate his life, or to seek revenge. His passions were yet too vehement to permit the adoption of the former alternative, and he vowed in his heart to take signal vengeance on his persecutors.

and the Kyffhäuser mountain. At nightfall, therefore, Jacob hastened into the less accessible mountains of the Harz, near Stollberg, and thence, in a few days, to the then impenetrable forest of Lora. Here he at length found in his wanderings an abode where for years he was secure from every species of pursuit.

Between the mountain fortress of Lora and the villages of Wullferoda and Sollstadt, the eye discovers in the recesses of the forest a rocky ridge overgrown with thorns and briars and having on either side tremendous abysses. To traverse this ridge it requires a bold heart and a head not liable to dizziness. At its farther extremity the adventurer comes to a steep wooded declivity, and when he has with some difficulty descended this, he perceives before him two majestic perpendicular rocks, which seem at top to form one solid mass, but leave at bottom a passage a few feet in breadth. In the passage is the entrance to a small cavern, through

unknown to the inhabitants of the adjacent country, and now it is seldom trodden by the foot of man, though the mountains are less wild, and the entrance more accessible, than in ancient times.

Here Jacob resolved to fix his abode. Hither his son brought the victuals which he begged, tools of different kinds, and wearing apparel. Jacob meanwhile trained his Packan, gradually formed a path down the rocky steep, and brooded over a plan of revenge. A curse upon Veit! was his first thought in the morning—a curse upon all lords of castles, who degrade the peasantry below the brutes! was his last thought at night.

At first he was not without many "compunctious visitings of conscience;" but he soon stifled this inward voice by calling to mind the cruel treatment which himself, his wife, and his children had experienced, and by the free use of intoxicating liquors. He importuned his son every day to bring him brandy, and never desired to see him without a fresh supply of his favourite beverage. Frederic accordingly begged from house to house for a few drops of this liquor, which was then a much rarer article than at present, as a cordial for a sick father, who dwelt in a cavern in the forest, which he took

nated the unknown inmate of the cavern *Nee*
Sober.

When Jacob imagined that he was sufficient
provided for some months, he dismissed his so
with the injunction not to return without h
brother Kurt, who, possessing more courag
was better qualified to assist him in the exec
tion of his plans. His proud heart could n
stoop to beg, and he had long made up his mi
to turn robber out of revenge.

To fortify himself in this his firm resolve,
was accustomed to subsist entirely on the fle
of animals which he had stolen. Till he w
able to undertake more important enterpris
he carried off sheep, goats, and sometimes b
locks, from the flocks and herds of the gent
and the convents, regarding both as the p
of the country. In these expeditions Pack
rendered important services, sometimes drivi
whole flocks into his retreat, or behind t
rocks which concealed them.

completely enveloped in a black cowl. For those occasions, when he intended to excite terror, he provided himself with an upper garment made of a black cow-hide, leaving the horns, that his appearance might be the more hideous. At such times he held in his mouth a tinder-box, filled with touchwood, from which, according to circumstances, he could blow a thick smoke, or even fire. When thus equipped, he prowled about at night, accompanied by his great coal-black dog, which never barked, but glared savagely round after booty, it is not surprising that the ignorant herdsman should imagine it to be the devil himself, and take to their heels at his approach.

As he did no bodily harm to any one, several of the rustics, who had frequently seen this apparition, began to regard him as a good-natured devil, and even ventured occasionally to exchange a word with him.

Thus one time at nightfall Jacob met in the forest a shepherd driving ten fat sheep before him.

"Whither away?" cried he, in a voice of thunder.

"To the Abbot of Elende," replied the trembling rustic.

Jacob, "go whither thou wilt, but first info
the abbot that Satan, his father, has taken
sheep."

The clown, though his hair stood erect w
fright, nevertheless ventured to stammer fo
these words. "May it please thee, most ex
lent Mr. Devil, to give me a receipt for
sheep; else my master, the squire, and
abbot will not believe my story."

"Tell the abbot," replied Jacob, "that
night at twelve I will appear before his wind
and bring him a handsome joint of meat
return."

The shepherd consigned the fat sheep
Packan, who drove them to the rocky ri
and hastened, trembling in every limb, to re
his adventure, and announce the threatened
to the abbot and other inhabitants of the mo
tery. The monks were roused from their b
and the abbot assembled the whole conven
his apartment, where, provided with a l

of midnight. It arrived, and with it Jacob in full costume; that is to say, entirely enveloped in the black, horned cow-hide, with fire issuing from his mouth, and attended by his great black dog. In a few minutes he suddenly disappeared, owing, as the monks believed, to the efficacy of the holy water, of which the exorcist had made a liberal use. The piece of meat which he had brought with him they left a prey to dogs and ravens.

Before Jacob had pursued this course of life many months, he found not only that he had recovered his former vigour, but that he was twice as strong as ever; he therefore thought it time to proceed to more important enterprises in prosecution of his plan. The first thing he coveted was a horse. He had incessantly before his eyes the hunter of the haughty Kate, on which he still beheld her in imagination proudly riding past his prison. It was a six-year-old mare, black as jet, swift as a bird, and accustomed to gallop up and down hill; and what was with him a still stronger inducement, it would not be a little galling to Kate and the squire, to see the fugitive who had escaped from their clutches, prancing about on this beautiful animal.

castle, and, concealed behind thickets, obser
his enemy mounted on her black hunter, rid
about with her father for hours together in
directions, through the corn-fields of the peas
in pursuit of a poor hare. At length, on
third evening, at dusk, he found an opportu
for action.

Kate gave her horse, bathed in sweat, to
grooms, who were tending foals in an incl
pasture before the castle, with directions to
the animal cool gradually. The fellows, ins
of doing as they were bid, tied the beast
tree in the neighbouring coppice, kindled a
as the night-wind was rather cold, and sat d
to a game at cards. Jacob, in the figure o
old woman, softly approached them, sal
them civilly, and asked permission to warm
self at their fire. The grooms laughed hea
at the curious figure of the supposed old wo
and jocosely asked what she would give for
permission. She pulled a bottle from
pocket, and held it up to them. Eagerly sei

and with a laugh returned the empty bottle to the queer old woman. It was not long before the fellows began to yawn; the cards dropped from their hands, and they sunk down beside the fire. When Jacob saw that they were fast asleep, he threw off his upper garment, untied the steed, which he mounted, and hastened, overjoyed at his success, to the forest of Lora. Next morning, Kate and her father found the grooms still soundly sleeping in the pasture, but the mare was gone.

While they were venting their fury on the careless scoundrels, Jacob had traversed the rocky ridge with the horse, which, after he had partly led, and partly assisted it down the steep declivity of the hill, was now feeding out of a full manger at the extremity of his larger cavern. The following days he spent almost exclusively in training the horse, which was at first shy of these precipices, to suit his purpose. In a couple of months it would run without rider, either by night or day, up and down the steepest places; at a slight whistle it would stand still; it would lie down, or spring up at a sign with the hand; and at last it even learned to gallop over the narrow and dangerous ridge.

According to Jacob's calculation, the anniver-

which he had stolen.

He accordingly made his appearance before Veit's castle, prancing about on his daughter's favourite hunter, in the same dress that he had worn when a husbandman. He announced his coming, by blowing from time to time a horn, which had been dropped by a huntsman in the forest. The extraordinary story of a peasant, who presumed to blow a hunting-horn, and seemed to be mounted on the lost mare of the haughty Kate, soon reached the castle; but before the lady and her men could prepare for pursuit, the stranger was gone, crying out as he rode off to some labourers who were ploughing, "Jacob will be here again to-morrow."

He was as good as his word. Veit, on the other hand, was lying in wait for him with six of his people, and his whole pack of dogs, who suddenly sallied out on him and Packan. Jacob turned his steed, which darted away like an arrow, followed at a great distance by some of the squire's men, who saw him vanish at the

larger dogs, however, pursued him to the cavern: here Packan, whom the habit of drinking blood had rendered strong and ferocious, flew upon them like a tiger, and, assisted by his master, made a dreadful carnage among them, so that not more than half their number returned home, limping and covered with wounds.

A report was soon spread, that Jacob was in league with the devil, and could render himself invisible. Veit nevertheless determined to make another attempt, and swore to take him or die, and perjured himself as he did every day. He lay in wait for him, midway from his castle, concealed behind a thicket, furious on account of the loss of his best dogs, mounted on his charger, and surrounded by twenty picked horsemen and attendants, who vowed to put Jacob to the most cruel death. This time he was well nigh taken. Not suspecting that his foes were so near, he alternately exercised his horse, and endeavoured to blow a challenge to battle on the hunting-horn. All at once, Packan, perceiving the proximity of the enemy, began to bark most vehemently, which he never did but in cases of the most imminent danger. Jacob was alarmed, and, on looking round, dis-

the point of overtaking him, when he sudde
disappeared in the forest, and became visible
another place. At length Veit, on his pant
charger, and George, the boldest of his m
were close in Jacob's rear, when he leaped do
the precipice before his cave, and they instan
lost sight of him.

"Did I not tell you, sir," cried Georg
"that the fellow can make himself invisible
Let those follow who choose to break the
necks; for my part, I have no wish to sup wi
the devil."

His master did not hear these words; he ha
great difficulty to rein in his charger, whic
rearing up, threw his rider, and plunged int
the abyss. A broken leg, the consequence o
his fall, confined Veit for a considerable time t
his bed.

After this accident, Jacob was never pursue
to his cavern; the precipices down which he
rushed were sufficient to deter the boldest from
following. He now committed his depredations

unmolested on the flocks and herds of the rich nobles, gentry, and convents, either on foot or on horseback, in different disguises, but always accompanied by his Packan, who, at his command, either drove the cattle together or dispersed them. Veit fared worst of all; his cattle were reduced to half their number, and his herdsmen fled appalled when they perceived the terrific figure at ever so great a distance.

Towards the end of the winter, Jacob's sons returned to their father as accomplished robbers. They had joined the troops who then ravaged Franconia and Swabia, laying waste what they ought to have protected. With them they had learned more of the robber's trade than they would have done in ten years in Jacob's cavern. They brought with them two black bulldogs, which one of the most celebrated leaders of the troops had trained to the pursuit of men. Jacob informed them what revenge had impelled him to perpetrate; and was not a little surprised when his sons assured him, that the actions which he would not have had courage to commit but under the influence of intoxication, and which he could not relate without hesitation and shame, were mere trifles. They then told him what was permitted, commended, and

refined cruelties and excesses of every k
were the daily occupations of the soldiery.

Jacob at first listened to such accounts w
horror, but gradually became familiarised w
the idea of these atrocities, and, at the insti
tion of his sons, resolved to imitate them o
small scale. Frederic and Kurt soon contri
to procure horses, and to arm themselves a
the fashion of those times. As all three w
dressed entirely in black, and their dogs were
the same colour, the neighbours gave them
appellation of the *Black Gang*.

Veit, who had meanwhile recovered from
accident, durst not quit his castle, knowing th
Jacob had sworn to take his life. With a vi
to bring him out, they set fire to the wo
surrounding his castle; but though the flam
communicated to some of the out-building
Veit never made his appearance: he had died
few days before in a paroxysm of rage.

The robbers now vowed everlasting enmi
and hostility against all the petty despots of th

into the nobles and gentry for a great distance round. Hitherto, indeed, they had abstained from the commission of murder; but they killed or made prize of the cattle belonging to the great landed proprietors wherever they met with them, and frequently set fire to their corn fields and their forests.

Whole villages were called out against the Black Gang, but without success. Long did the retreats of these nocturnal depredators and their sable companions remained undiscovered. Most of those who were collected to pursue them firmly believed them to be real devils, or in league with hell. The country-people who dwelt nearer to them had more correct notions on the subject, and suspected that Never-Sober, the inmate of the cavern, was the leader of the Black Gang; but they were by no means displeased to have the robbers for neighbours, because they not only spared the huts of the peasantry, but by the wide-spread terror of their name protected them from the oppressions and predatory expeditions of the gentry, who had for ages been accustomed to consider the property of all who were weaker than themselves as their lawful prize. Many, too, regarded this gang as a scourge raised up by Heaven to

slaughtered animals continually before
eyes, and by thinking and conversing
nothing but schemes of revenge, Jacob
his sons, like their dogs, daily became
ferocious and bloodthirsty.

They turned professed robbers, and at
ventured to appear on the high-roads in
day-time, attacking all travellers without
tinction who were likely to possess money
other valuable effects, and murdering such
made the least resistance.

This encroachment on their trade enrag
the lordly plunderers who dwelt in the vari
castles in the vicinity. They covenanted
gether to make a regular war on the Bla
Gang; and the latter, deterred by superi
force, were necessitated to relinquish t
business of public robbery to the privileg
orders.

They then reverted to the old stratagem
appearing at night as devils, and continued f
some time to commit many excesses over

(Golden Plain), which was situated near their den.

A number of Flemings from the Netherlands had recently settled as farmers in the fertile valley; and they soon discovered that the supposed devils were but disguised men. They found means to entice the Black Gang into a house, where they were entrapped and taken, by means of a pit, the mouth of which was slightly covered.

The robbers, intoxicated as usual, fell into the snare, and were obliged to submit to their fate.

At the requisition of his judges, Jacob, previously to his execution, showed them and the concourse of people assembled on the occasion his long-concealed retreat. Here the three black horses of the robbers were found at their manger; and the cavern, now half filled with rubbish, still bears the name of *Never-Sober's Stable.*

THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY.

It was in the year 1822 that I visited the prisons of Rome. Among the unfortunate creatures brought hither by distress or guilt, I observed in the corner of a dungeon a young female seated on a handful of straw, suckling her infant. Her complexion was swarthy, and in her large black eyes glowed the fire of the sun of Italy. The relics of her apparel indicated that previously to her imprisonment she had worn the garb of a Roman peasant. Her expressive physiognomy and her bold look seemed calculated to excite curiosity. I approached, and begged her to relate to me through what misfortune she found herself in this place of horror.

"St. Francis!" exclaimed she; "what interest can the narrative of my extraordinary misfortune have for free and happy people? My name is Maria Grazia. My mother lost her life in giving birth to me. My father de-

about my education, placed me, while yet very young, in a convent. The older I grew, the more irksome this kind of life became to me; for my inclinations, my disposition, and the vivacity of my character, all seemed to urge me on to a futurity full of trouble.

"A circumstance which I never could account for had a powerful influence upon my fate. On some particular occasion, a gipsy-woman was admitted into the convent for our amusement. All the sisters were allowed to hold their ears to the tin-speaking trumpet of the old sibyl, who moreover gave to each of us a slip of paper, on which was written what the hag termed the decree of heaven. Thrice did I go up to her for the purpose of enjoying the like favour, and thrice the oracle became mute. This refusal of the old woman excited partly my anger and partly my curiosity. I begged, I entreated, I wept; at length the gipsy was moved by my tears.

"'You insist upon it, unhappy girl,' said she: 'well then, know that you will be the wife of a robber, who will murder your father, and that your hair will turn grey in a dungeon.'

"At the age of fifteen such predictions make no very deep impression. I laughed heartily

a prey to apprehensions. passed the hours in anxiety and painful rever the prediction of the fortune-teller incessant haunted my waking dreams.

"My father took me out of the convent, bu only to shut me up again with an old house keeper at his country-seat about five miles from Rome. One night the weather was very tem- pestuous. I could not sleep. I fancied that I heard a confused sound of voices under my window, which looked into the garden. I awoke my *Aja*, who never went to bed without her weapon, which was a large carving-knife. Pre- sently we heard the outer window-shutter broken open. We concealed ourselves behind the curtain; I had armed myself with the knife. A pane of the window was cut, and a hand was protruded through the aperture to unfasten the catch which secured it. I seized the oppor- tunity and struck so effective a blow that the hand dropt at my feet. A sigh of agony and the sound of footsteps succeed

related my adventure to my father: he admired my courage, and permitted me to leave the lonely villa. He was by this time thinking of marrying me, and even hoped that my adventure, which was soon rumoured abroad, would forward his design.

"Among my suitors there was a young cavalier, the beauty of whose handsome features was heightened by a delicate paleness. He gave himself out for a Florentine, and carried his arm in a sling, in consequence, as it was said, of a slight wound which he had received in an affair of honour. His kind attentions and amiable manners soon made a deep impression upon me. He solicited my hand. My father, with his usual levity, gave his consent, and we were united.

"The day after our marriage my husband was no longer the tender lover; his looks were wild, his voice was harsh, and his smile sarcastic. Distressed at this melancholy change, I asked with tears after the cause of it.

"'Would you know who I am?' cried he. 'Do you recollect that night when you cut off the hand of an unknown person who would have penetrated into your chamber? Well, that hand was—mine. Look here.' His mutilated arm

up to your chamber-window. From the reception which you gave me we inferred that you had men to protect you. I retired, but learned the next day that to you alone I owed the loss of my hand. Shame and rage at being thus baffled by a girl of sixteen awakened within me thoughts of revenge. I came under an assumed name to Rome: my friends, my artifices, my gold, accomplished the rest. You are now in my power, and the wife of a—robber.'

"At this word a feeling of horror seized my soul: nevertheless, whether it was owing to the flexibility of my disposition, to the prediction of the gipsy, to that secret fondness for romantic adventures to which the female heart often but too willingly resigns itself, or finally to the hope of bringing back, by the power of love, a stray soul, dwelling in a yet youthful body, to the track of virtue; in short, I threw myself at the feet of my husband, and implored him with tears

for three years I was, or imagined that I was, happy.

"One evening, however, he returned home pale and perturbed, his garments torn and spotted with blood. In broken sentences he told me that he had been obliged to defend his life against assassins, and charged me to observe the profoundest silence respecting this mysterious occurrence. I could not help trembling, but not for him; my soul was shaken by melancholy forebodings of a different kind. A horrid dream terrified me—I awoke. At the same moment my husband also was startled out of his sleep—his convulsed lips several times pronounced the name of my father—the recollection of that gloomy prophecy enveloped my senses in darkness. O my unhappy father! O my still more wretched husband! The former had actually attacked the latter, having probably been apprised of the real state of the case, and desirous of withdrawing me from so disgraceful a connection. The agents of justice were soon in search of us: we escaped with great difficulty from Rome, and fled to the mountains.

"There my husband bethought himself of his former comrades. He sought them out, discovered them, and a cavern of banditti was now

into their hands, she shall belong exclusivel
the captain. No sooner had the latter set e
on me than he rudely insisted on his ri
His daring hand had already grasped me, wl
a ball from my husband's pistol extended
wretch on the ground. Disliked as he was
the band, his fall was a signal for a shout of
from his comrades, who unanimously elected
husband their leader.

"So completely was I possessed by that wi
spirit which must have betrayed itself in n
looks to the gipsy at the grate of the nunner
that I was quite proud of my husband's elevatio
I now wrapped myself in the coarse habilimen
of a peasant, of which these rags still cover me
and with equal courage and pleasure accom
panied my husband in his expeditions. Town
and villages rang with his exploits: fate a
length overtook him. He fell in a conflict wit
the horsemen who were sent against us and ha
discovered our retreat. At the moment when

dragged to this dungeon, where I anticipate with horror the fulfilment of the latter part of that fearful prediction."

Such was the narrative of Maria Grazia, the widow of the bandit chief. In pity for her situation I offered her some pieces of gold, but she refused them, at the same time caressing her child, which had fallen asleep at her bosom.

THE WHITE ROSES.

As soon as our regiment—thus wrote Captain R—— to his mother—had entered the grand-duchy of Posen, I hastened, according to your desire, to Kalisch, in quest of your unfortunate friend: but all my inquiries after the widow of the Prussian Captain Tannenberg and her daughter proved in vain. Though I knew that this officer had fallen at Auerstädt; that he had left his wife, a native of Silesia, but who had no longer any opulent relations there, together with a grown-up daughter of extraordinary beauty, totally unprovided for; that both of them, zealous professors of the Catholic religion, and acquainted with the Polish language, had resolved to remain in Poland, and to remove from the little town where the captain's squadron had formerly been quartered, to Kalisch; though, I say, I was acquainted with all these circum-

the environs of Kalisch, which are not wholly destitute of interest in a military point of view, and partly because it had been suggested to me, that your friend might possibly be living in some Polish family of distinction as companion or governess, I determined to stay here a few days, and to endeavour to make some acquaintance in the neighbourhood.

In a ride which I took with this design, I met with a man on horseback, who seemed to have the same object with myself. He was a Prussian, who, at the time this country belonged to the Prussian monarchy, had settled here with his father. He told me that his name was Müller; and that he had business with Salinski, the chamberlain, whose elegant mansion he pointed out to me in the distance, which would not detain him above half an hour. As I was pleased with the young man, and he seemed to be not displeased with me, it was soon agreed that I should accompany him, and wait for him at the inn, and that we should return together.

On our way thither he was as talkative and cheerful as on our return he was pensive and reserved. I would not be obtrusive, and thus for some time we rode silently along. My companion at length addressed me.

young man had received an excellent education—he had studied at a Prussian university; and from the excellence of his character and his superior talents, he might have calculated upon one of the highest appointments under government, had we continued to belong to Prussia, to which state he was warmly attached. The loss of this flattering prospect caused him no small mortification. He fixed his residence on a small estate bequeathed to him by a relative, where he devoted himself to the cultivation of the sciences; and at my father's house he accidentally became acquainted with a friend of my sister's, a young lady of equal worth and beauty. He had attained, as he thought, the object of his wishes, when his proud and hard-hearted father dissolved the connexion. The excellent girl died of grief, and poor William, my playfellow and schoolfellow, is, as I have just been informed by his father, worse than dead."

During this explanation we approached the city. Müller invited me to call at his father's

it in examining the churches of the city. I found little to admire in them, so much the more was I struck by the appearance of a young lady, who was engaged in tying up to sticks some white rose-trees that were planted on a grave. She had a sweetly interesting countenance, and her fine eyes exhibited traces of recent tears. My sympathy was deeply excited. Unfortunate girl, thought I, how many of thy fair hopes perhaps slumber in this grave! The sexton, to whom I had given a small gratuity, and who accompanied me out of civility, remarked my attention.

"This lady," said he, "is the daughter of a German merchant; her name is Müller." The name penetrated to my heart. Perhaps, thought I, the sister of my new acquaintance; and, on mentioning to the sexton the direction I had received, I found that I was right in my conjecture.

"And it is her lover, I suppose, who is interred here?"

"O no! a poor young lady, pious and virtuous as a saint. Miss Müller planted the roses on this grave, and tends them with particular care."

I waited with the more impatience for the

arrival of the hour of my intended visit to this family. I was received with great cordiality. As soon as decorum permitted, I turned to the daughter.

"I had yesterday," said I, "the good fortune to meet accidentally with your brother, and soon afterwards I enjoyed the pleasure of making your acquaintance, also."

"Mine?" asked Maria, with some surprise; on which I related that I had seen her in the churchyard, and in what manner I had learned her name.

"Oh!" said her father, "that grave is a favourite spot with my daughter; and much as I wish that she would not continue to seek fresh food there for her sorrow, so little can I find fault with her for the affection which she cherishes for her excellent and unfortunate deceased friend."

"I have already heard much in praise of the lady, but am not acquainted with the circumstances which rendered her so unfortunate."

"If," said Maria, in a solemn and pathetic tone, "the disappointment of the fairest hopes on earth—of those to which our whole soul cleaves—renders a person unhappy, then she was so in a supreme degree: but if a conviction

that one is the victim of duty affords high consolation—if a manifest token of the favour of Heaven alleviates the hour of death——"

She seemed to recollect herself, and paused. My curiosity was too strongly excited, and I begged her to proceed, and to communicate to me the history of her friend. Her brother seconded my entreaties, and she thus began:—

"In those turbulent times, when, on the arrival of the French army, the insurrection commenced in South Prussia, Madame Berg removed hither with her daughter Hannah, and took a small house near the churchyard. Both soon became known for the excellent quality of their works, by the sale of which they lived. I was desirous of learning some of these kinds of work, and hence originated my acquaintance with these worthy people, whose manners and whole demeanour convinced every one at first sight that they were destined for a higher lot. They seemed to be fond of solitude, never went abroad, but to church, and kept no company: but when, as I had occasion to go often to them for the sake of instruction in the works to which I have alluded, my love for both increased daily, and the strongest friendship soon united me to Hannah; still it was not without the greatest

by which I sought to render their situation more comfortable, they declined in such a manner, that, though deeply mortified at the frustration of my good intentions, still I could not put an unfavourable construction on their noble pride. When, indeed, the mother fell sick, and was afflicted with the most violent pains, Hannah, merely with a view to cheer her suffering parent with music and singing, accepted the piano forte, which she had before constantly refused upon pretext that business would not permit her to devote even a few moments to amusement. She also allowed me, to my great joy, to bring the patient occasionally a bottle of Hungarian wine, or something else of that kind. She had discontinued her visits to our house previously to the illness of her mother, because she had once or twice accidentally met here the son of Mr. Salinski, a juvenile friend of my brother's, and remarked the extraordinary attention which he paid to her.

might be wanting to the comfort of her beloved parent. With her modesty and unaffected humility this might have passed undiscovered, had it not been observed by the physician and the confessor. The commendations of both rendered her the subject of general conversation, and mothers held her up as an example to their daughters.

"Salinski now acknowledged to my brother what an impression Hannah had made on his heart. Since he had met her in our house, he had seen her only at church, where fervent devotion, while praying for her mother, had heightened her charms. My brother communicated the matter to my father, and both used all possible arguments to shake poor William's resolution. They talked of his father's wealth.

"'I need it not,' replied he; 'I have a sufficient fortune of my own to keep a wife, if not in profusion, at least above want.'

"They hinted at the character of his father.

"'Oh!' said he, 'I am no longer a child. I have never been guilty of any indiscretion, and therefore hope my father will not stand in the way of my happiness, as Hannah is my equal in rank. I was particularly apprehensive

and is the widow of the Prussian Captain V
Tannenberg.' "

" 'Gracious heavens!' cried I, 'my cou
Tannenberg!' "

As soon as my agitation would permit m
I informed them that I had come to Kalisch
no other purpose than to make inquiry conce
ing Madame Von Tannenberg and her daught
adding, that in consequence of her change
name, all my efforts would most probably ha
proved fruitless. After this explanation, Ma
proceeded with her narrative.

" William found no opportunity to obt
access to the house of the patient; but Hann
frequently saw him at church. She remark
that his eyes were fixed upon her, and express
to me displeasure and surprise, that the pers
whom my brother had described to her as
friend, and as one of the most excellent of me
should have so little delicacy as thus to distu
her devotions. In answer to my remark, th

stant attendance, night and day, on her mother, and that she trembled at the idea lest she should be overcome by the fatigue, and perhaps herself confined to a sick-bed. I felt the less scruple to acquaint her with William's declaration to my father and brother, and entreated her not to reject the hand of the young man, which might serve to cheer the last days of her mother, and to brighten her own future prospects. A blush overspread her face; she heaved a gentle sigh, and said—

"'I have taken no step in this matter; I have given no occasion to it. God direct everything according to his holy will!'

"In order to avoid him, she had for some time gone only to matins; and, on account of the increased illness of her mother, had during the last days not quitted the house at all. As the latter seemed the next night to be somewhat better, and continued in the morning to enjoy a sound slumber, Hannah hastened, when the bell rung to matins, to return thanks to Heaven for the mitigation of her mother's pain. As she left the church, William approached her; he implored her pardon for addressing her there, as he had no other opportunity of speaking to her; offered her his heart and his hand, and entreated

objections respecting his father were silenced by the assurance, that he would not oppose the happiness of his only son; and the promise that, as his father would be in town in three days, he would take that opportunity of obtaining his consent.

"On this condition he received the blessing of the mother, who seemed to forget all her sufferings; and from his every expression, Hannah was convinced that she was about to become the wife of one of the most excellent and amiable of men. She had never yet loved, and this passion now opened her heart to the most delightful and the most joyous emotions.

"Thus passed three days, the happiest of Hannah's life. On the fourth, a magnificent equipage suddenly stopped before the humble habitation.

"Under the idea that the father's visit was the clearest proof of his consent, the patient raised her feeble hands in gratitude to Heaven, and Hannah hastened to meet the man whom she hoped to salute with the name of father: but she trembled in every limb, and could scarcely support herself, when the fury expressed in old Salinski's face announced but too plainly the dreadful tidings.

everything to her mother's decision; and I
obtained permission to call upon her at noon,
learn what that decision might be. She w
just breaking the matter to her mother when
entered. How great was my joy when I hea
that the matter had proceeded thus far!
launched out in praise of the numberless gu
qualities which I knew my brother's frie
possessed, and repeated what he had said to
father and brother concerning his intentions.
tear of joy trembled in the eye of the moth
She grasped her daughter's hand.

"'I should feel supremely happy,' said s
'to see thee provided for; but sacrifice
thyself to filial duty. Let thy heart al
decide!'

"Hannah, deeply affected, kissed the hand
her mother. At this moment, William ente
the room. His respectful behaviour to

union with a beggar; and that nothing should make him swerve from this resolution.

"Hannah had by this time collected herself. With all that lofty dignity which innocence and virtue confer, she stepped up to the boisterous old man, and solemnly assured him, that she never would give her hand to one who had not his father's blessing; adding, that she was convinced she had not deserved insult, but respect.

"The mother all at once *uttered* a loud shriek. The fright had snapped the frail thread of life. Hannah's whole attention was now directed to her expiring parent.

"William, unacquainted with his father's intention to marry him to the daughter of one of his wealthy friends, had not expected this opposition. He hurried after him; he saw his father's threat to put an end to this connection accomplished; he observed the carriage stop

quitting it. Hannah was kneeling beside the bed of her dying parent; she heard him come in, and gave him a look of ineffable anguish.

"'We must part for ever!' were the only words that, with tremulous voice and throbbing heart, she had power to utter. She drew from her finger the ring with which he had presented her, and handed it to him with averted face. His father caught him by the arm, and dragged away his son, who was scarcely sensible, along with him.

"In vain did William try all possible means to obtain the consent of his father.

"Now that he was acquainted with the full value of the excellent girl, he lived solely for her: but Hannah declined his visits, and, when he ventured to write to her, she returned his letters unopened, with these lines: 'If you love me, William, avoid me, and set me an example of fortitude and resolution to crush a passion, which, as our consciences cannot now approve, it would only lead to misery. Then, in a better world we may yet be happy together.'—To this declaration she steadfastly adhered.

"In vain did my father and I entreat her to remove to our house, where she should be regarded as my sister. 'William,' said she,

days of my life, and there'—pointing to t
churchyard—'I see the spot where the bon
of my dear mother repose.'

"Grief soon undermined her constitutio
and in a few weeks the bloom of health a
youth was fled.

"'My dear Hannah,' said I, one day when
called to see her, and my eye dwelt with sorr
on her pallid countenance, 'how quickly ha
the roses faded from these lovely cheeks!' S
heaved a sigh and smiled. Next morning
found her in a high fever; the physician declar
her state to be dangerous. She drew me gent
to her bed.

"'Last night,' said she, in a faint voice, 'a
angel appeared to me in a dream: "The roses
thy cheeks," said he, "are faded, because tho
hast striven on earth to perform thy duty
receive in their stead the flowers of Paradis
which never fade."—He presented to me thre

estly to prepare herself, and on the third day she was no more.

"A grave was dug for her beside her mother, on the spot where I have planted the white rose-trees in memory of my beloved friend.

"Early in the morning, my brother and I followed her without noise to the grave. Just at the moment, when I had caused the coffin to be opened for the last time, William, who had known nothing of her illness, and had hoped to see her again at matins, came unexpectedly to us from the church.

"With fixed eye and looks of unutterable horror, he threw himself on his knees beside the corpse: not a tear dropped from his eye, not a word from his lips; he only kissed her clasped hands, and we had some difficulty to remove him.

"Every morning at sunrise he continued to visit the grave, and there he tarried till the moment when the sexton was about to lock the gate of the churchyard. He never spoke to any one, but would look wildly up to heaven, and then fixed his eyes for hours together immoveably on the grave. His father imagined that a change of scene might mitigate his sorrow, and had him conveyed, but not without

he is confined in a mad-house!"

THE END.

[redacted]